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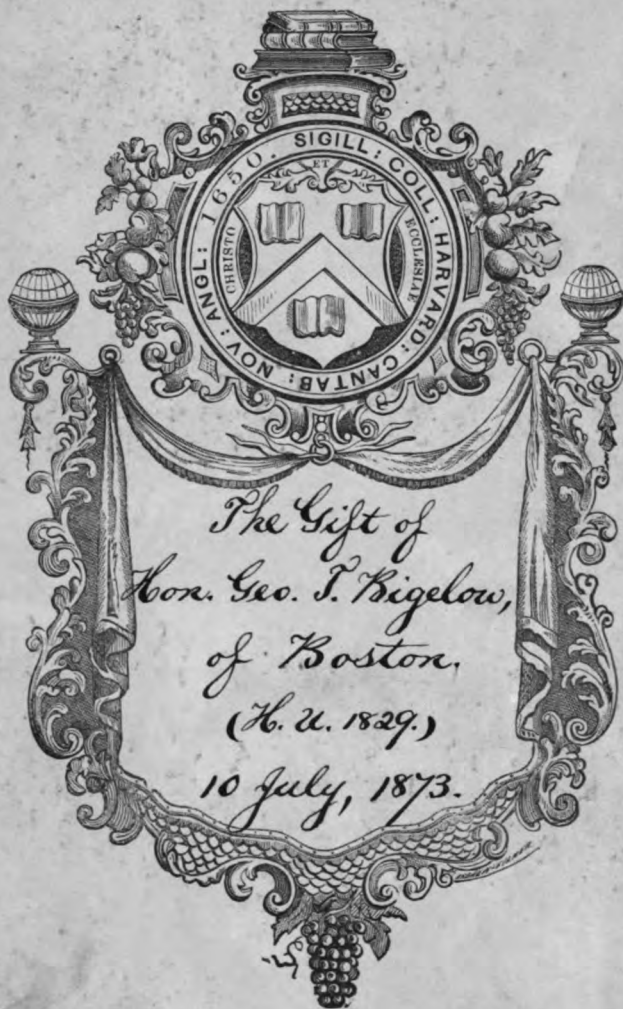
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**SEVEN DAYS'
BOOK.**

9/2/76

P. 352.5





THE

SOUTHERN QUARTERLY

REVIEW.

Jove judicat æquo.—*Hor.*

Eo ego ingenio natus sum, amicitiam

Atque inimicitiam in fronte promptam gero.—*Ennius.*

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SOUTHERN QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No. IX.

JANUARY, 1844.

ART. I.—FRENCH REVOLUTION.

1. *Histoire de la Revolution Française.* Par F. A. MIGNET.
2. *History of the French Revolution,* by M. A. THIERS, translated by FRED. SHOBERL.
3. *History of Europe,* by ARCHIBALD ALISON, F.R.S.E., &c.

It has been well observed, that the Revolution of France is one of the great eras of social order. The period of its accomplishment constitutes one of the grandest epochs in the history of man. Never before appeared, on the great political theatre, such actors, such virtue, such vice. Never were there such comminglement and chaos of all that was great and mean. Never before had Europe seen such armies in the field, nor such Generals to lead them to battle. Never, perhaps, did national convulsion ever before exert such deep and wide-spread influence over the nations of the earth. Whole empires swung from their moorings. The world for a season was madly intoxicated with *liberty*. The history of this great event is one of the most mournfully interesting and deeply instructive lessons, that can be gathered from the records of the past. This great event has, of course, called forth many historians, but we must be permitted candidly to say, that we do not know of a single English historian, except Carlyle, who has done justice to it. Sir Walter Scott and Alison have both failed to come up to the requisitions of the subject. Alison, after ably stating a long

list of grievances, which led to the revolution, most inconsequently concludes that it was wholly unjustifiable, and was the work of the mere spirit of innovation. Able and accurate generally in his details, he has most signally failed in the linking together of cause and effect. He is for ever telling how this little event, or that little accident, would have stopped the revolution, and he is far, very far, from penetrating the true motives of the principal actors in that great drama. Whatever may be the facts, he never fails to make the revolution, from beginning to end, one great unmixed crime. Unquestionably, as far as we have been enabled to judge from our own reading, Mignet and Thiers are greatly superior to all others who have ever attempted a regular history of the French revolution. Mignet has given the most condensed, most philosophical and beautiful narrative of the progress of events; whilst Thiers, belonging to the same school and entertaining similar views, has given us one of the most copious and expanded which has yet been published, and without making any effort at philosophizing, he enables us, perhaps, to gather the philosophy of the revolution more accurately from his work, than any other historian. He has narrated every thing in its proper place, and at the proper time. He has every where given us the close connection between the military and civil affairs, and shown how they influenced each other. Mr. Alison, after the fashion of the English school, has a great passion for grouping similar subjects together, and treating of them apart in separate chapters. One chapter treats of civil matters, another of military, a third philosophizes on them, etc. This plan answers well in most historical compositions, but will not do on the subject of the French revolution. Here, events of every variety are so interlocked and intertwined with each other, that it is impossible to get a clear idea of causation, without presenting the whole *tableaux* at once to the eye. It will not do to give fifty pages on the 20th June, the 10th August, and the September massacres, and then fifty more on military affairs; but it is necessary to blend the two series together, for they, in point of fact, reciprocally produced each other, and cannot be appreciated unless exhibited in the closest connection. Carlyle's work, in spite of his miserably affected style, is perhaps the ablest view of the French revolution which has ever been published in England. It must be regarded as entirely of the dramatic

order. He reproduces the very scenes of the revolution, and makes us feel with the spirit and motives of the actors. His work is exceedingly profound, and requires a thorough knowledge of the facts and incidents of revolutionary history, to be able to appreciate it. We have been led to bestow much reflection on this portion of French history, and have no hesitation in saying, that we know of no work of the kind which bears a closer scrutiny than Carlyle's. But without extending this critique farther, we propose to give in the following pages a brief compendious view of the French revolution. We do it the more willingly, because, however inadequate we may be to the task, we cannot but hope that the richness and variety of the subject will in some measure compensate for our defects; and we do not know of a single compendium which has ever appeared in this country or England, that has exhibited a just philosophical view of the whole series of events. The fact is, until very recently, intelligent men both in England and in this country, have had most crude and indefinite notions about the French revolution. Its horrors have, of course, produced a deep impression on their minds, and not studying the whole series of causation with accurate attention, they have gotten into the habit of indulging in a sort of wholesale judgment, entirely unwarranted by the facts. Who, for example, that had ever read any tolerably fair history of the French revolution, could believe it possible that a writer of the ability, learning and research into national character of Chenevix, could possibly have drawn the following picture of the *National Convention*: "If something worse than the worst man that ever existed were conceived, and that being multiplied by the number of conventionalists, and all their bad propensities increased by the mad audacity which association gives to vice, it would present but a feeble picture of this body." (V. 1, 238.)

L.—HISTORY OF THE REVOLUTION TO THE MEETING OF THE STATES-GENERAL.

1. In tracing the progress of the French revolution, we are first struck with *the difference that exists between the career of the government of England, and that of France*. European civilization has never fallen, like that of Asia, under the reign of an exclusive principle. The different elements of government have combined with and modified each other,—they have been obliged to come to a compromise and subsist together, without a perfect annihilation of any one. England

has hitherto been, in this respect, to Europe, what Europe is to the rest of the world. There, the civil and religious orders, monarchy, aristocracy, democracy, local and central institutions, have all grown up and thriven together. No ancient element has ever entirely perished,—no new element has ever entirely gained the ascendancy. On the Continent, and in France particularly, the march of civilization has been less complex, and the different elements have not developed themselves so much *abreast*, as *successively*. No one, it is true, has ever been entirely annihilated, but then, every element, every system, has had its turn. During the prevalence of Feudalism, for example, how much greater was the power of the feudal lords in France than England, and how contemptible was the power of the French kings and French democracy, in comparison with those of England afterwards. When the democracies of the cities came into play, they for a season displayed a preponderating force on the Continent, which they never acquired in England. Many of the cities on the Continent attained the stations of independent powers. No city in England ever became independent. Again—whilst we have seen monarchy in France, during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, gradually increase in force till all the other elements seemed almost to have vanished, in England, although there was a simultaneous monarchical development, yet even in the proudest days of the Tudors, the democratic element was alive and on the advance. The aristocratic was on the decline, in an enfeebled condition, but it always maintained its station, and was never entirely driven from the field. Lastly, in England we have seen, during the struggles for liberty under the Stuarts, that the ancient constitution, the ancient customs and laws, were never lost sight of. No one of the elements of power was decreed, except for a short time, to be entirely unlawful; and in the settlement of the government on its permanent basis in 1688, all the great forces, religion, monarchy, aristocracy and democracy, negotiated and compromised their pretensions and interests; and thus was formed the present British constitution, a complex but harmonious whole, in which all the elements of power meet and blend and subsist in full and fair proportions to each other. Very different has been the correspondent revolution in France.

2. *Monarchical power in France culminated during the reign of Louis XIV.*—We have seen, during the fifteenth

and sixteenth centuries, the gradual rise of monarchical power, until it became the all-absorbing element,—we have seen that there was no check in the legislative department, because the States General of France never became a regular power in the government, as Parliament did in England. These meetings are extremely rare; as Guizot says, they are but accidents in French history. Hence, as the power slipped from the aristocracy and the cities, it centered in the monarchy; and the reign of Louis XIV. is, by common consent, fixed as the period when this monarchic power attained its greatest development. In the first place, never did man tread in the shoes of royalty with such surpassing effect as Louis; never did king better understand what king James called *king-craft*. He was, indeed, the first of kingly actors, and had consummate skill in all the stage tricks of royalty. He came into actual possession of power at a very favorable juncture. France had become thoroughly disgusted with the miserable factions and civil wars which had distracted the kingdom during the minority of Louis,—she was nauseated with the sordid foreign priest who had so long ruled the queen-regent, and never did one man die so opportunely for another, as Mazarine for Louis. He came into possession of his power, at the moment when the nation ardently longed for an energetic monarch, who would silence all court intrigue and court factions. He found himself at the head of the most warlike nobility in Europe, with a set of most accomplished Generals at the head of the finest troops in the world, which he might increase at pleasure. He had, besides, the greatest engineers, the greatest statesmen, and the greatest negotiators in Europe, with the largest, richest, most central and compact kingdom.

3. *Reign of Louis XIV.*—With such a monarch and such materials, it required but little wisdom to foresee that the peace of Europe must be interrupted for a long period. The brilliant wars of the first portion of Louis' reign, are but too well known. France was intoxicated with military glory. The king was regarded as the representative of the concentrated honor and glory of the nation. Every true Frenchman submitted, without murmur, to the *absolutism* of the *grande monarchie*,—it was necessary to make France victorious. There was more of generosity and patriotism than of meanness and servility, in this sentiment of loyalty. While the wars of Louis continued so brilliant and success-

ful, every Frenchman bore his burthens without a murmur; he felt like an individual in a crowded theatre, who regards not the heat and pressure, while his mind is absorbed by the splendor of the representation. Every one felt compensated by his share in the national glory, and was proud of the pomp and magnificence of the monarch, because he represented the nation. In the intoxication of the national vanity, the people every where exclaimed, "*Earth hath no nation like the French, no nation a city like Paris, nor a king like Louis.*" (S. 1, 23.) At such a period as this, we might well expect a complete *Anglophobia* in France. Accordingly, we find the checks and balances of the British constitution, the perfect horror of Frenchmen,—they were looked on as impeding national glory. The French proverb ran—

"Le roi d'Angleterre
Est le roi d'enfer."

"*The king of England is the king of hell.*"

But the ambition of Louis XIV. and the success of his arms, at last roused all Europe to a sense of their common danger. From the moment that William III. drew the British government into the *Anti-Gallican* alliance, the career of Louis was checked. His last wars were every where disastrous, and had it not been for a sudden cabinet revolution at St. James, caused by feminine caprice, Marlborough and Eugene would, perhaps, have marched to Paris in the ensuing campaign.

4. *Its effects.*—From this reign dates the decline of monarchy in France. The complete power of Louis over all the resources of the kingdom, and his inordinate ambition, led him into the most ruinously extravagant wars, and to the most profuse and lavish expenditures at home, until France was completely exhausted during his long reign. It is true she preserved her loyalty to the end; but a deep gloom fell upon the whole kingdom in his latter days, which portended evil and difficulty to his successors.

5. *Reign of Louis XV.*—The very absolutism of monarchy under Louis XIV., was obviously calculated to hasten its ruin. The central power having nearly absorbed every other, was left without institutions to support itself. Wherever despotic power has become permanent, it rests on institutions, sometimes on the division of society into castes, sometimes on a system of religious institutions. Nothing of this kind existed in France. All institutions were rendered power-

less by the centralization of the monarchy. There was no breakwater left to moderate the action of the monarchy on the people, or the reaction of the people on the monarchy. This absolute power in the hands of the monarch, can never fail to produce the most disgusting corruption, sooner or later. Accordingly, in the reign of Louis XV., we find France, for nearly two generations, ruled by men who had all the vices, without any of the virtues of Louis XIV. They had not even his stage tricks,—they did not give themselves the trouble to *humbug* the people,—they exhibited their tyranny and corruption in all its naked, disgusting deformity, without any of that strange enchantment which the *grande monarchie* had thrown around them. We may with truth borrow the strong expression of Carlyle, and pronounce the government, during nearly the whole reign of Louis XV., a miserable *strumpetocracy*. Since the period of the Roman Emperors, profligacy had never been conducted in so open and undisguised a manner. Louis XV. asserted that he could prove by facts not to be doubted, that from his earliest youth, there had been no young female in France, possessed of extraordinary personal charms, that had not either directly or indirectly been offered to him; and that he had met with only one perfectly virtuous female in his whole reign. Her name was Noë. He used every effort to seduce her for four years, but all in vain, amid such universal corruption. When we seek for the characters who governed the nation, we are obliged to search the ante-chambers of the Duke de Choiseul, or the boudoirs of Madame Pompadour or Du Barri.* Besides this profligacy in

* Frederick the Great divided the reign of Louis XV. into three parts. The first was that of Madame de Chateauroux, the second that of Madame de Pompadour, and the third that of Madame Du Barri,—which he designated *Petticoat No. 1*, *Petticoat No. 2*, and *Petticoat No. 3*. Madame Du Barri tells us, that the king was once made very angry in meeting with a letter of a refugee Frenchman from the court of Berlin, stating that his Prussian Majesty, correcting a wrong date of one of his Ministers, cried out, "My dear sir, the thing was done not under the reign of *Petticoat No. 1*, but at the beginning of that of *Petticoat No. 2*." (Mem. 1, 326.) Before concluding this note, it is proper to observe, that in an absolute monarchy like that of France antecedent to the revolution, the mistresses of the king often, in some measure, supplied the place of a deliberative body, and became often the means of effecting changes in the government. The king being the fount of all power, if he falls into the hands of one party, the resource of the other party often is to rally around the mistress, and by her influence to operate on the king. Thus, after the death of Madame Pompadour, the Duc de Choiseul and his party, who wielded the power of the throne, were of course extremely anxious to perpetuate their power. Hence

the court, there was ruinous extravagance in the finances,* schism in the church, faction in the parliaments, and abroad, the French were beaten and humbled every where by land and sea, on the Elbe and on the Rhine, in Asia and America. Well might we imagine it impossible for French loyalty to survive a period like this,—it was an apt prelude to the revolution which brought his successor to the block.

6. *Louis XVI.*—Necker says this monarch possessed qualities suitable for a balanced government like that of England, which would have relieved him from burdensome responsibility, and supported him in his well-directed wishes. In his actual situation he displayed patriotic intentions, which encouraged innovation, accompanied by a feebleness of will, which kept him in a state of constant vacillation amid the conflicting impulses that acted on him. It was this feebleness of will, and infirmity of purpose, that finally destroyed the confidence of the people in the rectitude of his intentions. His conduct often wore the appearance of treachery, when in fact it was nothing but irresolution of purpose. His character was well calculated to develope a revolutionary crisis, not to prepare one; it was favorable to

their great solicitude to give the king a mistress from among themselves. The Duchess de Grammont, the Duke's sister, was so anxious to become the acknowledged favorite, that she is said to have disgusted even Louis himself. Madame Du Barri was the lucky candidate. She was from the lower orders. She was not, like Pompadour, a politician, and yet she as effectually overthrew the Choiseul ministry, as if she had been endowed with all the genius of Richelieu. Being from the lower orders, the Choiseul party naturally hated her,—that hatred provoked her anger. The opposition party immediately rallied around her. The breach widened, and the strife between the parties soon waxed so warm, that it was necessary for the king either to give up his minister, or to give up his mistress, and hence the fall of the Choiseul ministry. The Countess Du Barri, in this instance, performed precisely the same function that would now be performed by the Chambers of France, in case there should be, for any length of time, a dead majority against the ministry. The Choiseul ministry was *put in* by Pompadour, and was *put out* by Du Barri.

* As one instance of most profligate extravagance, we need barely mention that Louis XV. had built, during his reign, a most costly structure, called the *Parc Aux-Cerfs*, a receptacle for girls of all ages, from 12 to 18, who were considered as particularly beautiful. These creatures were generally decoyed, or bought, early in youth, from their relatives, and were trained in the *Parc Aux-Cerfs*, to administer at the proper time to the king's pleasures. There were governors and governesses to this most abominable establishment, and thousands were annually lavished upon them. The cost of this establishment has been estimated at 4 or 5,000,000 livres per annum, and amounted to more than £6,000,000, during the thirty-four years of its existence under Louis XV.

the consummation of a revolution, not for sowing the seeds of one.

7. *Causes of the Revolution.*—There is great truth in the exclamation of Robespierre, that “the people will as soon revolt without oppression, as the ocean will heave in billows without the wind.” Every great convulsive movement, like that of the French revolution, betokens some deeply-seated grievances,—some universally operating causes,—which alone can lash the public mind into a general political phrenzy. Without doubt, the manifold evils flowing from the vicious organization of the government, may be considered as the principal causes of the revolution. Changes took place in the social system, wholly at war with the political. It became necessary either to roll back the tide of civilization, or else to fit the government, by timely changes, to the constant revolutions which were taking place in the several organizations. France was out-growing the old government as a boy does his old clothes. She was no longer fitted for the institutions of feudalism, and change or revolution became absolutely necessary.

8. *Organization of the Government.*—We have already stated that in France, during the age of feudalism, the barons were, *individually*, so powerful, that they never felt the necessity of combination. Each one was powerful enough to set up for independence, and was too proud and too jealous of all authority, to endeavor to form themselves in a united body, where the voice of a majority should rule. Hence, the French nobility never formed themselves into a regular deliberative body, like the House of Lords in England. We have farther seen, that it was this very circumstance that caused the overthrow of the aristocracy in France, whilst in England it never lost its position in the government. When the monarchy fully developed itself in France, the aristocracy fell, because there had been no habit of combination among its members. They were conquered in detail, and by their own disunion. Had they been formed into a compact and organized body, like the House of Lords in England, they would probably have maintained their place in the constitution. Their fall was, in truth, the result of their *individual* power. But, as the aristocracy fell, and the power all concentrated in the monarch, a new role devolved on the former. The monarch employed them every where as the agents of his government,—they filled the offices

around the throne, executed all the missions, and commanded the armies;—and when we reflect on the power and energy of the monarchy, these privileges were of immense importance, and compensated, to the aristocracy, in some measure, for the loss of their rank as an independent order in the government; particularly when we remember, that their great private landed estates were left to them. So that, even in the time of Louis XVI., the nobles and the clergy still possessed two-thirds of the land, and the whole of it was exempted from taxation, under the miserable sophism, that the aristocracy fought, and the clergy prayed, for the nation, and it was therefore the duty of the remainder to pay the taxes. The king, of course, was now regarded as the cause and fountain of all power, and the aristocracy became, consequently, in the process of time, as remarkable for all the graces and elegances of the polished and loyal courtier, as they before had been for the rudeness and roughness of individual independence.

9. *Judiciary—Parliaments.*—As regards judicial power, we have already seen that the system of France was not one concatenated system, like that of England, but each province had its own separate tribunal, called a *parliament*, each independent of the other. Of course, the most important of all these would be the parliament of Paris,—the metropolitan parliament. Strange to say, the members of these judicial bodies bought their places of the crown in the first instance, and then the office became hereditary in the family of the grantee, which he or his heir could sell at will to another. Monstrous as this anomaly appears, in the judicial system of France, it is the true secret of the spirit and resistance of those bodies, amidst the general servility which prevailed in all the other branches of the government. A man who had purchased a seat in a parliament, felt immediately towards it as one does towards his private property. Having thus obtained a sort of indefeasible right, he became more independent of the monarch. Hence we find, during the wars of the Fronde, that the parliament of Paris was generally opposed to Mazarine and the court, and during the reign of Louis XV., and part of that of Louis XVI., the parliaments, particularly that of Paris, were very much disposed to resist. It had always been the custom of the monarchs to have their laws and edicts registered in the parliament of Paris. In process of time, this parliament claimed

the privilege of deciding whether they would register or not. A refusal became a practical *veto* to the law. To overcome this obstinacy, the kings were often obliged to hold a *bed of justice*, and force the registry, or else to punish the refractory members by *lettres-de-cachet*,* which banished them for a time from the city. As regards the members of this court, they were almost universally of the noble families, and consequently even the judiciary formed no exception to the general rule in France, of bestowing all the important offices and trusts of the kingdom exclusively on the nobles and clergy. Nevertheless, this was the body around which the people of France were generally disposed to rally, until the meeting of the States General, because it was the only department of the government which dared to resist the throne.

10. *The People—the Tiers Etat*.—So far we have been considering the government and its members. Let us turn to the people. The people in France never had attained to the political importance they did in England. Whilst in England we find them the objects of special mention and special provision in *Magna Charta*, in France, at a corresponding epoch, they are never mentioned. When the cities rose to importance, the people of the towns enjoyed political power for a short period, but even then the great mass of the

* These *lettres-de-cachet* were among the greatest grievances of the government. If an individual became obnoxious, the government had only to send a *lettre-de-cachet* to the police office, and have him removed from his residence to any place, or prison, designated in the letter. The courtiers and mistresses of the king employed this expedient on all occasions, to get rid of rivals, both in court intrigue and in love matters. Madame Du Barri tells us, that Madame Pompadour once discovered that the king was very much in love with a beautiful girl, who bore a surprising resemblance to her brother, one of the king's valets, and that this girl was in the habit of dressing in her brother's clothes and going into the king's bed-chamber, and had so engaged his affections, as to be on the eve of supplanting herself. As soon as Madame de Pompadour found it out, she had two *lettres-de-cachet* issued, one against the brother, the other against the sister, and they were both hurried off to prison. Just seventeen years and five months afterwards, Madame Du Barri being told the anecdote, felt all a woman's curiosity to find out what had become of the parties, when she found, to her astonishment, that the brother had died in prison after ten years confinement, and that the woman, having been forgotten at court, was actually in prison at that time. An order for her release was immediately issued, and Madame Du Barri, who saw her, says her appearance was shocking,—not a single trace of beauty left, her countenance pale and emaciated, with all the wrinkles of premature old age, was sad and dejected even to idiocy. When this horrible neglect was mentioned to Louis XV., he excused himself by saying that he could not, consistently with his professed regard for Madame Pompadour, interfere at the time in the execution of her vengeance, and that the thing was forgotten afterwards.

country people were unknown to history; they were scarcely above the condition of absolute slavery, and when the monarchical power worked the great change in the government, during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the people were as yet wholly unprepared and unfitted to occupy any position in the government, and thus did they continue completely unorganized and unrepresented, down to the meeting of the States General in 1789. But whilst they were thus condemned to political insignificance, the advance of civilization was rapidly working a change in their condition which made a revolution almost indispensable. The progress of agriculture, manufactures, commerce and all the industrial arts had caused a great accumulation of property among the people. As they became more wealthy they were better educated and became more intellectual. They thus acquired the two great elements of power, which had been completely wanting to them during the feudal ages, wealth and talents. The third great element, *numbers*, had always been on their side, but rendered wholly inefficient in consequence of the want of the other two. If any order in society have property and talents, they immediately become restless until they can get a share in the government, for the principal action of all government is on property, and the owner of property does not like to see it touched, except by his consent. Even if government were just, yet, if perfectly irresponsible, at the same time, the property holder will grumble at his burthens. Aristides himself will become suspected, if he have alone the double power of laying the tribute and disbursing the proceeds. Besides this, the offices and trusts of government afford the fairest opportunities for the display of all the energies of the mind; they are, therefore, the stations most ardently desired by honorable ambition. Systematic exclusion, except as to the privileged orders, is extremely odious. It is a systematic insult to the merit of all the unprivileged classes.

11. *Theory of the French Revolution.* We are now prepared to understand the whole theory of the French Revolution. All the political power was in the hands of kings, nobles and clergy, and as long as the people had neither wealth nor talent, the government was stable. The political power was united with the elements that can always maintain it. But when the great middle class of France acquired wealth and talent, they naturally wished

for their share of political power. Of course they would be resisted. The age, however, in which the people might be expected to succeed, would be that in which the physical power of the *tiers état*, resulting from numbers, wealth and talent, should so far exceed that of the privileged orders as to counterbalance all the advantages resulting from organization and the actual possession of the government. When the wealth and talent of the subject classes had risen to an equality with those of the privileged, well might the great but eccentric philosopher of France exclaim, "the age of revolution is at hand." The grand explosion may come sooner or later, according to the application of stimuli, but that is only a question of time, and generally of short time too. For, in the history of government, when the train is all ready, the match is rarely withheld long.

From this exposition of the theory of the French Revolution, it will be seen how absurd are the views of those who look on that movement as being at war with the rights of property from the very beginning. It was, in fact, the increasing wealth and talents of the *tiers état*, infinitely more than their numbers, that produced it. In the beginning it was truly an insurrection of the *unprivileged* against the *privileged* property, and not a war of those who *have*, against those who *have not*, as has been too often represented.

12. *Most aggravating abuses of the French Government.* The people were not only systematically excluded from all important offices, but the burthens of taxation were thrown on them principally, while the higher orders were almost entirely exempted. The clergy and nobles had two-thirds of all the land in France, yet their lands were entirely exempt from tax, and, we must remember, in a great landed nation like France, the land tax is always the most important. Taxes, however, were not only heavy upon the people, but they were unequally distributed among those who bore them, and were particularly offensive to farmers. More than half of the produce of the taxed lands were taken for the government. The taxes on consumption were laid without any regard whatever to equality, and varied in all the provinces, being light or heavy in many cases according to the favoritism or hatred of the government. All these evils were greatly embittered, not only by a sense of their crying injustice, but but by the arrogant demeanor of the privileged towards the

unprivileged classes. The distinction of nobility and of base born in France was carried to a most provoking extent. The pride and insolence of the old aristocracy were intolerable. Every one with them was either *noble* or *roturier*. They would recognize no middling class, no *tiers état*. They were literally spell-bound by the charm of caste, the veriest slaves to conventional etiquette. They could never be brought even to tolerate those who bought patents of nobility. These latter were called *Parvenus*, and were cordially despised by the old nobles.* The feudal rights still left to the nobles were exceedingly harassing to the people. The forest laws were not only tyrannical, but injurious to agriculture. Game, of the most destructive kind, such as wild boars and herds of deer, were permitted to go at large through whole districts called *capitaineries*, without any enclosures to protect the crops. The annual damage done by them in the four parishes of Mouceaux, were estimated at more than thirty-six thousand dollars. (A. I. 73.) Sometimes hoeing and weeding were prohibited, lest the young partridges should be killed,—mowing, lest the eggs should be broke,—taking away the stubble, lest the birds should be deprived of shelter,—manuring, with night soil, lest their flavor should be injured, &c. &c. The *corvées* or obligation to work on the roads, was not only a heavy burthen on the laborers of the country, but sometimes road making was executed in a most oppressive manner.

In filling up one valley in Lorraine, no less than three hundred were reduced to beggary. The administration of justice, too, was, to the last degree, partial, venal and infamous. Fortune, liberal presents, court favor, the smiles of a handsome wife, &c., often influenced the decisions. We must never forget, however, in spite of the manifold defects, that the parliaments were the most independent bodies in the kingdom, and that of Paris had no little agency in hastening on the revolution. It is useless to proceed farther with the enumeration of abuses. They are of too much notoriety to need specification.

13. Increasing knowledge of the people, philosophy, spirit of inquiry, freedom of abstract investigation.

* It was this intolerable arrogance and haughty demeanor of the old nobility, towards all the rest of the nation, which produced the cry in the revolution rather for *equality* than for *liberty*. Hence the title of *Egalité*, given to the Duke d'Orleans for espousing the popular side.

Whilst these aggravating evils existed in the government, the general progress of civilization was diffusing through France a spirit of inquiry and a freedom of investigation which was dispelling the gloom of centuries, as with the enchanter's wand. Not a question, in religion, jurisprudence, legislation, finance, or social polity, escaped the searching scrutiny of literature and philosophy. For a long period, the Academy of France, which had been formed by the wily Richelieu, and placed under the patronage of the crown, united the literature of France into a focus which supported, whilst it illustrated, the throne. The greater nobles soon caught this ardor of patronage from the sovereign, and as the latter pensioned and supported the principal literary characters of his reign, the former granted shelter and support to others, who were lodged in their houses, fed at their tables and admitted to their society, not as equals, but upon such terms as great artists and musicians would be received, giving knowledge and amusement for hospitality and support.* Unfortunately, even in literature as elsewhere, *fawning* follows patronage, and during the greater part of the reign of Louis XIV. literature was sycophantic. The writers of the day covered with adulation and flattery those who fed them, and the monarch exercised a power over the literary public no less despotic than over the political, e. s. he persecuted the Seminary of Port Royal, of which Paschal was head; he made poor Racine die of grief; he exiled Fenelon, and opposed the honors which they wished to confer on La Fontaine. (De S. I. 21.) But no matter how sickly and unmanly a literature, thus fostered, may be at first, it is very apt to right itself at last. The spirit of philosophy is like Ahmed on the enchanted steed, when once aroused and put in motion, no power can restrain it. Even in the latter part of Louis XIV's. reign, it was beginning to assume a bolder and purer aspect. It was directed towards the two

* We can now, perhaps, explain the secret of the brilliant conversational talent of the best society in France, at the commencement of the revolution. It was owing, in a great measure, to the manner and condition on which the literary class were patronized. The literary man strove not only to obtain the greatest amount of knowledge, but cultivated, at the same time, his powers of address and conversational talent, that he might render himself agreeable and instructive to his patron. There was a tacit contract in all such cases, to wit: patronage and support on the one side, for instruction and amusement on the other, and the philosopher could not comply with his part of the contract without cultivating, to the highest degree, his conversational talent.

great subjects which ever have and ever will engage the attention of mankind, government and religion. Writers discussed these subjects as *connoisseurs* and theorists, not as practical statesmen. As long as they did not make any application to the French Government, so long were they tolerated, and their beautiful theories were embraced and advocated by the nobles. These abstract opinions became fashionable in the higher circles, even sooner than among the people. Men of rank "assumed," says Sir Walter Scott, "the tone of philosophers, as they would have done that of Arcadian shepherds at a masquerade, but without any more thoughts of sacrificing their own rank and immunities in the one case, than of actually driving their flock a-field in the other," (I. 33.)* The king and the aristocracy for a long time felt too secure in the actual possession of power to fear the practical tendencies of mere theoretic principles and ab-

* When Benjamin Franklin and Silas Deane went to France, to obtain the aid of the French Government, it is supposed that the eagerness to see Franklin and to form his acquaintance, had no little influence with the aristocracy, even in favor of the American cause. A lively French writer says, "with much good sense, Franklin, at first, kept aloof from the crowd with which he was besieged, and this reserve only still farther excited French curiosity. 'Pardon me,' was the answer of the kind hearted old plenipotentiary, 'but until the independence of my country is recognized, I cannot accept your kindness or friendly invitations; reasons of the greatest importance restrict me to a life of privacy until then.' 'But the Princess of —, the Duchess of —, the Marchioness —, are all looking for the happiness of seeing you.' 'Acknowledge my country free, and I will submit to be led whithersoever you think proper.' 'Assuredly, we must do so, since your society is to be obtained upon no other terms.' And the most lively solicitations were made to the King and the Comte de Maurepas on the subject." The nobility generally took a very warm interest in his behalf. There were very few who, like the old Marechale de Mirepoix, ever stopped to apply republican principles to France. The Countess Du Barri tells us, that when she one day boasted to Madame Mirepoix of Franklin's visit to her, and of his charming conversation on republicanism,—"All that sounds very well," said the old Marechale, "but, for my own part, I am a staunch royalist. A Republic! Why, my dear Countess, what would become of us under a form of government where no Court existed, and where no one could distribute the treasures of the state among his friends and mistresses? Really, the very idea savors of famine and starvation." "But consider," says Du Barri, "the charm of being wholly free, as the Americans now are." "Nonsense! For heaven's sake consider the baneful effects of such a system. What would become of such as you and I, were it to become prevalent in France? Just imagine what a change; no more gay and elegant courtiers; but the reins of government held by the coarse, rude hands of a vulgar set, who would never have the soul to bestow one liberal pension, and from whose clumsy fingers not a sou could be extracted. For my own part, I never hear of insurgents but it puts me in a rage, and, for that reason, I have never been to see Franklin." (V. IV. 105.)

abstract discussions. They could applaud the ingenious arguments and eloquent tirades against ranks and distinctions, and in favor of primeval equality and savage independence. All the dreams of Rousseau on the Social Contract, had their admirers among the aristocracy as well as among the people. Even when Raynal proclaimed to the nations of the earth, that they could only be free and happy when they had overthrown every throne and every altar, no alarm was taken. Such doctrines as these were merely regarded as abstract, never to be seriously applied to the government of France. A direct attack on *the monarch* would have been instantly followed by a place in the Bastille. But general disquisitions or general assertions were considered as harmless.

14. *Action of literature and philosophy on the French and English Revolutions compared.* We are now prepared to explain that extraordinary difference between the agency of philosophy on the French and English Revolutions. In England, owing to the mixed form of government, the constant existence of a great deliberate body and the representation of the democracy in that body, the development of a new theory of government, or the inculcation of new dogmas, in morals or religion, will quickly assume a practical bearing. They instantly make their appearance in the House of Commons and strive to impress themselves on the British government. They thus fall into the hands of practical statesmen, who, however they may be fascinated with the new theory, are, nevertheless, forced, at the same time, to keep their eyes on the old machine. They proceed to alter and repair with the utmost caution. They may put in a cog here and a pin there, but they have too much veneration and confidence in the old machinery, ever to substitute it entirely by any thing that is new and untried. Thus do philosophy and government, in England, act and re-act on each other. While the spirit of philosophy has quickened and developed the reforms of the government, the government, on the other hand, has clipped the wings of philosophy and shorn it of its fancies and its vagaries. It has brought it down from the clouds into the regions of real life and practical experience. In France, however, before the revolution, the case was widely different. The philosophers and encyclopedists published their theories and principles without daring to apply them specifically to the French government. Their investigations, consequently, became eminently *utopian*.

Every principle was pushed out to its greatest extent,—the speculation of the philosopher was not hampered at each step by the difficulty of practical application. These abstract speculations were like theoretic mechanics, who sit in their closets and contemplate diagrams and figures, representing levers, pulleys, &c., with all the accuracy of mathematic precision, and never reflect that, in applying them to practice, it is necessary to allow for *friction and resistance*. When, therefore, the French Revolution came, and the evils of government were at last to be corrected, unfortunately for France, there was nothing but this utopian philosophy to shed light on the path of the revolution. When the power of the old government had passed away, and the nation was suddenly called on to construct a new one, then did French philosophy, which had hitherto been standing aloof from the actual government in all the nakedness of metaphysic speculation, suddenly descend into the political arena, exhibiting her abstract theories and utopian systems, as models for practical statesmen. Carlyle speaks of the national assembly as “twelve hundred individuals, with *the gospel of Jean Jacques Rousseau* in their pockets, congregating in the name of twenty-five millions, with full assurance of faith to make the constitution.” (II. 60.) Unhappily, too, there was but little in the by-gone history of the government for the eye of patriotism to rest on. Few were the Frenchmen who could exclaim, in regard to their institutions, like the English patriots, *nolumus leges anglie mutare*. They had no idea of *welding* and *morticing* a few of the new principles into the old system, but were disposed to tear down too much of the old fabric, in order that they might rear up a new one after the most approved models. Hence, the constant and glaring violation by the national assembly of that conservative maxim of Erasmus, so applicable to all changes in government, “*festina lente*.”

15. *American Revolution.* In speaking of the events which exercised an important bearing on the French Revolution, we must not forget to mention the Declaration of Independence by the thirteen British North American Colonies, and their subsequent revolutionary struggle of seven years. This struggle commenced at the time that the Parliaments of Paris were resisting the monarchical power in France,—at the time when the spirit of inquiry was fast liberating the ideas of the age. It was, in part, at least, the application and

realization of those principles of government, so fraught with hope and interest, which the philosophers, particularly those of France, were so enthusiastically propagating. The assistance lent by France to the Americans, in their struggle with Great Britain, caused the French, of course, to take a deeper and closer interest in our struggle and our government. The characters, too, which our revolution produced, had a most wonderful influence on France. What people could fail to have confidence in principles and institutions which had produced Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Adams, and we may almost say La Fayette. When Franklin was at the Court of Versailles, he became the rage in France. A perfect mania existed to see and converse with him, and to obtain these coveted advantages, all ranks and classes contended with the most violent eagerness. His open and ingenuous character won over all hearts to his cause, and none, we are told, who had the gratification of listening to the persuasive eloquence of this highly gifted man, hesitated for one moment, to wish well to the American cause. His very dress had its influence. Let us listen, for a moment, to the testimony of one of the most beautiful, most gay and dissolute women of the French court.—“He was a man advanced in years, tall, and his hair quite white. He wore neither powder nor sword, and was dressed in a broad, square cut, brown coat, without any kind of ornament, square-toed shoes, tied with large bows, a dark colored waistcoat, a broad round hat turned up at the sides; in his hand he held a thick ivory headed walking stick; and although this costume neither partook of the foppery of our *petits maitres*, nor the heavy grandeur of our financiers, its very simplicity, charmed and heightened as it was by the pleasing and graceful manner of the wearer, induced a comparison between the talented man, who now appeared before us, and our own statesmen, by no means to the credit of the latter.”

16. *Causes which led to the convocation of the States General.* The meeting of the States General, 5th May, 1789, is universally considered as the commencement of the revolution. The immediate cause of the convocation was the embarrassed condition of the government, caused by the impossibility of raising a revenue adequate to the national exigencies. The ruinously long and expensive wars of Louis XIV.,—the disgraceful wars of Louis XV., with the still more disgraceful administration and disbursement of

revenue,—the expensive wars of Louis XVI., in behalf of the American Revolution, had all contributed to swell the debt and the burthens of France to an intolerable height.* Ministers had pursued the ruinous system of borrowing money to satisfy the demands of the government. This system, however, only put off the evil day to make it come at last with an aggravated pressure. Capitalists soon saw the game that was playing, and distrusted the government. The more the minister borrowed, the more ruinous were the terms on which his loans were made. Besides, the parliaments often refused to register the edicts for loans or for additional taxes. Beds of justice would be held and the registry would be enforced, or the refractory members would be banished. The people, of course, supported the parliament. This struggle became warm, and threatened a revolution. Colonne at last saw that it was impossible to continue the system of increasing taxes on the people, or of borrowing from the capitalists. The people could not and would not bear any more, the capitalists would not lend, the parliaments would not register. Under these circumstances he determined to call together the notables, or representatives of the privileged classes, and to ask them to make up the deficit by taxing themselves. But they merely examined into the finances, saw the alarming condition of the country, threw the whole blame on the minister, and refused to tax themselves. Cardinal de Brienne, who headed the opposition to Colonne, in the assembly of the notables, was then put at the head of the ministry, under the vain belief that the refusal of the notables to tax themselves arose from their hostility to Colonne. The notables, however, still refused to raise the requisite supplies. The minister then tried

* The court of Louis XVI., in point of morals, stood greatly higher than that of Louis XV. But there was one vice, that of gambling, carried to a much more disgraceful extent by the former than the latter, and Marie Antoinette, the Queen, is principally responsible for introducing the fashion. We are told that the court became, at last, one vast gulf of ruinous play, where money, jewels, estates, were staked and sold. Married and single alike shared in this gambling fury, and Paris looked with horror on the amusements of Versailles. Necker, at length, told the king of the ruinous state in which it would involve the finances, and implored him to put a stop to the practice. The king replied—"Tis merely the fancy of a female under the queen's circumstances (she was pregnant) and will cease after her delivery." "Then the delivery of her majesty will be that of the nation also," rejoined Necker. But, unhappily, the delivery and recovery too of the queen came, without stopping this most ruinous of vices. (Mem. D. IV. 126.)

the old system of taxing the people and negotiating loans. The parliament refused to register. He then tried the bold expedient of stripping the parliament of all political right, and introducing a new body in its stead, the *cours pleniere*, filled with the creatures of the court.

The *cours pleniere* was detested by the people,—its decisions were every where resisted,—anarchy was rapidly rising in the land,—the king was obliged to yield. The deficit in the finances augmented,—the interest on the national debt was unpaid, and a national bankruptcy was threatened ;—some new expedient must be tried, or all would be lost. The convocation of the States General was talked of, and immediately all parties demanded it, as the great panacea to cure the disorders of the state, and Necker, one of the most popular financiers in the kingdom, was called to the head of the ministry. The parliament of Paris was in favor of the States General, because its continual opposition to the government had, at last, made it friendly to any power that bade fair successfully to resist the king, and it believed, moreover, that its own power and importance would be enhanced by the measure. The nobility acquiesced under the impression that they would have, in this body, the same ascendancy which they had generally possessed in more feudal times, and that it might be the means of regaining their long lost political power. The king, in the goodness of his heart, hoped it might be the means of raising the requisite supplies and restoring tranquillity. The States General were convoked, and the 5th May, 1789, fixed as the period of their meeting. Thus, says Thiers, the first authorities of the state exhibited the singular spectacle of usurpers disputing the possession of an object, before the face of the rightful owner, and, at last, calling upon him to act as judge between them.

17. *Meeting of the States General. Dispute about orders. Comparison with former bodies of that name.* In the States General, the three orders of the kingdom were represented—the nobles, the clergy, and *tiers etat*. It was provided, that the latter should have as many representatives as both the others combined, and this was the only point fixed on before the meeting. As soon as they assembled and proceeded to the verification of their powers, the question came up, whether they should sit together in one chamber and vote per capita, or whether they should form three separate bodies, each with a negative on the proceedings of the other. As

is well known, the representatives of the *tiers etat* at last determined, 17th June, 1789, to form themselves into a National Assembly and proceeded to business. They were joined at first by a portion only of the nobles and clergy. Thus, did the *tiers etat* suddenly, from political insignificance, rise into political omnipotence. The baptism day of democracy, and the extreme unction day of feudalism had come. (C. I, 135.) How had the times changed since the last meeting of the States General in 1614! How much had the prospects of the *tiers etat* brightened! In 1614, in the language of Abbe Seiyes, it was *nothing*,—in 1789 it had suddenly become *every thing*. It is interesting to recur, for a moment, to some particulars concerning the meeting of 1614. The speaker of the *tiers etat* was then obliged to address the king on his knees, while those of the clergy and nobility addressed him standing. When the speaker of *tiers etat*, M. de Mesme, addressing the nobles and clergy in behalf of his order, ventured to declare France to be the common mother of all, and that the three estates were three brothers, nursed at the same bosom, of which the *tiers etat* was the youngest, Baron de Senecchi, in the name of the nobility, rebuked him, and told him *tiers etat* had no right to fraternity, *being neither of the same blood, nor of equal virtue*. They sat in different bodies. The clergy required permission to collect tythes of all fruit and corn,—to be freed from excise duties and the expense of repairing the roads. The nobility demanded all the principal offices of state for themselves, and that the plebeians (*roturiers*) should be forbidden the use of guns, pistols, and even dogs, unless houghed, to prevent their indulging in the chase. They required augmentation of seignoral duties to the proprietors of fiefs,—that all pensions to the *tiers etat* should be suppressed,—that they should wear a different dress from that of noble families, &c., (De S. F. R. I. 94.,) and they finally made the *tiers etat* pay all the expenses of the meeting, for themselves and the other two orders likewise. No wonder, then, that the higher nobility and clergy, in 1789, should so energetically have exclaimed, "Give us 1614, and our last States General; these are our masters, these are our models."*

* We are not to suppose that the meeting of 1614, was a true type of all former meetings. On the contrary, the States General held at Blois, in 1576, were almost as different, in composition and form of proceeding, from that of 1614, as from their predecessors under King John and Louis XII.

II. FROM THE MEETING OF THE STATES GENERAL TO THE MEETING OF THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY.

1. *Composition of the National Assembly—Côté Droit—Côté Gauche—Centre.* From the important rôle which was played by this body, its composition has become a subject of considerable interest. The whole body was one thousand one hundred and twenty-eight,—of which the clergy were two hundred and ninety-three,—the nobles two hundred and seventy, and *tiers état* five hundred and sixty five. In the *tiers état* there were no less than two hundred and seventy-nine lawyers. Burke, who looked on the whole train of provincial lawyers in France, as but little better than mere pettifoggers, fomenters of petty war and village vexations, says, “from the moment that I read a list of their names, I foresaw distinctly, and very nearly as it happened, all that was to follow.”* He believed such a body to be necessarily litigious, and that they would of course make, to use his own phrase, “a litigious constitution.” Burke complains heavily that there was not a sufficient representation of the landed interest. The reason is obvious,—it could not be otherwise, because the nobility of France formed almost exclusively the landed interest, leaving the lawyers, physicians, merchants, men of letters, tradesmen and farmers, of which the representation of the *tiers état* was composed, the true exponents of the great middle class.

The members, in a French deliberative assembly, always

The fact is, no meeting of the three orders had been arranged on clear principles. None had led to permanent results. Hence, the authority of precedent was nearly as much on one side as the other;—it was indecisive.

* Mr. Burke, however, when it suited his purpose, could be highly complimentary to lawyers. In his speech on American affairs, 1775, he speaks of them as that profession which teaches men to “angur misgovernment at a distance, and snuff the approach of tyranny in every tainted breeze.” He has certainly underrated the lawyers of the National Assembly. In England, owing to the organization of the courts, all the great forensic talent is concentrated in London. It was not so in France. There were twelve or thirteen parliaments, entirely distinct from each other, in as many provinces. Each of these had its own body of lawyers, customs, &c., and, in many of the Provinces, the bar rivalled that of Paris. The Thourets and Chapalliers of Rouen and Rennes, acquired as great an ascendancy in the National Assembly as the Targets and Camuses of the Parisian bar. The separate organization of the courts in France had the same effect, in preventing the concentration of foreign talent in Paris, that the division, into States, of our confederacy has, in preventing the concentration of all political talent in Washington.

take their seats according to their politics. In the National Assembly the royal party, opposed to all innovation, sat on the extreme right, and were called the *côté droit*. Those who were considered moderates, or undecided, occupied the centre seats, and were called the *centre*. The democrats occupied the extreme left, and were called the *côté gauche*. Alison gives us the following table to show the composition of the three parties :

Côté Droit—Royalists.

Archbishops and Bishops,	-	-	-	-	-	39
Abbots and Canons,	-	-	-	-	-	25
Curates,	-	-	-	-	-	10
Nobles,	-	-	-	-	-	180
Magistrates,	-	-	-	-	-	10
Lawyers,	-	-	-	-	-	18
Farmers,	-	-	-	-	-	40
Total,						322

Centre—Undecided and Moderates.

Clergy,	-	-	-	-	-	140
Nobles,	-	-	-	-	-	20
Magistrates,	-	-	-	-	-	9
Lawyers,	-	-	-	-	-	101
Tiers Etat,	-	-	-	-	-	210
Total,						480

Côté Gauche—Democrats.

Prince of the blood,	-	-	-	-	-	1
Lawyers,	-	-	-	-	-	160
Curates,	-	-	-	-	-	80
Gentilshommes,	-	-	-	-	-	55
Merchants, Farmers, &c.	-	-	-	-	-	30
Total,						326

By the above table, it will be seen, that the nobles and clergy were not unanimous. The lower class, of both orders, ranged themselves with the *centre* and *côté gauche*. More than one half the clergy belonged to the *centre* and *côté gauche*. The three hundred and twenty-six democrats be-

longing to the *côté gauche*, Alison has thus designated, rather because of their politics, as afterwards developed, than from any open avowal in the national assembly, in favor of dethroning the monarch. During the whole session of that body, there was no avowed party for the abolition of monarchy and the establishment of a pure republic. No measure, more radical than the establishment of a *constitutional monarchy*, with Louis XVI. at the head of it was seriously attempted. As to the divisions on the scheme of government to be adopted, there was—1st. The party that wished to introduce the constitution of Great Britain. This was the scheme advocated in the assembly by Mounier, Lally Tolendal, Clermont Tonnere, and, out of the Assembly, by Necker and the ministry. These were, afterwards, sometimes called the *monarchiens*. But the great majority of the national assembly were resolved on a more radical change. They were determined, says Scott, like Media, to fling into their renovating kettle, every joint and member of the old constitution, in order to its perfect renovation. La Fayette without, at the head of the National Guards, and Barnave within the assembly, were at the head of the most moderate portion of this party. The other, and more democratic wing, contained, in *embryo*, the two great parties of the Girondists and the Jacobins, who were at heart favorable to the abolition of monarchy and the introduction of a purely republican government.

2. *Clubs*.—We are now prepared to explain the origin and influence of the Clubs. In times of excitement and revolution, men naturally swarm out into clubs. These assemblages, as Carlyle says, are the sure symptom of social unrest. The nation was eager for reform, and the majority in the national assembly did not always advance with despatch sufficient to suit the eager wishes of the most ardent. Hence the resort to all those means without, that could both stimulate the assembly to action, and could ensure it support in any position it should take. Duport, formerly a member of the Paris parliament, a man of ardent temperament, and who had known, in his former struggles with the throne, the great advantage of popular support, seems to have been the first to conceive and execute the famous confederation of clubs, (Mig. 1, 109,) by which all France was to be agitated and kept constantly at fever heat. The extreme *côté gauche*, who could not bring out their plans in the national assem-

bly, of course resorted to the clubs, where they enjoyed perfect license. Of all the clubs, none attained such power and infamous notoriety as that of the Jacobins. It was the offspring of the Breton club, first established at Versailles, and afterwards removed to Paris. It there leased the hall of the Jacobin's convent, from which its name comes. Here met, at first, all the principal popular deputies. Barnave, the Lameths, as well as Robespierre, Danton, etc., were constant attendants. No less than three hundred affiliated clubs, over the whole length and breadth of France, were soon formed in close connection with this great mother society.

But this club could not satisfy all,—hence, it soon threw off, as Carlyle expresses it, two dissatisfied swarms, one to the right and the other to the left. One party thought the Jacobins lukewarm,—they seceded and formed the *Club of the Cordeliers*,—“a hotter club :” it was Danton's element. Another party “thought the Jacobins scalding hot,”—they flew off to the right,—became the *Club of 1789*,—friends of the monarchic constitution. This club was subsequently called, from the place of their meeting, the *Club of the Feuillans*. Lafayette first organized it, in concert with Bailly and other moderate men, to counteract the Jacobins, who, he saw, were pushing forward the revolution too fast and too far. The remedy proved powerless. An assemblage of cool, cautious heads, could not attract the multitude like the clubs of the Jacobins, where all the popular passions were allowed full scope ; and hence, in the progress of the revolution, the Jacobin club, like Aaron's rod, swallowed up all the rest.

3.—*National Assembly deficient in business habits and parliamentary tact.*—It is not to be wondered at, that the people of France, who had been so long under an absolute monarchy, without any great deliberative council, should, when the revolution commenced, have been totally devoid of the business habits and parliamentary skill so requisite for the success of all deliberative bodies. Even in their elections for members to the national assembly, this defect was glaringly manifest. The liberal institutions of England and the United States, train the people in the forms and habits requisite for the transaction of public business. In county meetings, town meetings, caucusses, etc., we become early accustomed to the working of parliamentary machinery on a small scale. Presidents, committees, secretaries, reports,

debates, parliamentary laws and usages, are familiar to us all from our infancy. The genius of our institutions trains us in all these forms, and the value of this training cannot be too highly appreciated. The French were totally deficient in all such experience, and hence one reason for the clumsy and mob-like manner with which business was done in the national assembly. The members were, at first, totally unacquainted with the forms of proceeding or the tactics of debate. As many as a hundred members were sometimes on their feet at once. There was no rule in making motions. The spectators' gallery was allowed to applaud and hiss, and their president was appointed once a fortnight. Although there were three hundred and seventy-four lawyers in the assembly, Dumont tells us that the only orators who possessed any talent for improvisation were Maury, Clermont Tonnere, Barnave and Thouret; and that Barnave was, in fact, the only man who could extemporise an entire speech of any length.* Mirabeau, one of the greatest orators, if not the very greatest, of modern times, could not. Most of his best passages are short, rapid and electrical, flashing out from between trains of argumentation laboriously prepared, like lightning through clouds. Many of the set speeches were written and read. The extempore debating consisted of short, vehement speeches, delivered with all the energy of passion. The national assembly, the legislative assembly, and the convention, were much more like mobs than either a British parliament or an American congress, and hence they were much more under the influence of oratory. In an American congress, it very rarely happens that a speech changes a single vote. In the national assembly, and afterwards in convention, we find such orators as Mirabeau and Vergniaud frequently carrying the body by overwhelming majorities, against measures which had just been adopted almost by acclamation.

* There is no kind of practice which sooner trains to extempore debating, than *stump* speaking between rival candidates. Hence, perhaps, one reason for a greater proportion of good extempore debaters in this country, in proportion to the general talent of the nation, than in any other country in the world. It is to be remarked, however, in regard to the French, that although they were very deficient in this respect in the commencement of the revolution, they rapidly improved up to the period of the reign of terror. Robespierre, who was at first an indifferent debater, became at last, by constant practice in the Jacobin club and in the convention, both a ready and forcible speaker.

4. *Mirabeau*.—There have been men in particular ages, who might be considered as concentrating within themselves all their country's character,—who represented, at the same time, both the good and evil traits. Themistocles was the very impersonation of all the virtues and vices of Athens, in his day. That moral *antithesis*, Alcibiades, was a still more remarkable compound of the manifold virtues, vices, foibles, etc., of this same Athens, at a later and more degenerate period. In looking over France during the session of the national assembly, we shall find the celebrated Mirabeau, without doubt, to be the *type-Frenchman* of that epoch; and if Louis XIV. could say, in his day, *I am the nation*, Mirabeau could say, in his latter days, with more truth, *I am the national assembly*. This extraordinary man had been born among the nobility, and been maltreated. He had experienced every kind of tyranny from his very birth,—that of his own father, of the government and of the tribunals. He was thus trained to despise the government and the upper class of French society. His travels, observations and immense reading, had taught him much, and his memory retained it all. He had seen all manner of men, from drill sergeants to prime ministers, from his inmates of the jails of Pontarlier to princes and kings. He had made himself notorious by his dissolute manners and his quarrels. Thiers speaks of him as frightful with ugliness and genius; yet no man had more *amours*, or was so successful in them.* His character was so low at the meeting of the States General,

* His power in this respect is represented as bordering on the miraculous. The Countess Du Barri tells us she received an anonymous letter, directly after her introduction to Mirabeau, informing her that he had wagered with four friends that he would, without the slightest effort on his part, make her desperately in love with him. She was amused, and thus forewarned and forearmed, resolved, with every caution, to fight him with his own weapons. Yet, in the very first interview in which he spoke of love, she says, "how shall I be able to make myself understood, when I confess that all these wise resolutions melted into air, and I fell as completely into his snares as he could have wished me. Alas! often when listening to his overpowering eloquence, I have raised my eyes to his coarse and deeply-scarred physiognomy, the words of Isabel have recurred to my recollection, and I have fully comprehended her comparison of the bird attracted spite of itself, by the wily fascination of the serpent. None, indeed, but those who have seen and heard this wonderful man when he particularly aimed at pleasing, can form the least notion of his power of captivity. Never did lover express himself with so burning a passion, (in his love letters.) It seemed as if each line had been traced by a pen dipped in the fiery lava of a volcano." (4, 226.) But, with all his power of pleasing, he was exceedingly unprincipled in love matters, being as treacherous as he was seductive.

that there was a murmur in the assembly when he first entered to take his seat. But no sooner did this eccentric man appear in the tribune, than his power became manifest. He was immeasurably superior to every mind with which he came into contact in the assembly. He had, in fact, no second,—it was *Eclipse first, and the rest no where*. From the member that was hardly tolerated, he soon became the member that was gazed on by every eye and courted by every order. Proud of his high qualities, jesting over his vices, by turns haughty and supple, he won some by his flattery, awed others by his sarcasms, and led all in his train by the extraordinary influence of his oratory. Of the Abbe Maury, the leader of the *cote droit*, he used to say, “when he is on the right side, we debate; when he is on the wrong, I crush him.” His sarcasm, irony, originality, were so great, that every body was afraid of him in the tribune. The aristocracy at last, not being able to meet him in debate, made an effort to get rid of him by duel. Many sent him challenges, but he always refused, merely noting down their names in his pocket-book.* It is not fair, said he, in regard to one of

* His answer was nearly the same to all,—“Monsieur, you are put upon my list, but I warn you that it is long, and I grant no preferences.” C. 403. During the first period of the revolution, duels, as we might suppose, were very frequent. In this sort of rencounter, the higher orders have, perhaps, generally the advantage. They have more of that kind of conventional courage exacted by the laws of chivalry, and generally they are better skilled in the use of weapons. Hence, perhaps, their eagerness in France, to kill off their opponents, and the settled conviction among the people that this was a regular system to get rid of all their distinguished men. From this cause, public opinion began to condemn the practice, and when young Barnave fought Casalés, the great leader of the royalists, and made the best shot, the Jacobins censured him for accepting the challenge, although they were evidently proud of his superiority to his antagonist. When Charles Lameth was challenged by a hot-headed young man of Artois, he refused. When he appeared next day in the corridors of the assembly chamber, he met with the grossest insults and taunts of cowardice. Lameth said to Lantree, a hunchback, who had insulted him, “Monsieur, if you were a man to be fought with!”—“I am one,” cries the young Duke de Castries. The parties went instantly to the Bois de Boulogne, and Lameth was badly wounded and confined some time to his bed. The populace became deeply excited,—they rushed to the Castries hotel, and broke and destroyed every thing within it, just thirty-six hours after the duel, with the cry, “he shall be hanged that steals a nail.”—and when Lafayette arrived on the spot with the national guards, he found this *plebeian Court of Cassation*, as Camille Desmoulins punningly called it, had done its work, and they exhibited themselves to the General with their vests unbuttoned, their pockets all turned inside out. “Sack and just ravage, but not plunder,” was their confident but impudent motto. From this day the practice of duelling began to be unpopular, and the nobles were obliged to renounce this Bobidilian mode of stopping the revolution.

his opponents, to expose a man of talent like me, against a blockhead like him. What is very extraordinary in such a country as France, this conduct did not bring him into contempt, or even cause his courage to be doubted. There was something so martial in his mind, so bold in his manner, that no one could impute cowardice to him. He made partisans every where,—among the people, in the assembly, in the very court,—and to crown the measure of his greatness, as soon as he learned the secret of his power, and saw the career that was opened to him, he suddenly became one of the hardest working men who have ever appeared on the stage of action. If I had not lived with him, says Dumont, I should never have known what a man can make of one day. A day for this man was more than a week or a month is for others. The mass of things he guided on together, was prodigious; from the scheming to the executing not a moment was lost. The fact is, that he at last, tough as was his physical frame, overworked himself, and died from fever generated by his excessive labors.

5. *Seyes*.—But whilst Mirabeau represented the whole national assembly, and all France, in his single self, there was another being of great notoriety in the assembly, who may be looked on as a sort of living embodiment of French philosophy and French political science. This was the Abbe *Seyes*, a light, thin man. Although cold in his manners, he was yet wiry, elastic and passionate enough in his philosophic abstractions. He was the great system builder of the revolution,—the ready draftsman of constitutions, which came forth as complete from his prolific brain, as *Minerva* from the head of *Jove*. “Politics is a science,” said he one day to Dumont, “I think I have perfected.” While Mirabeau was the great man of the tribune, *Seyes* became the great man in the committees. He was exceedingly intolerant towards all other systems but his own, and his plans were stated with great philosophic precision, and when produced, he could not bear to have the philosophic beauty of the whole impaired, by what he considered awkward amendments and ugly deformities. He was the father of many of those philosophic maxims and aphorisms, so current in his day, which seemed to condense into a nut-shell the whole philosophy of government; e. g., in drafting the first constitution, he was opposed to two chambers and to the royal veto, and his short formula was, that the nation *wills*, the

king *executes*. Hence the absurdity of a double organ to give expression to that will, or of the right of the royal *veto* to defeat it.

6. *Difficulties of the French Revolution—Paris Mobs—Scarcity of Provisions.*—After the description of the composition of the national assembly, and mention of the two most distinguished men in that body, we will now proceed to give an account of the progress that was made in the great work of the revolution; and in order to this, we must be well acquainted with the position of affairs during this epoch. First, then, the king, court, higher nobility, etc., would naturally oppose every thing that portended thorough revolution. Even after acquiescence in reform, they would naturally seize with avidity every opportunity to regain the ground they had lost. The means on which they would rely, in case they could not command the majority in the national assembly, would be the military. They would meditate a *coup-de-main*. How would the popular party naturally meet such a threatened stroke of policy? They had no army at first, and were without organization. One expedient was, if possible, to gain the military,—to bring it over to the popular side. This was often done in the first period of the revolution, and without this defection of the military, it may be doubted whether the revolution could have been achieved as completely as it was. But, of course, it would not do to rely exclusively on the defection of the military,—it rarely happens that the troops of royalty are ever so penetrated with the spirit of the times, as to turn against the hand that feeds and pays them. The next expedient was, to rouse the nation to bring the public opinion, and if need be, the unorganized popular masses, to bear against the government. Hence, the hundreds of affiliated clubs scattered through France, with the constant injunction from the great Paris mother, to agitate! *agitate!* In case force were needed, of course the Paris mob, within thirteen miles of Versailles, where the court and assembly were, would be the first to rise. Dangerous as it is, at all-times and under all circumstances, to encourage such assistance, the revolutionary party felt themselves constrained to do it. Now, it most unfortunately happened, that the Paris mob, one of the worst in the world under the most favorable circumstances, was rendered particularly ferocious by the scarcity of provisions. On 13th July, 1788, just before harvest, there was one of the most destructive

hail-storms in France, that had ever been witnessed. For sixty leagues around Paris, the ruin was almost total. This was followed by one of the coldest winters on record. Hence, the Paris population had been, during the winter of 1788-89, in both a starving and freezing condition. The government made efforts to ensure a regular supply of provisions, but its efforts could not keep pace with the immense mass of indigence, which was swelled by the confluence of dissolute and abandoned characters from every part of France. These wretches assembled around the throne, like the sea-birds around a wreck,—the harbingers of death to the sinking mariner. When the assembly met, this lowest and most ignorant stratum of society seemed to entertain the notion, that reform in government would give both freedom and bread; hence the simultaneous cry for the *Constitution and for bread*. "Imagine," says Carlyle, "that the millenium were struggling on the threshold, and yet not so much as groceries could be had—*owing to traitors*. With what impetus would a man strike traitors in that case." The indigent and starving condition of one-half of the Paris populace, was the principal cause of the savage cruelty so often displayed by the Paris mobs during the revolution.

7. *Illustrated by the 14th July, and 5th and 6th October, 1789.*—If we now turn to the two greatest outbreaks which occurred during the session of the national assembly, we shall see a perfect exemplification of the truth of the above remarks. We have already seen, at the opening of the States General, the first great cause of angry dissension was, whether they should sit in three orders, or in one body. The nobility wanted three, on the principle of precedent and conservatism; the *tiers etat* contended for one, on the principle of its being absolutely necessary for any reform whatever. The last proposition was carried, and the king yielded; but the court and nobility, though acquiescing, were never satisfied. In an evil hour, the vacillating Louis gave heed to the secret counsels of the uncompromising royalists around the throne. He agreed to try a bold stroke. Regiment after regiment was seen arriving, till fifteen, mostly foreign, were in the environs of the capital, with old Marshal de Broglie, commander-in-chief, and Baron de Besenval in command of those about Paris. The exultations of the courtiers already began to reveal the danger,* when suddenly, on the 11th

* The Countess Du Barri says that the Duke de Cossé told her, on the

July, Necker, then the most popular man in France, and the prime minister, was secretly dismissed, together with two of his colleagues, and the most offensive royalists placed in their stead. The moment this news arrived in Paris, the city was thrown into commotion. The national assembly beseeched the king to dismiss the troops and establish a civic guard. The king, contrary to his character, returned a cold, dry answer, alleging that Paris was unable to govern itself. The commandants of the troops had received orders to advance in the night, between the 14th and 15th. Paris was to be attacked on seven points, the Palais Royal surrounded, the assembly dissolved, etc. (Th. 1, 66.) But the Paris mob was too quick and too strong for the royal troops.* The celebrated 14th July, when the Bastille was stormed and demolished, and some obnoxious individuals were put to death by the fury of the mob, is too well known for description here. The king dismissed the new ministry, and recalled Necker with most pressing despatch. His journey back from Basle was a triumphal march. The citizens of the towns through which he passed, pulled his carriage. The Parisians were intoxicated when he was again seen in their midst; and Madame de Stael declares, that the day he entered Paris was the last day of her *pure happiness* on this earth. Thus triumphed the people, in this first great outburst of popular violence. "M. Necker," says Burke, "was recalled, like Pompey, to his misfortune, and like Marius he sat down on ruins." But, in spite of the assassinations on this day, it was at first hailed with joy throughout France and the world. Madame de Stael calls it a day of grandeur. "The minds of the people," she says, "were exalted, but as yet there was nothing but purity in their souls." The movement was national,—all France participated in it; and the emotion of a whole nation is always founded on true and natural feeling. It was the 14th July which caused Bailly to be elected Mayor of Paris, and Lafayette commandant of

13th July, "All will be well ere this time to-morrow night; the national assembly will be purged of those unquiet spirits which at present agitate it." (4, 296.)

* The result proved that the troops were infected with the popular enthusiasm. With the exception of two German regiments, that drew their sabres in the gardens of the Tuilleries, scarcely any of the regiments could be made to act against the populace.

the *civic militia*, called the national guard.* Thus do we find this first great movement of the Parisian populace, as it were sanctioned and endorsed even by the moderate party of the revolution, and the fatal precedent established of placing the cause of freedom under the protection of mobs. It is true that this day caused the more perfect organization of the civic militia, or national guards, and led to the appointment of Lafayette as their commandant; but these guards themselves had too much of the spirit of the populace, to be an adequate check to their excesses.

After the 14th July, the royal party being for the time conquered, the business of reform was pushed rapidly forward in the assembly. The court became excessively anxious to retire beyond the influence of the Parisian mob; the latter, of course, wished to bring the court more under its influence. Hence, while the royal party began to plot and scheme for the removal of the king and court to Metz, where they could escape the terror of Paris mobs, communicate with the emigrants, place themselves under the protection of the army of Bouillé, declare the national assembly rebels, and at once, if need be, bring on a civil war for the recovery of lost privileges. The patriots, on the contrary, wished the court and assembly to be at once translated to Paris. They considered Versailles even, as too much under kingly and aristocratic influence; they considered that the cause of the revolution would be constantly jeopardized by the *coup-d'états* which the monarch would strike from time to time. Hence the cry that was raised, of *the king and the national assembly to Paris!* The debates upon the *veto* particularly, exasperated both parties; and although they compromised by the adoption of the *suspensive veto*, yet the rumor soon ran that the court was meditating again some bold stroke of policy. Under pretext of providing against Paris movements, the body guards at Versailles were doubled, new troops were summoned, the regiment of Flanders arrived. At the Luxemburg, at the Palais Royal, at the Champs Elysées, new faces, new uniforms and new cockades were seen in numbers. The enemies of the revolution once more were

* There was, in the hall of the Hotel de Ville, where the election took place, a bust of Lafayette, presented to the city of Paris by the United States. Maureau de St. Mery pointed to it with his finger. A general cry in the hall instantly proclaimed the Marquis de Lafayette commandant. (T. 1, 72.)

in high spirits. The flight of the king to Metz, and the dissolution of the national assembly, were hourly expected. On 1st October, the body guards gave a dinner to the officers of the garrison at Versailles, and the celebrated song, "*O Richard ! O mon Roi ! l'univers t'abandonne*," was sung. White or black cockades only were distributed,—the national tri-color cockade was trodden under foot,—the health of the king and queen was drunk with rapturous applause, and with drawn swords,—that of the nation neglected. To crown the heinous character of this scene, so revolting to patriotic sensibilities, Maria Antoinette, "with a woman's vehemence, not with a sovereign's foresight," entered the festive hall in the midst of the carousing, with the king at her side and the dauphin in her arms. She walked around the tables, bowing as she passed. Of course, her appearance filled the company with enthusiasm, and loyal bursts of applause gladdened the royal hearts. The next day a nearly similar scene took place, at a breakfast given by the life guards. The queen here expressed her delight with the dinner of Thursday. She was eagerly listened to, because less reserved than the king. Every word she uttered was repeated. The populace, already agitated by the discussions on the *veto*, irritated by the black cockades, annoyed by the continual patroles, and suffering from the most pinching hunger, were at once thrown into the most violent commotions by the festive scenes of the 2d and 3d Oct. On the 4th, (Sunday,) all Paris was more deeply agitated than ever. The patroles of Lafayette were on the alert, but they were beginning to be unpopular; the sentiment of the caricature, "*le patrollatisme chassant le patriotisme*," was beginning to take hold of the popular mind, and the general opinion of the Parisians seemed to be, that another bold stroke, like that of 14th July, had become necessary.

Meanwhile, on Monday, whilst the male portion of the Parisian population seemed somewhat in awe of Lafayette's patroles, in one of the guard-houses of the quarter St. Eustache, a young woman seized a drum, commenced beating it, and calling on the women to avenge themselves. Immediately, says Camille Desmoulins, the female insurrectionary force became like a British naval force,—there was a universal press of women. These poor creatures, if they could not comprehend the politics of the times, felt at least all the misery of an empty pantry, and their constant cry was

bread! bread! They had no fear of patrols or of national guards. Gallant Frenchmen, commanded by such a specimen of genuine chivalry as Lafayette, could, of course, never be brought to fire on women. These women first went to the bakers' shops, and as bread was scarce, they rushed on to the Hotel de Ville, to complain to the *commune*. They broke in and sounded the tocsin. A citizen named Maillard, a man who had become noted in the capture of the Bastille, undertook to draw them off from the Hotel de Ville. He seized a drum and drew them after him, under pretext of leading them to Versailles. This amazonian host, armed with bludgeons, broomsticks, muskets and cutlasses, marched, with Maillard at their head, to the Champs Elysées. There he found they were resolved to execute the project which he had put into their heads, of marching instantly to Versailles, and laying their complaints before the king and national assembly, and he was forced to be their leader. All the concession he could obtain from them was, that they should disarm, and appear before the national assembly as petitioners, and not as furies with arms in their hands. Never was such a mob led by man, as Maillard led out from Paris to Versailles on the 5th October, 1789. Some hours after their departure, Lafayette assembled the national guard and marched after them. The *ludicro-tragic* scenes enacted at Versailles on the 5th and 6th October, are known to all. How this amazonian mob entered the hall of the national assembly,—how poor Mounier was obliged to go with a deputation of twelve of them to wait on the king, to ask for the adoption of the constitution on behalf of the national assembly, while the women asked *for bread*,—how the palace of the king was attacked next morning, the Swiss guards murdered, and their heads stuck on pikes and paraded in front of the host on their return to Paris,—how the king and the queen were forced to join in the procession, etc. This outbreak, like that of 14th July, was successful, and the king and the national assembly removed from Versailles to Paris, and were henceforth placed under the immediate action of Paris mobs. From this day forward, the king was very little more than a close prisoner in his palace at the Tuilleries.

8. *Emigration from France—Its Effects.*—Immediately after the scenes of the 14th July, the nobles began to emigrate. The Polignacs, the favorites of the queen, Compte

d'Artois brother of the king, the prince of Conde, etc., were among the first. After the 6th October, appearances were still more gloomy, and the emigrating fever became so general, that the roads leading to the Rhine were crowded with elegant equipages of the nobility. They did not sell their estates even before going, but abandoned them under the vain hope that they would soon regain them, sword in hand. The two principal points of re-union for the emigrating nobles, were Coblenz on the Rhine, and Turin in Italy. By thus withdrawing from France, the nobles left the opposing party in complete possession of the power. Had they remained, it is true, they would have been in danger of their lives—but with every excess of the revolutionary ardour the re-action would have been proportionably great, and the weight of the nobles on all such occasions would have been of the utmost importance to the moderate party, if they could only have consented to act in good faith. There are in politics as in morals, certain inflexible duties, and the first of all is, never to abandon our country in a crisis, and scarcely under any conceivable circumstances should we call in a foreign foe to settle intestine divisions. By leaving the kingdom and taking up arms against France, the nobles stimulated the revolutionary ardor, afforded a justificative cause for the confiscation of their estates, and thus furnished the basis on which the Jacobinical government afterwards were enabled to issue that flood of assignats, with which more than one million of men were kept under arms, and France became an over-match for the rest of Europe combined. As for the aid which the nobles furnished to the coalition against France, it was contemptible through the whole war, and their morals, too, were as dissolute in exile as their military efforts were inefficient. The example of emigration, first set by the nobles, did not stop with their order; but as soon as a political party was conquered, the leading men immediately took to flight like the nobles. Thus, as the revolution advanced, the heroes of to-day became the emigrants of to-morrow. And at Coblenz, which has been called an extra-national Versailles, the nobles endeavored most ridiculously to keep up all the distinctions which had formerly been observed at Versailles, and pertinaciously to frown down all the unfortunate exiles who had favored at all the progress of the revolution.

9. *Dissolution of the National Assembly.*—The nation-

al assembly dissolved itself on 30th September, '91, after having passed the bill of rights, the constitution, and several hundred statutes, by which the orders of nobility were abolished, all titles suppressed, the church stripped of its immense possessions, most of the feudal abuses eradicated, and the power of the king circumscribed within the narrowest bounds.

10. *General remarks on the progress of the Revolution from the meeting to the dissolution of the States General.—Fusilade of the Champs de Mars.—Adoption of the Constitution.*—In order to form a correct notion of the character of the national assembly, we must understand a striking difference between the French revolution and those which occur in such countries as ours, or even in Great Britain, where the people are in possession of great political power and activity. In France there had been an absolute monarchy; the people entirely deprived of political power, had no political action. They slumbered in their chains. The more enlightened and wealthier classes were the first to awake and assert their rights. The awakening was progressive; ambition too was progressive, and kept spreading to the lower classes till the whole mass was in motion. Very soon satisfied with their progress, the higher classes wished to stop the revolution, but they could no longer do so,—they were pushed onwards by the classes behind them. Those who stopped, even if in the very last rank *but one*, when they opposed *the last*, were to it an aristocracy, and were stigmatized with the name. The mere tradesman was called aristocrat by the artizan and hated as such. (Th. 1. 196.) The national assembly, in spite of all the denunciations of Burke, and the assertions of his more shallow disciples, represented the enlightened classes which first awoke in France and cried out against power, and the extent to which the assembly pushed reform, marked the extreme limits to which those classes were willing to go. Let us illustrate by the career of parties and their leaders in the national assembly. During the first period of its session, Necker, the minister, was perhaps the most popular man in France, as evidenced by the scenes of 14th July; but all the reform he wanted was a financial one, with a constitution like that of England. In a very short time the action of the assembly passed beyond the point of Necker's wishes, and his popularity gradually died away. His great organ, Lally Tollendal, was among the first of the members

to set the example of secession from the assembly,—Lafayette and his party were more thorough than Necker,—they were for the bill of rights and a constitution with a bicameral legislature, similar to that of the congress of the United States. In a short time, however, the action of the assembly passed the point of Lafayette's wishes, particularly in regard to the bicameral feature in his plan of government.

Let us now look to the individual, who, beyond all question, was the most perfect type of the assembly. We find in the commencement, Mirabeau exerting all his powers to stimulate the national assembly to accomplish its destinies, battling with all his might against the moderates as long as the revolution seemed lagging back, but in his latter days we as often find him fighting *against* as *for* reform. The revolution then had evidently advanced up to the limits which he prescribed, and was threatening to pass them. Thus he was against taking away the *veto power* of the king, against the law against the emigrants, in favor of energetic police and the establishment of better order in the capital, etc., etc. It has been said that he was bought up by the court, and that henceforward, if he had lived, his services would have been devoted to the royal cause—that he had made his bargain with the king there is little cause to doubt—and that he would consent to receive both money and court favor, we may easily believe, from the general looseness of his moral character. But still, this *bargain* with royalty laid little or no restraint upon his wishes—it was rather the effect of his *conservatism*, than his conservatism the effect of the *bargain*. Mirabeau, with all his violence of character, with all his hatred of nobility and of royalty, with all his ardent desire to evoke the mighty power of the French people, did not nevertheless wish to see the revolution advance to the pitch that would put the power into the hands of the *bottom stratum* of society. He was a man of birth and splendid intellect; he did not, therefore, wish to reform on the *Jack Cade* principle of bringing all to an exact level. He had contracted hatred for the nobility, who had maltreated him and driven him from their ranks; still he had no idea of taking refuge in the bosom of the lowest class, with which he had no sympathy. He was vain of his birth in spite of his hatred of the nobility, and could not help showing it even in the days of his most revolutionary ardor, e. g., could never speak of the day of St. Bartholomew with-

out saying, "Admiral de Coligny, who, by the way, was a relation of my family." (D. S. 1. 152.) The death of Mirabeau has been considered a great calamity to France. It is supposed, had he lived, his extraordinary powers might have been sufficient to have held back the revolution, and to have established the constitution on a moderate and permanent basis. If any man could have achieved this great function, it would have been Mirabeau. But certainly he could not have accomplished it if the legislative bodies had continued to hold their sessions in Paris, and the war with Europe had broken out. At the period of his death, the people of France, and of Paris particularly, were ahead of the national assembly in revolutionary ardor, and soon the assembly and Mirabeau, its great representative, would have become unpopular.

The action of the national assembly in the latter period of its session was decidedly conservative after the king was brought back from Varennes. Both the clubs of the Jacobins and Cordeliers were for dethroning him at once. Numberless addresses were written to this effect, among which was one by Thos. Paine, distinguished in the American revolution. He alledged France had been tranquil during the king's absence, and consequently did not require a king to govern it—that his flight was an implied abdication—that Louis ought to be dethroned—that all history was full of the crimes of kings, etc. etc. (T. 1. 188.) On 16th July the subject was brought up in national assembly, and after a warm debate, Robespierre, Buxot and Petion *against*, and Duport, Barnave and Salles *in favor* of, the king, it was decided that the journey to Varennes was not culpable, that the king was inviolable and should not be dethroned.*

Meanwhile the Jacobin club had framed a petition for deposing the king as a perfidious traitor to his oaths. This petition was carried on the day after to the Champs de Mars, where every friend might sign it on his country's altar. There was a tremendous concourse in the Champs de Mars, Girondists and Jacobins were both there. As the decree in favor of the king, however, had already passed the assembly, Bailly and Lafayette determined to disperse the assemblage in the Champs de Mars as riotous. Lafayette at first ordered the guard to fire in the air, but the mob not dispersing, he sent a volley amongst them, which killed many and

* When these resolutions passed, Robespierre rose and protested against them in the name of humanity.

soon dispersed the rest. This bold act of Bailly and Lafayette, although denounced by the Jacobins, was fully sustained in the national assembly, and in spite of their increasing unpopularity, the factions were ended by their energy, and Robespierre, particularly, was so much alarmed, that he hid himself for some days. The constitution was then adopted, and but for the royalists, who threw every thing into confusion by their ridiculous protests and uncompromising course, it would have been made much more favorable to royalty than it was, for several important modifications had been agreed upon among the leaders and would certainly have passed, but for the absurd conduct of the *côté droit*. (T. 1. 191.) Thus, in spite of the many denunciations which have been pronounced against the national assembly, when all its acts are fairly reviewed, we are constrained, taking its whole course together, to pronounce it a fair representative of that middle class in France, possessing wealth, intelligence and prudence, and wishing well to order and the laws. Mirabeau, whilst he lived, was the organ of this body, and after his death, perhaps young Barnave. Lafayette was its military chief, and the national guard its military force. Upon the whole then, we may safely pronounce the national assembly, with all its faults, to have deserved well of France. It was neither agrarian nor disorganizing in its wishes. Sir James McIntosh, who wrote his *Vindiciæ Gallicæ* in April, 1791, says, "*no commercial house of importance has failed in France since the revolution*. Commerce, which shrinks from the breath of civil confusion, has resisted this tempest, and a mighty revolution has been accomplished with less commercial derangement, than could arise from the bankruptcy of a second rate house in London or Amsterdam. The manufacturers of Lyons, the merchants of Bordeaux and Marseilles, are silent amid the lamentations of the Abbe Maury, M. Calonne and Mr. Burke. Happy is that people whose commerce flourishes in *ledgers*, while it is bewailed in orations; and remains untouched in *calculation*, whilst it expires in the pictures of eloquence." This simple fact is worth a thousand arguments, and constitutes a high eulogy on the French revolution through its first stage. But, unfortunately, this first period constitutes only the first act in a drama, which we shall find growing more deeply and darkly criminal as it advances.

11. *French Society and Manners during the Session of the National Assembly.*—Madame de Stael tells us that French society was never so brilliant and serious as during the first three or four years of the revolution, reckoning from 1788 to the end of 1791. Political power was still in the hands of the better classes—all the vigor of liberty and all the grace of former politeness were united in the same persons. Never was more brilliant conversational talent displayed than during this period. The highest questions to which social order can give rise, were the fruitful themes. In France, the social discussions on politics were softened by the influence of the ladies, who, in that country, always take the lead in conversation at their houses, and enliven it with the kindest and most lively pleasantry. Party spirit caused, it is true, divisions in society; but every one lived with those of his own side. At court, the two battalions of good company, one faithful to the old order of things, the other to the new, drew up on opposite sides, and did not approach each other. Madame de Stael says, she sometimes tried a mixture of the two parties at her dinners; but she found political differences too serious to admit often of this kind of amalgamation. The liberty of the press was not suspended a single day during the session of the national assembly. The newspapers abounded in the most lively witticisms on the most important matters; it was the history of the world converted into daily gossip. Every thing was then in opposition—interests, sentiments and manner of thinking; but so long as scaffolds were not erected, the use of speech and the press proved an acceptable mediator between parties. It was the last time that the talents of the French shewed themselves in all their splendor—it was the last, and in some respects, the first time that the society of Paris could convey an idea of that communication of superior minds with each other, the noblest enjoyment of which human nature is capable. Those who lived at that time admitted that they never witnessed, in any country, so much animation or so much intelligence. When Madame D'Arblay (the celebrated Miss Burney) met with the emigrants of a later period, (the constitutionalists) at Norbury, among whom were De Stael, Talleyrand, Norbonne, etc., although she had lived in intimacy with Johnson and Windham, with Mrs. Montague and Mrs. Thrale, yet she was forced to confess that she

had never heard conversation before. The most animated eloquence, the keenest observation, the most sparkling wit, the most courtly grace, were all united to charm her with the splendid little *coterie* at Juniper Hall.

FROM THE MEETING OF THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY TO THE
MEETING OF THE NATIONAL CONVENTION.

1. *Organization of the new government under the Constitution of 1791—Meeting of the Legislative Assembly.*—With the close of the first national assembly, we may consider the *first act* of the revolution as completed. France had now a new constitution, and a most interesting experiment was immediately to be tried, as to the working of the new machinery of government. According to the constitution, the first biennial parliament met on the 1st Oct., 1791, called the *Legislative Assembly*. This assembly remained in session not quite one year, and the history of France during this period constitutes the *second act* of the revolution.

2. *Composition of the Legislative Assembly.*—The national assembly, in a paroxysm of Roman patriotism, excluded all its own members, by a self-denying ordinance, from seats in the legislative assembly. In such a country as France, this was particularly unfortunate. Where the forms of public business were so little understood, it would have been a great advantage to have had in the second assembly a number of those who had acquired experience in the first. Moreover, those who had framed the new constitution, might naturally be regarded as the best fitted to start it into operation, and faithfully to superintend its movements. There was no ministerial or royal influence exerted at the elections, and the right of suffrage being almost universal, the political complexion of the legislative assembly marked the state of public opinion in France. Not one single advocate of the *old order* of things appeared in the assembly. The *côté droit* of the national assembly had disappeared entirely. The *constitutionalists*, or the advocates of the present constitutional monarchy, who formed the *côté gauche* in the national assembly, now sat on the right in the legislative, and formed its *côté droit*. This, from having been the reforming party in the national assembly, was now the conservative in the legislative. The *côté gauche* was composed of those who were at heart republicans,—who wished to form a government with-

out a monarch. It contained two elements, which harmonized as long as they formed an opposition party in the government, but became afterwards the two great antagonistical parties in the national convention; these were the *Gironde* and the *Mountain*,—the former so called, because the most talented men of the party were the deputies of *La Gironde*. This section of the *côté gauche* were for a republic, but for a virtuous one only. They were of the genuine Plutarch school,—they longed for a government that should display all the severe virtues and manners of the old Roman republic. Vergniaud was the greatest orator of this party; Brissot the greatest manager. But, besides these, there were many others of high character, such as Gaudet, Gensonné, Isnard, etc. Condorcét was its writer and philosopher, and was to the legislative assembly what Seyes had been to the national. The other section of the *côté gauche* were republicans of a more violent and unprincipled character than the Girondists; they were called the *Mountain*, because they sat on the highest seats of the hall. These were the Jacobins, whom we shall find finally triumphing and introducing the reign of terror; for the present, however, they acted with the Girondists. Besides the *côté droit* and *côté gauche*, there was a *centre*, or neutral party, sometimes voting with *the right*, sometimes with *the left side*. In such a crisis as France then presented, this party was looked upon as rather cowardly and contemptible, and received the ignominious title of *Ventre (belly)*.

3. *Difficulties of the new government—Found to be impracticable.*—Although the members of the legislative assembly swore fidelity to the constitution, yet some appalling difficulties quickly developed themselves, and the government proved to be impracticable. It was clearly seen that the new order of things in France was at war with the old order of things in Europe. The two systems could not march together. The sovereigns of Europe were every day assuming a more hostile attitude towards France, and their *declaration* from Pilnitz had already admonished the French that they would make common cause against the revolution. The emigrated nobles, with their adherents, were forming camps on the borders of France, and were openly urging the sovereigns of Europe to join them in putting down the revolution. The clergy, the other great portion of the privileged orders, had not emigrated as extensively as the nobles, but

they were equally suspected and believed to be hostile to the new order of things. What was to be done? The assembly passed laws confiscating the estates of the emigrants, if they should not return before the 1st January, and declaring them outlaws. It passed another, requiring the clergy to take the civic oath, under heavy disabilities and penalties. The king, with all his pliancy of temper, could not sanction these two unpalatable decrees,—hence *Veto No. 1* and *Veto No. 2*. This firmness of the king produced a tremendous outburst of public feeling. It was impossible to confide in him. Every one felt that he must, in heart, wish well to the emigrants and the allied powers,—that it was impossible that he could ever faithfully administer the government,*—that the system could not possibly advance; with a hostile executive constantly arresting its action. The king and queen were nicknamed *Monsieur and Madame Veto*, and the ministry, composed principally of constitutionalists, became so unpopular, that the king determined to dissolve it, and to appoint a ministry of Girondists, to give satisfaction to the dominant party in the assembly. The new ministry was called the *sans culotic ministry*. Its two chief members were Roland and Dumouriez. Roland, the minister of the interior, with his wife to aid him, (for she was infinitely his superior,) was the true type of the Gironde party. He was deeply impressed with the simplicity of Roman republicanism, and the first time he presented himself at court, he wore strings in his shoes instead of silver buckles, and a round citizen's hat instead of the etiquetrical *chapeau*. The master of ceremonies was horror-struck at his appearance, and refused for some time to admit him. Dumouriez, the minister of foreign affairs, was an able, supple, but rather unprincipled politician, willing to espouse any party that could pro-

* The constitutional party, true friends of the king, had cause, too, to complain of the duplicity of the court. On the 8th October, Lafayette, in imitation of the national assembly, resigned the command of the national guard. He was the constitutional candidate for the mayoralty of Paris,—Petion that of the Girondist, and although against the monarchy, was supported by the court party, because the queen disliked Lafayette, who, she said, would become *mayor of the palace*, if he was ever elected mayor of Paris; but Petion, the republican, she considered as too great a fool to become the dangerous head of a party. Thus proving that her only object was to confuse and embarrass the revolution, and that she was really the friend of neither of the great parties. Petion was elected by the immense majority of nearly 4000 votes, and thus, in a great degree, by the agency of the court, the national guard and the city of Paris were placed under the command of the republicans.

mote his fortunes. As soon as he entered the cabinet, he put on the red cap of the Jacobins. The queen was excessively dejected at this cabinet revolution, and could not conceal her violent antipathy to the new aspect of affairs.

On the 20th April, 1792, war was declared against Prussia and Austria. Rochambeau, Lafayette and Luckner, appointed commanders under the former ministry, still retained their command. The French were unsuccessful in their first military movements. Lafayette threw the blame on the plan of movements dictated by the minister, Dumouriez; the minister threw it on the Generals, who were constitutionalists. The Jacobins attributed all to treachery; they asserted that opponents of the revolution raised the cry in the army of *sauve qui peut*, which caused the disgraceful defeat and flight of the soldiers, and they denounced with bitterness a supposed Austrian committee which governed the king. Something must be done, and done quickly. The assembly determined to meet the crisis with the boldest measures. It disbanded the royal guard,—passed a decree of exile against the refractory priests, and another decree for the establishment of a camp of 20,000 men in the neighborhood of Paris, taken from all the departments. This army was intended as a *corps de reserve*, and for the defence of Paris in case of sudden invasion. The *right side* opposed vehemently these measures, because they regarded the camp in the neighborhood of Paris as an establishment to supersede the national guard and to prostrate the throne. They were against the banishment of the priests, because they regarded it as an act of proscription, which ought to be resisted at once; otherwise no class that should become obnoxious to the government, could be safe in France. The king, with all his infirmity of purpose, was nevertheless obstinate on these two questions. Roland addressed to him a letter, written by his wife, advising him to come forth the true king of the French,—to head the revolution in serious earnest, and to win back the confidence of his subjects, by sanctioning the two late decrees of the assembly, and dismissing all the priests from his service who had not taken the civic oath. Instead of the compliance which Roland had vainly expected, the ministry was dissolved and a brace of *vetoés* put upon the decrees. A new ministry was taken from the constitutionalists. The fact is, the king had assumed new courage, for the court confidently believed that

the allies would soon be in Paris. The agitation in the clubs became tremendous—a crisis was rapidly approaching—the Girondists and the Jacobins were now firmly convinced that the constitution of 1791 was a total failure, that no government could work well with a king at the head of it. The constitutional party had fallen into a most impotent minority. Lafayette, opposed to any farther progress in revolution, imprudently wrote to the assembly, on 16th June, denouncing the Jacobin clubs and demanding their suppression, at the same time urging the necessity of adhering to a *constitutional throne*; and all this he pressed in his own name and that of his army. From this moment Lafayette lost his popularity, and was denounced bitterly in the assembly for aspiring to be the Cromwell of France.

4. *Means used to overcome the king—Scenes in Paris on the 20th June and 10th August, 1792.*—The republicans seeing the Roland ministry dissolved on the 13th June, their two important decrees stifled by the veto, and Lafayette lecturing the assembly and denouncing the Jacobin clubs, determined to try the influence, once more, of a Paris mob. The plan was arranged among Jacobins and Girondists. On the 20th June, an immense multitude assembled to celebrate the anniversary of the Tennis court oath. This assemblage, about eight thousand, marched to the hall of the assembly and insisted upon presenting a petition. In spite of the violent protests of the *right side*, their extraordinary demand, was complied with. Vergniaud, the great orator of the Girondists, advocated their claims. Their audacious petition was then heard. It stated that the people were ready—that a bold stroke was necessary to carry into execution article second of the bill of rights, which sanctioned *resistance to oppression*. They called on the minority in the assembly to cease polluting the land with their presence, and to go at once to Coblenz and join the aristocrats; finally, they demanded an inquiry into the causes of the evils of the times, and the annihilation of the executive power, if that should be the cause. The president of the assembly, after promising vigilance and recommending obedience to the laws, granted them, in the name of the assembly, permission to file off before it. The doors were then thrown open, and the mob, amounting, by this time, to thirty thousand, passed through the hall. Ragged silk breeches were held up in the air, with shouts of *vivent les sans culottes*,

and a *calf's heart* was stuck upon a pike, with the horrid inscription, *heart of an aristocrat*. But this produced such indignation that it was immediately taken down. The mob now rolled on to the garden of the Tuilleries. The king had the gates thrown open. The mob poured in, shouting under the windows of the palace, *down with the veto!* the *sans culottes* forever! It afterwards rushed into the palace, broke open the closed doors, and penetrated into the room in which the king and his friends were assembled, crying, *no veto! no priests! no aristocrats! the camp near Paris!* Legendre, a butcher, then stepped up and demanded the sanction of the decrees. "This is neither the place nor the time," replied the king, with firmness; "I will do all that the constitution requires." The mob were rather pleased by the king's firmness, and cried *vive la nation!* "Yes," resumed Louis, "*vive la nation!* I am its best friend." "Prove it then," said one of the mob, holding him a red Jacobin cap at the point of a pike—the king instantly put the cap on his head, which produced a burst of applause. The king was oppressed with heat and thirst; a half drunken fellow, who had brought with him a bottle and glass, stepped up to him and offered him drink. He drank without hesitation, amidst still louder applauses. Meanwhile, the queen had not been able to join her husband, but stood behind the council table with some grenadiers. Her little daughter was weeping by her side—her son, the dauphin, was frightened at first, but soon recovered from his terror, and became quite diverted with the scene passing around him. One of the mob handed a red cap to the little boy, and the queen immediately put it on his head; which Santerre took off when he perceived it, saying, the "boy is stifling." Meanwhile, a deputation came from the assembly to restore order, and afterwards the Mayor Petion came up, who was accused of coming too late. He told the king to fear nothing, he was in the midst of his people. Louis, taking the hand of a grenadier, laid it on his heart, saying, "feel whether it beats quicker than usual;" this noble answer was warmly applauded. Petion then addressed the mob from an arm chair; and Santerre and his rabble retired in a peaceable manner at about seven in the evening. The king, queen and their children then met in tears for the first time since the mob had broken into the palace. The red cap was still on Louis' head—he had forgotten it;

he instantly threw it off with great indignation. At this moment fresh deputies came to learn the condition of things. The queen shewed them the broken furniture and shattered doors. Merlin de Thionville wept—the queen remarked it. Merlin answered, “I weep over the misfortunes of a beautiful, tender-hearted woman and mother of a family ; but do not mistake, there is not one of my tears for *the king* or *the queen*—I hate kings and queens.”

Thus terminated the disgraceful scenes of the 20th June. All France was indignant,—a powerful re-action in favor of the king was the consequence. The Gironde party in the assembly were mortified. When Vergniaud was called on for his testimony and opinion in regard to the scenes of that day, he shrunk from the call and remained silent. When Lafayette heard of these scenes in his camp, he determined to go to Paris and execute some bold measure. On the 28th June he was admitted to the bar of the assembly. He told them that his army was exasperated at the scenes of the 20th June—demanded the prosecution of the instigators of the late mob—the suppression of the Jacobins, and the enforcement of due respect to the constituted authorities. When he finished, he sat down among the *côté droit*. Hersaint, a deputy, cried out that his proper place was on the petitioner's bench. Lafayette removed to that bench. Guadet asked if the enemy were conquered and the country delivered, that Lafayette should be in Paris ; and proposed to ask the war minister whether he had given him leave of absence from the camp. He repaired to the palace, was coldly and even insolently received there by the king, queen and courtiers ; the queen could never conquer her prejudices against him, although he was the only man in France who could, by possibility, save the throne and the constitution ; and, beyond all question, he was the most honest and most trustful. This noble man, who was truly worthy of the pure school of Washington, in which he had imbibed his stern political principles, was nevertheless determined, if possible, to do something to save the king and stop the onward progress of the revolution. He tried to rally a sufficient number of the national guard to assist him in his schemes ; but when he came to the place of rendezvous, he found but few willing to join him. His life was in danger every moment he delayed in Paris ; he therefore repaired again to the army. Thus did the visit of Lafayette to Paris, prove a total fail-

ure in regard to its great purpose ; the revolution was too far ahead to be arrested by a single arm, particularly when that arm was palsied by the senseless prejudices of the court. His schemes, too, for conducting the king and family to a place of safety, were resisted by the court, because, their hope of a rescue by the allies had been strengthening every day since the 20th June ; and they wished, in case of re-establishment in power, to be perfectly unshackled by any debt of gratitude towards the constitutionalists.

The popular re-action in favor of the king soon spent its force. All thinking respectable men condemned the scenes of the 20th June ; but they were not, on that account, willing to see the king restored to all his former power, and the whole work of the revolution annihilated by foreign bayonets. The Jacobins and the Girondists soon rallied—the sentiment was becoming universal, that the safety of the nation required the dethronement of the king. The allies, of course, became more exasperated than ever after the 20th June. The Duke of Brunswick was commander-in-chief of their army, composed of seventy thousand Prussians and sixty-eight thousand Austrians. He pushed his army across the Rhine, at Coblenz, into France ; and directed his movements boldly towards Paris, and in the meantime he published his celebrated manifesto, dated 25th July ; in which he declared that he should march to Paris to put an end to anarchy and the attacks upon the throne and the altar, and restore the king to safety and all his rights ; and he stated that he held the constituted authorities responsible for all the disorders that should break out before his arrival, and admonished Paris and other cities of France to behave with propriety, under the penalty of prompt barbarous military execution. All France was roused by this impudent manifesto. The solemn warning was pronounced by the legislative assembly, that "*the country is in danger!*" The speedy dethronement of the king was considered absolutely necessary to the cause of the revolution. But the legislative assembly could not be brought to pronounce sentence of dethronement, and rejected the motion of impeachment against Lafayette for his visit to Paris, by a large majority. Once more the discontented determined to try the virtue of a mob. The 20th June had been gotten up to intimidate the king and force him into compliance ; it had failed to do so. He was still firm in adhering to his vetoes. A bolder

measure was now projected, principally under the auspices of Danton, who was the Mirabeau of the lower orders. An insurrection was organized for 10th August. Accordingly, on that day the mob assembled—stormed the palace of the king—butchered the brave Swiss guards, and drove the king and royal family to take refuge in the hall of the assembly.

5. *Dethronement of the King—Call of a Convention.*—After the 10th August, the *commune* of Paris, which now commanded the forces of the metropolis, and had become more powerful than the assembly itself, insisted on the dethronement of the king. At length, Vergniaud proposed three measures, which were instantly and unanimously adopted.—1st. To convoke a national convention.—2d. To dismiss the present ministry.—3d. To suspend the power of the king till the meeting of the convention. The Roland ministry were recalled—the celebrated decrees which had been vetoed were ordered to be executed, etc.; and the 23d September, 1792, was the day fixed for the meeting of the national convention. Poor Louis and his family were transferred to the prison of the temple, from which he never departed until he was led to the scaffold.

6. *Lafayette flies from France—Reflections on his conduct.*—When the news of the 10th August reached Lafayette, he resolved to make one effort more to save the constitution—he determined to appeal to the army under his immediate command, consisting of about thirty thousand men; but his army, although in many particulars devoted to him, could not be brought to act against their country—his scheme of resistance failed—all the officers of the second grade, such as Dumouriez, Custine, Biron, Kellermann, Labourdonnaie, were in favor of the late movements at Paris. Lafayette's power and popularity were now entirely gone, and he was forced to flee from his country. The Austrians seized him as he was endeavoring to make his escape to the United States, and, contrary to all the principles of national law, confined him in the prisons of Madgeburg and Olmutz, under the most rigid treatment, for four years.

Thus ended the career of Lafayette in the French revolution. He assisted most earnestly in pushing the revolution forward in the beginning. He was the ardent friend of the constitutional government established by the first national assembly, though opposed to some of its provisions. He believed the cause of liberty in France depended on the

preservation of that government. He thought France could not bear a pure republic; hence, all his exertions were used to save the king and arrest the farther progress of the revolution—his failure was signal. His plan, perhaps, in the then condition of France, was impracticable. It had come to this, either the allies and the emigrants would triumph and totally efface all the work of the revolution, or the revolution must advance till republican and Jacobinical ardor had evoked the whole power and energy of the kingdom, to push back the forces of the allies. A middle course, with a constitutional government, headed by an executive, at heart opposed to the whole system which he headed, and disposed, whenever he could do it without danger, to embarrass it by his vetoes, was utterly impracticable,*—it had not the strength and energy requisite to meet allied Europe. Lafayette, in this emergency, looked too exclusively, perhaps, to the horrors of revolution, without regarding sufficiently the evils of a forced restoration at that juncture of affairs. His character, likewise, was too mild and moderate, and genius too limited, for the rôle he was disposed to play. Carlyle calls him *Grandison Cromwell*. But, however unfortunate he may have been, no one can reproach him with dishonesty,—he was one of the noblest spirits of the age; and every American may feel justly proud of his conduct, for he had been trained in the school of Washington, and in the armies of America; and if there was one single man in the French revolution, who planted himself immoveably on principle, and looked alone to what he considered his country's welfare, that man was Lafayette.

* In this country, we are now the better enabled to judge of the difficulties of France under the constitutional government, because we have lately seen a vice-president, without the support of any party, become suddenly president, by the demise of the incumbent, with opinions upon some of the leading questions of the day wholly at war with those of the dominant party in both houses of Congress; and the fact that this president, unsupported by a party, merely appearing as a *constitutional part* in the government, has been enabled to use his *veto* with the utmost freedom, and to defeat the most cherished schemes of most triumphant majorities in the two houses of Congress—led on by one of the master spirits of the age, is, perhaps, the most satisfactory proof that could be given of the strength of our institutions, and the capacity of the people for self-government. To get the idea of the situation of France, we have only to imagine, in addition to this, the United States at war with all the world—the bosom friends of this executive its most violent enemies, and the executive, in his heart, wishing well to their cause, and cordially disposed to co-operate faithfully with no branch of the government; and withal, the country unable to get rid of him by any other means than revolution.

7. *Commune of Paris after the 10th August.*—We have hitherto omitted to say any thing of the commune of Paris ; but as it became the leading power in France after the 10th August, we shall now give some account of its character and bearing on the revolution. The first national assembly divided France into eighty-three departments, entirely irrespective of all the old political divisions; and each one of these departments was divided into sections, and each section into cantons. Each department had a sort of local administrative government of its own, the members of which were elected by the people of the department. Each *district* was organized as the department, but on a smaller scale. The canton was a mere electoral division, in which those who had the right of suffrage* cast their votes. At the same time that the country was divided into departments and sections, the organization of the town governments was fixed on a similar basis, and the officers every where made eligible by the people. (Mig. 1, 140.) It was this *departmental, communal* and *sectional* organization of France, which powerfully contributed to the rapid ramification and descent of the revolutionary spirit through all the classes of society, from top to bottom of the social fabric. Now, it may at once be seen, that of all these local administrations, that of Paris must, under all circumstances, have infinitely surpassed the rest in importance. But when we consider further, the powerful influence exerted by the Paris mobs, we can at once appreciate the importance of the *mayor, and commune or town council of Paris*. Up to the 10th August, the commune may be regarded as a respectable body ; but when the assembly, on the 8th, acquitted Lafayette, and on the 9th refused to dethrone the king, then the forty-eight sections† of Paris declared themselves in a state of insurrection,—they elected each three delegates, and sent them with plenipotentiary powers to the Hotel de Ville. There these one hundred and forty-four delegates of the sections turned out the old commune, and installed themselves in their stead. This was a genuine *sans culottic* body, composed of such men as Huguenin, Chaumette, Billaud Varennes, Fabre d'Eglantine, etc.

* The qualification fixed by the national assembly was very low. An annual contribution to the State of the value of three days labor, conferred the right of suffrage. But even this low qualification was removed by the legislative assembly, and *universal suffrage* prevailed when the delegates to the national convention were elected.

† Except one.

They instantly sent for Mandat, the commander of the national guard of Paris, accused him of a wish to fire on the citizens, broke him on the spot, and ordered him to prison. The multitude, however, saved all further trouble, by murdering him as soon as he came out of the town hall, and the notorious Santerre was put in his place. From this day, we may regard the commune as the genuine representative council of *Parisian sans-culottism*,—as the very senate of *Pandemonium*. Its power, too, owing to the influence of the Paris mobs, which were now under its control and direction, was vastly augmented. In fact, from the 10th August to the meeting of the national convention, it was the true governing power of France,—it almost entirely superseded the legislative assembly, which was regarded on all hands as a mere floating piece of wreck of the constitutional government, doomed to annihilation the moment the convention should meet. The assembly, it is true, made some little show of power, and issued proclamations calling the citizens to their duty, but it was instantly insulted by the most threatening, bullying messages from the ferocious *commune*. One member of the commune said to the assembly, “I come to announce, that at midnight the *tocsin* will be sounded and the *generale* will be beaten. The people will be avenged,—they will do themselves justice.” Another said, “If before two or three hours, the tribunal* is not appointed, and ready for action, all Paris will be in commotion.” These threats usually succeeded. The commune was in constant session, armed with loaded pistols, attending to all the business of the country, such as enrolling, provisioning, judging, corresponding, etc. We hear of as many as ninety-eight decrees from it in one day. It sent its agents, too, over all France, agitating and urging to arms,—speaking in town-houses, market-places, highways and byways; and here we may remark, that however darkly criminal the Jacobinical government of France may have been through all its stages and ramifications, it was, nevertheless, the most hard-working, energetic, decisive government, of which history gives any account. It carved out more business for itself, than any other govern-

* This was the beginning of the celebrated *revolutionary tribunal*. It was first established on 17th August, 1792, to try the conspirators of the 10th August. Danton was its projector, and was, at a later period, himself condemned by it, in the most infamous manner, under the direction of that most infamous of all attorney-generals, Fouquier Tinville.

ment was ever known to do, and executed it with more resolution and despatch. Armies were formed in a hurry, trained in a hurry, and beat the enemy in a hurry; legislative and communal decrees were sent forth in a hurry, judicial tribunals decided in a hurry, and men were shot, drowned and guillotined in a hurry.

8. *September Massacres.*—We shall now give an account of the massacre of the prisoners in Paris, which commenced on Sunday, the 2d September, 1792, and continued till the Thursday following. This has ever been considered as one of the darkest and most revolting tragedies which the annals of the world exhibit, and its history, as Carlyle says, has always been written in *hysterics*. For the sake of humanity, it becomes us faithfully to pourtray the causes which led to it, for we shall find, even amid these horrid and disgusting scenes, some mitigating circumstances, and shall derive some consolation from the fact, that even the most degraded classes, plunged in ignorance and want, are nevertheless not capable of performing such black deeds, but under a delusion which the dispassionate judgment of cold philosophy can now scarcely appreciate. The commune of Paris* may be considered as responsible for these horrors, but Danton has the credit of being the chief instigator. It was the misfortune of the French revolution, that in proportion as it advanced, whole classes which at first favored it became hostile. The nobles in the first instance set the example of emigration, which was afterwards followed by the *moderates*, when the revolution ran beyond their notions of propriety. Thus, after 14th July and 6th October, 1789, the nobles and clergy emigrated, but after 20th June and 10th August, 1792, the constitutionalists began to emigrate in great numbers likewise. At a later period, when the Jacobins triumphed in the convention, we shall find the Girondists running away

* Or rather its *committee of surveillance*, at the head of which was the ferocious Marat, with such colleagues as Collot D'Herbois, Billaud Varennes, Panis, Sergeant, Tallien, etc. It is believed the September massacres were arranged between Danton and this committee. The chief instigator, on the part of the committee, being Marat, whose only remedy for the disorder of the times, from his first appearance in the revolution till he was stabbed by Charlotte Corday, was *murder! murder!* He had a perfect *monomania* on this subject,—believed nothing could be done without murdering the aristocrats. "Give me," said he, "two hundred Neapolitans, armed with daggers, and bearing on the left arm a muff by way of buckler; with them I will traverse France and produce a revolution." He once proposed to the assembly to make the aristocrats wear white ribbon on the arm, and that it should be lawful to kill them whenever three were found together.

in like manner. Now, this constant emigration had two most injurious effects,—first, it left the party in power a clear sweep, by the removal of all opposition,—secondly, it rendered all those of the unsuccessful party who did not emigrate, *suspected*; hence one principal cause of the deep and thorough conviction throughout the whole French revolution, in the minds of the populace, that they were beset on all sides by traitors,—that those who ran were plotting with those who remained. This is the key note which we find the leaders of the lower classes, such as Danton, Marat, Robespierre, etc., always sounding. We have already mentioned the severe decrees passed by the assembly against the emigrants and the clergy. After the proclamation of Brunswick and the 10th August, the prisons, particularly those of Paris, were filled with suspected persons. Whilst these internal difficulties and suspicions were thickening, foreign affairs, after the 10th August, were every day becoming more and more appalling. The emigrants and allies were, of course, exasperated to the last degree by the scenes of the 10th August. They were seriously determined to execute the threats of the proclamation. The armies of the French, in a most miserable condition since the flight of Lafayette, were not yet organized by Dumouriez. All was confusion. In this state of things, the Duke of Brunswick pushed forward towards Paris, invested Langwi on the 20th August, bombarded it on the 21st, and took it on the 24th; on the 30th he sat down before Verdun. All France was in consternation; Verdun once taken, there was nothing to stop his march on Paris. The executive council, composed of the ministers, deliberated on the means of safety. Some were for waiting to fight the enemy under the walls of Paris,—some for leaving Paris to its fate, and retreating to Saumur. Then it was that Danton* made that celebrated speech, so replete with dark threats. He said the 10th August had divided France into two parties, one of royalists, the other of republicans,—that the republicans alone could be relied on, and they were in a minority,—that the royalists were in heart with the enemy, and would do all they could to make Brunswick succeed,—that thus beset by foreign and internal foes, it was necessary to disconcert the plots of traitors, as well as arrest the progress of the enemy. My advice is, said he, *to strike terror into the royalists*. The

* He was minister of justice.

ministry disconcerted him by its silence; he then arranged matters with the *commune*. It was determined to disarm and apprehend all suspicious persons; to effect this, the plan of domiciliary visits was conceived and executed in the most frightful manner. The barriers of the city were closed for forty-eight hours, from the evening of the 29th. Guard-ships were stationed on the river to prevent escape. The streets were to be cleared and illuminated by ten o'clock at night, and all persons to be at their houses to receive the visits of the police, whose arrival at each door was announced by a tap of the drum. During these forty-eight hours of domiciliary visits, the prisons of Paris so rapidly filled, that it is supposed they had nearly 15,000 prisoners in them.

On the 1st of September, a rumor reached Paris that Verdun was taken, and that Brunswick in three days would be in the city. The commune, at the instance of Danton, immediately issued orders for the assemblage of the citizens next day in the Champs de Mars, and concerted its plans. It was now evident that something terrible was in preparation. The next day was Sunday, the 2d September,—the whole city was in motion. Profound terror pervaded the prisons; even the gaolers were frightened. The king and queen, in the Temple, anxiously asked what was the matter. The prisoners' dinners were served up *two hours* sooner than usual, and without any knives,—they earnestly asked the gaolers what this meant. At length, at 2 o'clock, the *generale* beat, the tocsin sounded, and the alarm guns were fired. Twenty-four priests, apprehended on account of refusal to take the oath, were, about three o'clock, conveyed to the prison of the Abbaye, in six different carriages. As the first coach drove up in the court-yard of the Abbaye, Maillard (who formerly headed the women on 5th Oct.) was present with his rabble; they fell immediately on the priests, and murdered them one after another until the whole were dispatched, with the solitary exception of the Abbe Sicard, who was saved almost by a miracle. At this moment, Billaud Varennes, whom Bonaparte always considered the greatest villain of the revolution, came up and encouraged the murderers: "Good people," said he, "you sacrifice your enemies; you do your duty." Billaud was a member of the commune, and the only one of the organizers of this horrid massacre who dared to show his face and defend it. From the Abbaye they rushed to the Carmelites, where they butchered

two hundred more priests. After this, Maillard went in to the committee of the section of the *quatre nations*, and asked for wine for the brave laborers who were delivering the nation from its enemies. The committee shuddered, and granted them twenty-four quarts. The wine was poured out on tables surrounded by the corpses of the murdered. After it was drunk, Maillard, pointing again to the prison where the first twenty-four priests had been murdered, cried with a fiendish shriek, "*to the Abbaye!*" The Abbaye was then entered, and the murder of the prisoners commenced; but suddenly it was proposed to establish something like a judicial tribunal. Maillard was instantly elected president. His formula for condemnation was, "*let the prisoner be taken to La Force,*" when he would be instantly carried out and murdered by the ruffians. At *La Force*, the *Châtelet*, the *Conciergerie*, like courts were formed, and similar horrid cant formulæ adopted. For one hundred hours, these murders were continued. The very sabres grew dull, and required sharpening. The murderers refreshed themselves from time to time by drinking from wine jugs, and eating in their shirt sleeves, and with their hands all reeking with blood, the victuals which were brought to them, sometimes by their own wives, who said their husbands were at work at the Abbaye, or any other one of the prisons where they happened to be murdering at the time. At length the murders ceased on Thursday, when, in fact, but few of the unhappy prisoners remained. The estimate of the number of victims varies between 6 and 12,000.* (T. 1, 367.)

Amid this carnage, however, some victims were spared, and what is very strange, to the inconceivable joy of the mob. A young man, claimed by one of the sections, on being acquitted, was immediately embraced and borne in triumph off the ground in the bloody arms of the executioners. The venerable Sombreuil was condemned; his daughter perceived him from the prison, rushed into his arms, and piteously besought mercy. One of the ruffians stepped up with a pot full of blood, saying, "*drink, drink the blood of the aristocrats!*" She drank, and her father was spared. Old Casotte was saved in like manner by his daughter, and without

* Before the carnage had ceased, the prisoners, who kept an observer at the window to find out the best mode of receiving death, discovered that those who stretched out their hands had the hardest fate, because they were longer in dying. They therefore advised one another to put their hands behind, and receive the sabre and cutlass strokes unresistingly on the head.

drinking the blood. M. de Journiac, when acquitted, was borne off in the arms of two of the ruffians. When they carried him clear of the mob, he offered them money—they refused to take it, and only asked leave to embrace him. Another was carried home by the executioners, who begged to be allowed to witness the meeting with his family, after which they hastily returned to the carnage. What may appear exceedingly strange is, that many of the murderers came and deposited with scrupulous honesty, on the bureau of the committee of the Abbaye, the blood-stained jewels found upon the prisoners.

It may naturally be asked whether, during the progress of this dreadful tragedy, no effort was made to arrest it? The assembly did issue decree after decree, demanding of the commune the state of Paris, to which the latter answered it was doing all it could to preserve tranquillity.* But the assembly never once thought of going in a body, and placing themselves courageously between the butchers and the victims. It only sent a deputation, at the head of which was old Dussaulx, the translator of Juvenal,† which, after blundering about, returned saying, "it was dark, and they could not see well what was going on." The fact is, the assembly had become perfectly impotent in Paris, ever since the 20th August. Santerre, the commandant of the national guard, pretended to do something, but excused his inefficiency by saying, the national guard would not act. Petion, the mayor, went to the prisons, and generally stopped the murders whilst present, but the moment his back was turned, they commenced again. The virtuous Roland made every exertion in his power, but all in vain. What makes this whole tragedy the more astonishing is, that it was perpetrated by not more than three hundred persons. All the circumstances, when taken together, show that the Parisian population were

* This was false. That miserable wretch, Billaud Varennes, was encouraging, in the name of the *commune*, throughout the whole time, the murderers of the prisoners, and promised them twenty-four livres apiece. After the massacre, the committee of *surveillance* actually addressed a circular to the other cities of France, calling on them to murder their prisoners in like manner.

† Dussaulx was very proud of his translation, and was in the habit of announcing himself, even in addressing the people, as the *translator of Juvenal*. When, therefore, he had made this customary announcement on one occasion, one of the mob cried out, "*Juvenal!* who the devil is Juvenal? one of your *curst aristocrats!* To the *Lanterne!*" As may well be imagined, Dussaulx soon stopped talking of Juvenal.

laboring under the dreadful delusion, that the prisoners were plotting with the enemy, and in the unprotected condition of Paris, their murder had become absolutely necessary.

At this distant day, we can scarcely appreciate the influence of the panic which prevailed in Paris at the approach of the Duke of Brunswick. We see now too clearly the position of things, to make proper allowance for delusions. We forget how, at such a crisis, the apprehensions of the people can torture the most innocent and frivolous accidents into proofs of guilt "strong as holy writ." Witness the *war of conspiracies* carried on by contending factions in the reign of Charles II. How boldly were such charges fabricated, how easily believed, and how difficultly unravelled. To this very day, it is doubtful how far Queen Mary was an accomplice in Babington's conspiracy,—what was the real connection between Charles I. and the Catholic insurgents of Ireland. It took more than a century to unravel completely the Rye House plot, and to discover exactly the extent to which Russell and Sydney were implicated. (M. 95.) But all such instances as these, sink into utter insignificance by comparison with the great Parisian panic of September, 1792, caused by the approach of Brunswick, who had promised *military execution* to the city of Paris, and was about to make his word good at the head of more than 100,000 troops, joined by an army of infuriated emigrants, eager to liberate the king, the aristocracy and the priests, confined in the prisons of France.

9. *From the September massacres to the meeting of the National Convention.*—The legislative assembly became more impotent than ever, and as the convention was soon to meet, all parties began to look to that quarter for an adjustment of difficulties. In the meantime Dumouriez, by bold generalship, threw himself into the Argonne, arrested the progress of Brunswick, and for the time being saved France from foreign invasion. The commune of Paris, too, during this period, whilst it may be considered as the chief governing power of France, was securing to itself immense funds, by sequestering the effects of the unfortunate persons murdered in the prisons of Paris, and on the roads to Versailles, of which it refused ever after to give any account. It sold, too, on its own responsibility, the furniture of the great mansions, to which seals had been affixed ever since the departure of the owners. It seized the money in the hands of

Septeuil, the treasurer of the civil list, also the plate of the churches, the rich moveables of the emigrants; and lastly, it drew considerable sums from the public exchequer, under various pretences. The robbery of the *Garde Meuble*, containing the most valuable of those effects which contributed to the splendor of the throne, has likewise been charged to the commune of Paris. (T. 1, 385-6.) Thus did the infamously notorious town hall add the meanness of robbery and theft to the catalogue of its other crimes; and prove itself to be the true representative of the *worst part* of the worst mob of the worst rabble in all France.

FROM THE MEETING OF THE NATIONAL CONVENTION TO
THE FALL OF ROBESPIERRE.

1. *Meeting of the National Convention—Its composition.*—This body met on the 20th September, 1793. All eyes were turned on it—it was hoped that the forty days confusion and crime, since the 10th August, would turn out but an *accident* of the revolution—that all things would be made to work well under a body fresh from the people, and representing the true wishes of the whole nation. A warm interest was every where taken in the elections. The Jacobin clubs made great efforts throughout all France; but in spite of their exertions, the Girondists triumphed in the elections.

The September massacres, as might have been expected, produced a tremendous re-action throughout all France, and wherever the news was received in time to influence the elections, it operated against the Jacobins. In Paris, however, the violent faction completely succeeded, and a bare list of its delegation is sufficient to prove, that upon Paris, not on France, rests the greatest sins of the French revolution. The two Robespierres, Danton, Marat, Collot d'Herbois, Billaud Varennes, Panis, Sergent, Legendre, David the painter,* Camille Des Moulins, Fabre d'Eglantine, Manuel, Duke d'Orleans, (*Egalité*) Old Dussaulx, Freron, and a few obscure individuals, completed that famous delegation, containing but one single *moderate man* in the whole number.†

* This hideously ugly man, was more remarkable for his cruelty even, than for his genius. His cant phrase was, "*let us grind a little more of the red,*" in allusion to his art.

† Dussaulx.

It was a true exponent of the *chaos of the city*, containing several mercantile men, several lawyers, a butcher, an engraver, a painter, three or four writers, and an abdicated prince. (387.)

As soon as the convention assembled, as was to be expected, a new formation of parties was discernable. The constitutionalists, who formed the *côté droit* in the national assembly, disappeared in the convention, just as the nobles and clergy who formed the *côté droit* in the first national assembly, disappeared in the legislative. The Girondists and Jacobins, who had worked together as long as there was a king upon the throne, now separated forever, the former taking the *côté droit*, the latter the *côté gauche*, in the hall. The former contained almost all the most brilliant men who had distinguished themselves in the legislative assembly, such as Vergniaud, Guadet, Gensonné, Condorcet, etc., besides many others. This party was the most numerous, the most eloquent and the most talented in the convention. It was a brave party too—a respectable party—a conscientious party, seriously determined to check the horrors of the revolution, and to make it truly respectable in the eyes of the world. Besides these two parties, there was in the convention, a middle party, constituting the *centre*, composed of the moderates, the undecided, and the timid. Although the Girondists were the most numerous party, the *centre* could occasionally give the triumph to the Jacobins, by a union with the *côté gauche*. It is to be observed, that in revolution, the *centre*, or middle party, is scarcely ever much respected; because, although a portion of the party is always highly honorable, and occupy their position from conscientious conviction; yet, another portion of it always consists of trimmers and cowards, who are governed by their hopes and their fears. Moreover, the middle party loses the great influence of the press, and it cannot agitate through clubs with the same efficiency that the two extreme parties can.

2. *Test Questions—Tactics of the Parties.*—A series of questions quickly came before the convention, which, at once, drew the line of distinction between the parties. All agreed with perfect unanimity, to the abolition of monarchy. But on almost all other questions, the two wings voted against each other. The Girondists were for punishing the authors of the September massacres. The Jacobins defended them. The Girondists knew that most of the excesses of the revo-

lution came from the Parisian mobs ; they, therefore, wished to destroy the influence of Paris. The Jacobins wished to increase it. The Girondists wished to remove the convention to some smaller city, where their deliberations would be free. The Jacobins were opposed to it. The Girondists wished to establish a departmental army, taken equally from all the eighty-three departments, to be at the command of the convention, and to supersede the national guard, which had disgraced the country ever since Santerre had been its commandant. The Jacobins resisted this measure too, and made the boldest assertions in regard to the views and intentions of the Girondists. They accused them of a wish to ruin Paris—to move the seat of government into the south, that they might give up the whole north to the enemy. They charged them with being *federalists*, wishing to make a weak federative government like that of the United States, instead of a great consolidated republic, with Paris its capital. Of course, on all these leading questions, the sympathies and wishes of all the Parisian authorities were on the side of the Jacobins.

3. *Fall of the Girondists—Causes—2d June.*—Without entering into details, we can easily point out the general course of events which produced the overthrow of the Girondists, and left the Jacobins in complete possession of the convention. In the struggles between the two parties, the Jacobins looked always to the Paris authorities and Paris mobs for support. Their policy was to intimidate their opponents. On the other hand, the Girondists looked to France—to the *whole country*, and threatened, in case of the murder of any of its members, by the Paris mobs, that the city would be annihilated by the rest of France.* Whilst this struggle was going on between the parties in the convention, a turn took place in military affairs, which enabled the Jacobins to triumph. After the beheading of the king, on the 21st January, 1793, nearly all Europe, disgusted with the horrors of the French revolution, joined the coalition against France. England, now, for the first time, entered the lists, throwing her immense weight on the side of the allies. The whole circuit of France was begirt by enemies. Never was country in a more appalling condition. Disunion within,—all Europe rushing on her from without! La Vendee in a state of revolt, with a brave army in the field,

* "*Paris will be erased from the list of cities,*" said Isnard.

commanded by brave officers; displaying a zeal—a perseverance and endurance in the royal cause, which have never been surpassed. To crown this series of calamities, Dumouriez became disgusted with the government—lost the great battle of Neer Winden, and afterwards attempted to gain the army and establish a constitutional monarchy. He failed just as Lafayette did after the 10th August, and was forced to take refuge among the allies; leaving the military affairs of France in the most deplorable condition. Here, then, was another cause for a Parisian panic—for crimination and recrimination, between the two great parties in the convention. Although the Girondists had never claimed Dumouriez as one of their party, the Jacobins insisted that he was. They said the whole government was infested with traitors—that the party of the Girondists must be overthrown, or the enemy would soon be in the capital. A Paris insurrection was at length organized by the Jacobins; the convention was surrounded on the 2d June, and the arrest of the twenty-two leading Girondists in the convention peremptorily demanded.* This bold stroke annihilated the Girondists. Henceforth the Jacobins had complete possession of the convention; and filled all the departments of the army and government with their party, and the prisons with their enemies. From this period, the guillotine became more active than ever; and realizing the celebrated exclamation of Vergniaud, that, *the revolution, like Saturn, was devouring its own offspring*. From this time the right side was reduced to silence. In fact, regular debating al-

* France had now reached the point when the imprisonment of a man of distinction, was the almost certain precursor of his execution. These imprisoned Girondists, to the number of twenty-one, were all condemned to death by the *revolutionary tribunal*, at midnight, on the 30th October, 1793. Their last night, says Thiers, was sublime. Vergniaud had poison, but threw it away that he might die with his friends. They took a last meal together, at which they were, by turns, merry, serious and eloquent. They all joined in singing hymns to France and liberty. On their way to the scaffold, next day, they sang the *Marseilles hymn*; and on alighting from their carts, they embraced one another, shouting *Vive la République!* and then died with a heroism which does honor to humanity; the guillotine despatched them all in thirty-one minutes. Such was the end of those noble and courageous citizens, combining youth, beauty, virtue, talents, they fell a sacrifice to their generous Eutopian principles. The mere recapitulation of their names and ages has something extremely touching. Brissot, Guadieu and Lasource were 39; Vergniaud, Gensonné and Lehardy were 35; Mainvielle and Ducos 28; Boyer Fonfrède and Duchattel 27; Duperrét 46; Carra 50; Valazé and Lacaze 42; Dupratt 33; Sillery 57; Fauchet 49; Listerpt Beauvais 43; Boileau 41; Auboul 40; and Vîget 36. (T. 2, 351.)

most entirely ceased in the convention, but commenced with renovated vigor in the Jacobin clubs.

4. *Revolt occasioned by the 2d June.*—When the news of the fall of the Girondists was spread through France, it produced the utmost indignation; and in a very short time, at least two-thirds of the whole nation were in a state of revolt—and for a season, the triumph of the allies and the restoration of the Bourbons, seemed absolutely certain. During this period, Charlotte Cordray went to Paris and assassinated Marat. This assassination increased greatly the confusion of the times, and happening as it did, made Marat (the most blood thirsty man of the revolution,) an object of enthusiasm with the mob. His name was, for a time, invoked by the Jacobins in all public places, his bust was put up in all the Jacobin clubs; and the convention, which was now entirely Jacobin, voted him the honors of the Pantheon.

5. *Quelled.*—This insurrection, so threatening at first, was soon quelled, with the exception of La Vendée and a few other points. In the first place, the Jacobins acted with the utmost decision and energy, while the insurgents were disunited and doubtful. In the second place, the Jacobins gave, very promptly, a new constitution* to the people of France, as democratic as was ever proclaimed over so large a nation; and they sent it forth to the people with a decree, calling on the insurgents to return to their allegiance, and giving them only three days of grace. This afforded a favorable opportunity to the revolted republicans to return. They had, by this time, began to see that they were working entirely for royalists. When two parties revolt against government, that which is the most thorough, is apt to run away with the whole benefit of the revolt; thus the Girondists saw they could not successfully oppose the Jacobin government, without joining the royalists and the allies. They began to reproach themselves for compromising their country, by a culpable diversion. They began to feel that it was criminal to discuss whether they ought to be revolutionists, such as Petion and Vergniaud, or such as Danton and Robespierre, at a moment when all Europe was in arms against France. It became but too evident, that all oppo-

* Herault Sechelles, the handsomest man in France, was the author of this constitution. He was to the Jacobins, what Seyes was to the constitutionalists, and Condorcet to the Girondists, the ready draftsman of their plans.

sition to the revolution would turn to the advantage of the enemies of liberty—that it would be the agents of the old court—the retainers of the old clergy, and the partizans of absolute power, who would reap all the advantages. Hence, by the last of July, France, with the exception of La Vendée and a few royalist cities, was once more united against Europe.

6. *Difficulties of the Jacobin Government Assignats.*—Although the greater portion of the revolted had returned to their allegiance, still the condition of France was extremely critical; she was invaded on all sides at once—in the north—on the Rhine—the Alps, and at the Pyrenees. There was the cankering sore of La Vendee in the west—an obstinate sedition at Marseilles—secret treason at Toulon, and open resistance and siege at Lyons. But the difficulties stopped not here—corn was dear—provisions scarce—the poor people every where, and particularly in Paris, on the verge of starvation. The productions of the country had not diminished during the revolution; but they were not properly distributed, owing to the miserable condition of the monetary system, caused by the issue of assignats. We must here make a few remarks on this subject. When the property of the emigrants was confiscated, it was soon found that it could not be advantageously sold; first, there was constant apprehension that the Bourbons would be restored, and that the emigrants would regain their lands,—hence the caution of capitalists; second, throwing so much land into the market in absence of any other cause of depression, would of itself, at once depress the price to a mere nominal value. The scheme was consequently devised of issuing *assignats*, on the faith of the public lands. This scheme, as might have been anticipated, was soon converted into a great government bank, the public lands constituting the capital.

The value of these issues would, of course, depend on two circumstances; first, the ratio of the *supply* to the *demand* for currency; and secondly, on public confidence. As they were the only means of defraying the expenses of the revolutionary government, their issues were, of course, rapidly advancing with the increasing exertions of the government; and consequently, rapidly depreciating. Again, whenever the affairs of France wore a gloomy aspect, the assignats fell from loss of confidence; because they depended on the faith and resources of the *revolutionary govern-*

ment, which would be annihilated, in case the allies succeeded. Hence, a cause of accumulated difficulty with any fresh disaster. Before the 2d June the depreciation was considerable; from that event to August, the progression downwards was alarmingly rapid—one silver franc, at the latter period, being worth six paper ones. The convention had decreed, that no one, under heavy penalties, should make a difference between paper and silver. This did not hinder the depreciation. Creditors were now rapidly paid off their debts in paper money, with only one-sixth. These had to bear their losses in silence. But another effect was produced; corn and all kinds of provisions rapidly rose in price—for, of course, every seller expected to be paid in paper. This rise in price produced a tremendous out-burst from the indigent classes, against the whole class of corn-mongers, the forestallers and regraters, etc. They began to demand that these men should be sent to the guillotine. This cry, of course, produced its inevitable effect; the corn was kept back, and this again produced starvation and more violent indignation. Such was the condition of France in the critical period, succeeding the scenes of 31st May and 2d June. Let us now see how the Jacobin government acquitted itself under such appalling difficulties.

7. *Means used by the Government to meet the crisis.*—The month of August, 1793, was the epoch of those grand decrees which set all France in motion, all resources in activity, and which terminated this last and most terrible crisis of the revolution entirely to its advantage. First, as we have seen, came the adoption of the new constitution, which, however, was immediately suspended. Representatives from all France, were invited to meet at Paris, and celebrate the anniversary of 10th August,—to carry back from this focal point of Jacobinism, a revolutionary ardor which might stir up the whole nation. Then came the decree for a *levy en masse*, stating, “the young men shall go forth to fight; the married men shall forge the arms and transport the supplies; the women shall make tents and clothes, and attend on the hospitals; the children shall make lint out of the rags; the old men shall cause themselves to be carried to public places, to excite the courage of the warriors, to preach hatred of kings and love of the republic.” All unmarried men from 18 to 25 composed the first levy, (*first requisition*.) The generation between 25 and 30 constituted the *second requi-*

sition,—those between 30 and 60 the third. When the first levy would suffice, it alone was called into the field; in some places, however, all were called out. In a short time there were fourteen armies in the field, amounting to one million two hundred thousand soldiers! Whilst they were thus levying immense armies by generations, there were corresponding requisitions made every where for provision. The army commissioners pressed horses and beasts of burthen for public service. Muskets were given to the generation that marched, fowling pieces and pikes to those that remained. Armories were erected every where; but the principal one was at Paris, with its forges in the garden of the Luxembourg, and its boring machinery on the banks of the Seine. All the gun-smiths, as well as watch-makers and clock-makers, were put in requisition. These extraordinary means were to be used till the product should be, at Paris alone, one thousand muskets per day. Saltpetre being scarce, the chemists were set to work; and all cellars and damp places were entered and dug up, that the mould might be lixiviated when it contained saltpetres. Thus, France was converted into a camp and a great work-shop. And here, we may remark, that the foundation was laid of that military system, which made the finest armies and generals which the world has ever seen. Carnot, who presided over the military department in the committee of public safety, proclaimed to France, that merit alone would entitle to preferment. All offices in the army were consequently thrown open to all, and when a free competition was thus granted to twenty-five million, Carnot contended, that France would produce a number of great generals, almost as far exceeding that of other nations, as the whole population of France exceeded the privileged orders in those countries; and events seemed to justify this calculation. The number, superiority and skill of the French generals, in a short time, became manifest to the whole world, and appeared almost miraculous. The very soldiers of the army exhibited a degree of intelligence, enthusiasm, tact, and courage, which seemed almost to realize the wild assertion of the enthusiastic, hot-headed Jacobin,—who exclaimed in debate, that France had *three million generals!**

* Bonaparte, during his first Italian campaign, in a letter to the directory, speaking of his soldiers, says, "They jest with danger and laugh at death; and if any thing can equal their intrepidity, it is the gaiety with which, singing alternately songs of love and patriotism, they accomplish the most severe

But, to return to our subject, while such enormous preparations were making to repel the foreign foe, the internal enemies were not neglected. The famous law against *suspected* persons was passed. The prisons were rapidly filled under this terrible decree. In Paris, and all towns, it required that every house door should have the names of the inmates legibly printed on it, not more than five feet from the ground. Every citizen was to be ready to produce his *carte de civisme*, signed by the president of his section, whenever called for. With every advance of the revolution, the *suspected*, of course, rapidly augmented. Before the 10th August, 1792, the prisoners were almost entirely of the nobility and clergy; after that event, to the 2d June, we find them nobility, clergy and *constitutionalists*,—and from the 2d June, and particularly after the August decrees, the great class of *moderate republicans* furnished its quota, and the guillotine was made to work with most frightful despatch.

The execution of these extraordinary measures could not be otherwise than extraordinary. Local authorities could not be relied on; their zeal did not always respond to the Jacobinical ardor of the capital,—hence the appointment of commissioners by the convention, to go into the armies to stimulate the generals, and to go into the provinces and towns to kindle up the zeal and ardor of citizens, and superintend the raising of the levies.

With these military plans, the convention, with equal boldness of decision, passed their financial decrees. The public debt was in the utmost disorder, and stock-jobbing had reached a most ruinous height. There were many different kinds of debts, such as those contracted under the *old monarchy*, those under the *constitutional monarchy*, and at different times under the *republic*, and they were all fluctuating in value, and selling at different prices in the market. Generally, the *old monarchy* bonds sold best, for the *republic* had recognized them, and consequently, if it should be continued, they would be equal to the other debts, but if the Bourbons

forced marches. When they arrive at their *bivouac*, it is not to take their repose, as might be expected, but to tell each his story of the battle of the day, and produce his plan for that of to-morrow; and many of them think with great correctness on military subjects. The other day, I was inspecting a demi-brigade, and as it filed past me, a common chasseur approached my horse and said, General, you ought to do so and so. Hold your peace, you rogue! I replied; but the manœuvre which he recommended was the very same which I had privately resolved to carry into execution."

should be restored, the *republican* bonds might be repudiated. For a similar reason, the *constitutional monarchy* bonds were rather preferred to the republican, because more likely to be recognized in case the republic were overthrown. Cambon, the great financial genius of the Jacobins, quickly remedied these evils by *republicanizing* the whole national debt; that is to say, a decree was passed calling in all the bonds, old and new, under the penalty of forfeiture, and cancelling and burning them, after issuing their equivalents in a new republican scrip, all of which bore the same date. After this there was no *preferred* national debt in the market. The scrip was all of precisely the same character,—it was all *republican*,—all placed on the same basis; and this measure had a most powerful influence in rallying all state creditors around the government; for with every success of the new government the public funds would rise, and nothing but disaster could be expected by the fund-holders from a restoration. But the most extraordinary task that was ever undertaken by man, was the serious effort of the Jacobin government to remedy by decrees all the evils flowing out of a rapidly depreciating paper currency.

8. *The Maximum*.—Never, perhaps, since the foundation of the world, did the wisdom of man attempt so seriously to supplant the laws of trade, and to render the whole economical mechanism of society dependent on legislative edicts, as from the overthrow of the Girondists to the establishment of the directory; and certainly never, in the history of the world, was there a set of men at the head of government, less scrupulous in the use of means, no matter how violent, to attain their ends. This whole subject most beautifully, but mournfully, illustrates the danger of substituting the wisdom of man for the self-sustaining laws of trade. We can only designate prominent points, without entering into details.

As we have already said, the assignats were constantly depreciating, and, of course, there was quickly a difference in the value of a paper and a metal franc. Then came the decree, saying there should be no difference. This caused the metals to disappear, but of course could not appreciate the paper. All prices rose, because all sellers expected to be paid in paper. Then came the clamor against forestallers and monopolizers, who would not sell as cheaply as formerly. The poor were every where crying out for cheap bread,

and starving for the want of it. Then came the law of the *maximum*, imposing a price on corn beyond which it should not be sold; the immediate effect of which was, that the farmers held back their corn, and would not sell it at all at the unremunerating maximum fixed by the government. This produced, of course, still more frightful want and distress among the indigent classes; hence a still more infuriated cry from the starving thousands, of *sans culottes*, against the hard-hearted farmers and corn-dealers, who would not bring their corn to market. Then came that still more formidable decree, making it criminal to hold back the corn when ready for market, and those odious inquisitorial visits to search for it on every farmer's premises. These regulations, at a time when heads were struck off without remorse, were obeyed for a season, and partially removed the distress; but it was soon seen that the next resource of the farmer was to quit farming, and go to something else. This was followed by a decree to make it criminal to desert the lands.

But whilst the convention was thus regulating corn in all its details, other articles were rising with every depreciation of assignats, and consequently a clamor was rising against the venders. The corn producers and corn sellers considered it, too, but a matter of justice, to put a maximum on other commodities as well as corn, and consequently joined in the clamor. Then came the decrees regulating the prices of most every article of common use, such as soap, candles, sugar, etc.; each had its maximum, and in every case greatly below its cost of production. This, of course, produced a disposition to transfer capital from the most hardly favored to the most mildly treated occupations, or to send it out of the country to be invested abroad. Good foreign stocks, particularly, would eagerly be sought for, but every evasion only called for a fresh sanguinary decree to put a stop to it. The law every where *tried to head* the cupidity of individuals. No one, who has not well considered the working of that complex economical mechanism, by which the distribution of commodities is so beautifully made with such unerring precision to all the members of a large empire, under the simple influence of the laws of trade and the pursuit of individual interest, can form any idea of the prodigious amount of business which the Jacobin government carved out for itself by its system of maxima. What a net-work of prying, odious despotism, must it have spread over the whole

realm! How many thousands of police officers did it require to drag the offenders to light; and what hard-hearted cruelty to execute the punishment. What a struggle must it have engendered between the hopes of selfishness and the fear of punishment,—between the sly, calculating cunning of the property-holders, and the keen-scented sagacity of the inquisitorial police officer. In the meantime, it was making France, but particularly Paris, one enormous pauper establishment. It was teaching the poor every where, that provisions must be reduced to their capacity to purchase.

The fact is, the revolution had now run through all the higher grades of society down to the bottom stratum. This lowest grade had always looked on revolution as a something that would not only bring political change, but would give them a plenty of happiness and plenty of food. The poor expected Elysium, and the Jacobins seriously attempted to give it to them. Hence, we easily discern another powerful cause of the rapidly increasing horrors, as the revolution advanced. Under the most favorable circumstances, revolutions disturb the regular operations of the laws of trade; there is not always a proper adjustment of supply to demand; products are not well distributed when made,—hence greater distress among the lowest people. But, in France, this lowest grade expected plenty,—the demagogues had told them such would be the effects of revolution. Then the cry was gotten up, we have traitors who prevent this result; these traitors must be dispatched; they are the true cause of the high price of corn, and the starving of the people. Thus, in the first stage of the revolution, the nobles, the priests and the king, were accused of doing all the mischief; with another advance, the constitutionalists were added to the number, and called aristocrats; when the government became a pure republic, then the Girondists were added,—and we shall soon see, under the Jacobins, that one section of the party charged the distress on another; all the time, the most indigent, particularly in Paris, were taught to believe that the revolution had never gotten far enough, as long as there was any suffering among the people.* The maxima, and the serious effort made to provision the great

* The operation of this cause on the revolution was so well understood, that one of the most ardent revolutionists once forgot himself in a letter, and said, "*tout va bien ici, le pain manque.*" "All goes well here, bread is scarce."

city of Paris,* together with the tax law,† may be considered as the last term of the revolutionary series. There was no point beyond this to which the revolution could go. This period coincides with the reign of terror; and under the directory, when the reaction was very powerful, the whole system was repealed,—and thus terminated this herculean but most absurd project, for superseding the laws of trade, and feeding the idle and the indigent. Holy writ has proclaimed that the poor will be always amongst us. Judicious laws may alleviate, but can never eradicate pauperism. He who, in revolutionary times, stimulates the poor to excesses, under the promise that revolution will remove all indigence and want, must be either an ignorant fanatic, or an unprincipled demagogue; and it is such miserable delusions as these, that caused the revolution of France but too literally to realise the prediction of Rousseau, that, "*when the people shall have nothing more to eat, they will eat the rich.*"

9. *Committee of Public Safety.*—After giving an account of the prodigious exertions of the Jacobinical government, it is now proper to examine a little into the machinery by

* The city of Paris was actually for some time put on allowance, and only a certain amount of bread and meat allowed to each citizen. In the winter of 1793-94, each citizen was reduced to half a pound of meat per diem, and the daily allowance of Paris was 75 oxen, 15,000 pounds veal and mutton, and 200 hogs. In the winter of 1795, the quantity of bread to each individual was reduced to one pound per diem, except to laborers, who were entitled to one and a half pounds. Small as this allowance was, it was soon found necessary to reduce it still farther, and for several weeks each citizen's ration was only *two ounces* of black and coarse bread a day, and this pittance could only be obtained by first procuring tickets from the committees of government, and afterwards waiting at the doors of the bakers, from 11 o'clock at night, often till 7 in the morning, during the rigor of an arctic winter. The horrors of the scarcity during this year were increased by the rigor of the winter, which was more intense than any known in Europe for one hundred years. It was during this celebrated winter, (1794-95,) that Pichegru conquered Holland, owing to the freezing of the rivers and the canals, which enabled him to march his army over the whole country without any impediment. It was during this campaign that vessels were actually taken by cavalry, so thick was the ice in the ports.

† The principle was, as Camille Desmoulins expressed it, "*while the *sans culottes* fight, the *monsteurs* must pay,*"—hence the *impôts progressive*, or ascending taxes. Incomes were exempt to 1000 francs per annum to each individual of a family; all above 1000, were taxed one-tenth; when the income of the individual passed 10,000 francs, then the whole of the excess was demanded by the government as a *loan*. This was the celebrated *voluntary* loan which, it was supposed, would bring 1,000,000,000 francs into the treasury, and raise the value of assignats, by diminishing the amount in circulation. Thus do we see, according to the Jacobinical tax law of 1793, all incomes exempt up to 1000 francs,—above that point, as Carlyle expresses it, you *bleed freely*,—but when you get to 10,000, you *bleed gushing!*

which these tremendous effects were produced. As soon as the king was dethroned and a pure republic established, there was only one great acknowledged power left in France,—*the national convention*. The Girondists, for a short time, were triumphant in this body; they were an extremely patriotic and respectable party, and ardently wished for a virtuous republic. During their reign, whilst the convention was adjudged politically omnipotent, the old system of acting by ministers was still kept up, and the celebrated Roland ministry, composed of Girondists, were considered as a sort of executive, responsible, however, to the convention. But the overthrow of the Girondists involved the overthrow of their ministry, and as energetic action became necessary, the convention fell on the plan of appointing committees to do the executive business, responsible, of course, to their body. These committees, although considered as mere supervisory bodies, in a very short time absorbed all the powers of the government. In the first place, it was impossible for so numerous a body as the convention to attend to the manifold duties of the government. Secondly, ever since the fall of the Girondists the convention had become terror-stricken, and was disposed to follow the lead of the most daring spirits, without even discussing subjects. The numerous arrests which had taken place in the convention, destroyed at once the freedom of debate, and gave rise to the more secret out-of-door influence of the committees. Of all the committees, that of *public safety* (*salut public*) was the most important, and soon became, in fact, the dominant power of France. The ministers henceforth were its mere creatures, and considered as very little more than clerks in their respective departments. It was this committee which, in fact, appointed the generals, judges, juries, etc.—which sent its commissioners throughout all France to supervise and report to them. It was this committee that struck down the opposing factions, initiated all laws, had complete command, over all *persons*, by the law against the *suspected*,—over all *lives*, by the *revolutionary tribunal*,—over all *property*, by means of the *requisitions* and the *maximum*,—and over every member of the convention, by the *decrees of arrest*, which could so easily be obtained from a panic-stricken body. It was through the agency of this celebrated committee that Robespierre both acquired and lost the dictatorship; and although

the principal names* on this committee, during the reign of terror, are sufficient to sicken the heart of the philanthropist, yet all must agree that never was there a more hard-working, energetic body of men at the head of any government. They distributed the duties among themselves, and worked with an energy and earnestness worthy of better men. One of the most distinguished on this committee was the celebrated Carnot, who presided with such wonderful success over the war department. Humanity is forced to regret that the name of this great, I had like to have added virtuous, man is found appended to all the sanguinary decrees and horrid proscriptions of the committee of public safety, during the reign of terror. His excuse was, that it was absolutely necessary to sign these decrees without examination. With such an enormous mass of business, the members of the committee could only discharge the public business on the principle of the division of labor and mutual confidence.

10. *Decline of Danton's influence—Increase of Robespierre's.*—After the fall of the Girondists, on 2d June, the government was left entirely in the hands of the Jacobins, amongst whom dissensions quickly arose, as might have easily been foreseen. Up to this period, Danton may be regarded as perhaps the master-spirit of the Jacobins,—it was his daring and his eloquence that had infused courage at every critical and decisive moment. He had hitherto gone all lengths, and devised the boldest and most violent means; but the time had now come, when even this daring spirit should be denounced for *moderatisme*,—for lagging too far behind the revolution. Although Danton has many of the very worst sins of the revolution to answer for,—although dissipated, loose, perhaps corrupt, yet he was far from being one of the worst; in many respects, he had even an elevated character. He regarded the revolution as a great game, in which heads were stakes; when he won, he took them—had he lost, he would have been ready for the sacrifice. He was not blood-thirsty like Marat,—he had not personal hatreds like Robespierre. Under other circumstances, he might have been regarded as what the world would call a *fine, generous-hearted fellow*. He was a warm friend, and whilst he

* Robespierre, St. Just, Cauthon, Collot D'Herbois, Billaud Varennes, Barrère, were on this committee. Collot D'Herbois, who always supported the most cruel measures, used to say, "that the body politic becomes more healthy, the more it *perspires*."

could plan the slaughter of multitudes, as he did on the 10th August and 2d September, 1792, he was extremely accessible to pity towards individuals.* What he did, he really considered necessary. He had no personal antipathies, and consequently but few personal enemies. He was fond of his pleasures, devoted to his wife, and loved good dinners and good wines; and it was supposed, as the revolution advanced, that he became too greedy for money to spend on his private pleasures. His honesty and integrity began to be doubted, and he became rather indolent after the 2d June. He did not attend the Jacobin clubs so often. He was beginning to incur the censure of not relishing the company of his old *sans-culottic* friends,—“Danton left me,” said a Jacobin in the tribunal, “to go and *shake hands with a General!*” Besides all this, Danton was accused of *moderatisme*. It was said that he barely acquiesced in the fall of the Girondists,—that he did not consider them as traitors, as accomplices of Pitt, etc.—that he positively disapproved of the *violent* scenes of the 2d June, and particularly of the conduct of Henriott, the commandant of the national guard; and that he was the warm personal friend of Dumouriez, and did not believe him to be a traitor.

Whilst Danton, hitherto the great man of his party, was thus sinking in their estimation, another was rapidly supplanting him,—this was Robespierre. It is to be remarked, that in violent revolutions like that of France, statesmen run their career within extremely short periods.† Robespierre had the advantage of not being so prominent as Danton, in the first stages of the revolution. He developed himself more gradually. In the first national assembly, he was looked on as an enthusiast, but was a poor speaker, and his influence inconsiderable. The celebrated fusilade of the Champs

* One great difference between the cruelty of Danton and Robespierre was, that the former slaughtered by *wholesale*, the latter in *detail*,—the former used mobs and cannon, the latter used decrees, revolutionary tribunals and the guillotine. The cruelty of the former spent itself in a few bold strokes,—daring *coups-de-main*,—which he justified on the plea of political necessity. The cruelty of the latter assumed the form of system,—pretended to work under the sanction of law,—permeated all the ramifications of society, and struck at the heads of individuals rather than of masses.

† From May, 1789, to July, 1794, when Robespierre fell, a period of little more than five years, we have no less than five distinct sets of statesmen, who rose, flourished for a day, and were cut down. The constitutionalists, the Girondists, the Dantonists, the Hebertists, and the terrorists of Robespierre.

de Mars under the orders of Lafayette, caused him to skulk and hide for several days in a most dastardly manner. With such a nation as the French, this would have been fatal to his popularity, if his fame had been so bright at the time as to have attracted the public scrutiny. As the revolution advanced, Robespierre played his part with a skill admirably adapted to the times and the party with which he was connected. He had never, like Danton, shewn affection for any proscribed individual, although he was very vain—dressed with scrupulous neatness;* whilst the most shabby costume was the boast and badge of the Jacobins; and had his room hung around with looking-glasses, busts and pictures of himself,—on which he was forever gazing with more than a woman's vanity. Yet, all this seemed not to give offence to his *sans-culottic* friends. His character, his bearing and demeanor in other respects, obtained for him the reputation of *incorruptible*. One capital feature in the character of Robespierre, was his entire freedom from avarice, or the love of money. "He was a fanatic, a monster," said Napoleon; "but he was incorruptible, and incapable of robbing, from a desire of enriching himself. It was truly astonishing to see those fanatics, who, bathed up to the elbows in blood, would not for the world, have taken a piece of money or a watch from the victims they were butchering. At the very time when Marat and Robespierre were committing those massacres, if Pitt had offered them two hundred millions of money, they would have refused it with indignation." Robespierre never associated with any general, financier, or deputy,—hence, he was regarded as the *people's friend*. He indulged in no pleasures during the revolution; he lived obscurely and cheaply, at a poor cabinet-maker's, in the Rue St. Honoré, and kept up an entirely unknown con-

* He was particular about having his linen very fine and very white. The woman who took care of it was frequently scolded on this account. He had his frills plaited with extreme neatness: he wore waistcoats of delicate colors—pink, light blue, chamois, elegantly embroidered; and we must remember, as Carlyle says, that waistcoats, in those days, *were waistcoats*,—they came down low enough to cover the hips! The dressing of his hair occupied much of his time, and he was very difficult about the cut and color of his coat. He had two watches, wore several costly rings on his fingers, and had a valuable collection of snuff-boxes. His elegant appearance formed a singular contrast with the studied squalidness of the Jacobins. The populace would have insulted a stranger who should have dressed with such care; but in its favorite Robespierre, this was considered as perfectly republican. (M. P. F. 3, 51.)

nection with his eldest daughter. Thus did he acquire the character of being austere, reserved, upright, and was reputed to be one of the most incorruptible patriots of the revolution. He won the entire confidence of the people,—he was assiduous and laborious when he became a member of the committee of public safety, and he was constant in his attendance at the Jacobin club. His character, his position, his assiduity, enabled him to scold even his trusty Jacobins; whilst Danton, who always became indolent and negligent the moment any great crisis was past, absented himself so frequently from the club, that when he appeared, he was obliged to excuse himself, and protest that he was still a patriot, etc.

11. *Hebertists—Their Atheism—Their excesses in Paris.*—Whilst Danton and his party were supposed to be lagging *behind* the revolution, there was another party that seemed to be running *ahead* of it—these were the *Hebertists*. We have already seen the immense influence exercised by the commune of Paris, during the latter period of the legislative assembly. Whilst the Girondists were in the ascendant in the national convention, the commune and the Jacobins labored together for their extermination; which was effected, as we have seen, on the 2d June. From June to November, 1793, the committee of public safety gradually became the most powerful body in France. But, violent and intemperate as was this committee, the commune of Paris and the Hebertists were disposed to go greatly beyond it. The policy recommended by this party may be considered as representing the last term in the revolutionary series. They pushed the democratic principle to the extreme of licentiousness and *mobocracy*. Anarchy and atheism were the symbols of the party. It is to be remarked, that each political party which arose in France, during the progress of the revolution, was characterized by its religious, no less than by its political opinions,—thus the refractory and nonjuring clergy belonged to the old régime, and represented their opinions. The constitutional clergy were Jansenists. Philosophical deism, with the worship of one God alone, was the creed of Robespierre, the committee of public safety, and of most of the Jacobins. The atheistical materialism of the society of Holbach, with the *worship of reason and nature*, was the religion of the commune and the Hebertists. Chau-

mette and Hebert were the political chiefs of this latter party.* Ronsin, the commandant of the revolutionary army, was its general,—the atheist and madman, Anacharsis Clootz, the self-styled *representative and orator of the human race*, was its apostle. The club of the Cordeliers was its head quarters,—the lowest rabble of Paris and other cities constituted its popular support, and the *Père Duchesne*, the most calumnious, the most violent and obscene of all the newspapers published during these terrible times, was its organ, edited by Hebert, the greatest of scoundrels. The excesses of this party have, perhaps, thrown more odium on the French revolution, than those of any other, particularly its *anti-religious* excesses. It was, for a season, all powerful in Paris, when the commune and rabble supported it. During this period, it prevailed on Gobel, the bishop of Paris, and the other clergy of the city, to renounce christianity; and to substitute the *worship of reason* for that of Christ. The churches were shut up or transformed into *temples of reason*, and the most scandalous scenes were enacted in the most public manner. Every tenth day a revolutionary leader ascended the pulpit, and preached atheism to the bewildered audience. Marat and Lepellettier were deified,—the instrument of death was sanctified under the title of *holy guillotine*. The inscription, "*death is an eternal sleep*," was placed on the public cemeteries. Pache, Hebert and Chaumette, the leaders of the commune, publicly expressed their determination to dethrone the king of Heaven, as well as the kings of the earth. The comedian, Monort, carried disgusting blasphemy to its utmost height, when he exclaimed, "God, if you exist, avenge your injured name! I bid you defiance! you remain silent—you dare not launch your thunders! Who, after this, will believe in your existence!" The first festival of reason was held with pomp on 10th November, 1793. In Paris, it was attended by all the sections and constituted authorities. A young and beautiful, but immodest woman, the wife of Momoro, the printer, represented the goddess of reason. She was dressed in a white drapery; a mantle of azure blue hung from her shoulders; her flowing hair was covered with the cap of liberty. She sat upon an antique seat, entwined with ivy, and borne by four citi-

* Marat was the undoubted head as long as he lived. But then the party was not entirely developed in all its hideous deformity.

† A Jacobin who had been assassinated.

zens. Young girls, dressed in white and crowned with roses, preceded and followed the goddess,—then came the busts of Lepelletier and Marat. Speeches were delivered, and hymns sung in the temple of reason. After which, they proceeded to the national convention; where Chaumette announced the fall of fanaticism and the establishment of the only true worship, that of *liberty and reason*. The goddess of reason then descended from her throne, and went up to the president of the convention, who gave her the fraternal kiss, amid universal bravoos and shouts of "*the Republic forever! Reason forever! down with Fanaticism!*"

Never had power overthrown, with greater violence, the habits of a people. All lives were threatened, all fortunes were decimated, the standard of exchanges was arbitrarily fixed, the ceremonies of religion were abolished, the pulpits were deserted, baptisms ceased, the burial service was discontinued, the sick received no communion, the dying no consolation, the village bells were silent, and Sunday was obliterated. The names of weights and measures were changed,* and the names of months and days were altered; and a new calendar, with a *new style* for the computation of time, was introduced.†

* The new system of weights and measures, one of the results of the audacious spirit of innovation, was most admirable. The idea was conceived of taking for the unit of weight and for the unit of measure, natural and unvariable quantities. Thus, distilled water was taken for the unit of weights, and a part of the meridian for the unit of measure. These units, multiplied or divided by ten, *ad infinitum*, formed the beautiful decimal system of the French, which surpasses all others.

† They made the year and the new era commence with the 22d day of September, 1792,—a day which, by a fortunate coincidence, was that of the institution of the republic, and of the autumnal equinox. The decimal system was observed in all the divisions, except as to the months; here nature commanded a deviation from the decimal computation. The year was divided into twelve months, each of thirty days. The three fall months, commencing on 22d September, were named Vendemaire, Brumaire, Frimaire; the three winter months were called Nivose, Pluviose, Ventose; the three spring months were Germinal, Floreal, Prairial; and the three summer months were Messidor, Thermidor, Fructidor. Each month was divided into three portions, of ten days each, called *decades*; the tenth day of each decade was a day of rest, making only three to the month. The days were named according to their succession, Primidi, Duodi, Tridi, Quartidi, Quintidi, Sextidi, Septidi, Octidi, Nonidi, Decadi. The day was divided according to the decimal system, into ten parts or hours, these again into ten others, etc.; and new dials were ordered, to put into practice this new method of computing time. As each month had only thirty days, five *complimentary* days were required to make out the year of three hundred and sixty-five days,—these were all inserted at the end of the year, between Fructidor and Vendemaire, and were called

12. *Overthrow of the Hebertists and the Dantonists—Reign of Terror.*—After having thus described the position and policy of Danton and his party, and the excesses of the Hebertists, we will briefly explain the manner in which both those parties were overthrown by Robespierre and the committee of public safety. After the fall of the Girondists, Danton and his party being the *moderates*, and wishing, therefore, to hold back the revolution, and keep it from running into farther excesses, became, of course, most directly and violently opposed to the commune of Paris, and the Hebertists, who were the *ultra*-revolutionists, and whom we have just seen running into every extravagance, both political and anti-religious. The celebrated journal, the *Old Cordelier*, edited by Camille Desmoulins, perhaps the most powerful and witty journalist which those celebrated times produced, was the organ of the Dantonists; and was violently opposed to the *Père Duchesne*, the organ of the Hebertists.*

Whilst these two parties were thus violently denouncing each other, Robespierre, who had become the decided leader in the committee of public safety, was determined to render the committee omnipotent in France, and consequently it became his interest to put down the Hebertists, who were jealous of its power, and were pushing the revolution into the wildest anarchy, which would, eventually, have thrown all the powers of government into the hands of the com-

sans-culotides. They were set apart for holidays and national festivals,—the first was for the festival of *genius*,—the second, of *labor*,—the third, of *noble actions*,—the fourth, of *rewards*,—and the fifth, of *opinion*. This last festival was perfectly characteristic of the French; it was a political *carnival* of twenty-four hours, during which, people should be allowed to say and write what they pleased with impunity, concerning every public man. Every leap year, of course, brought a sixth *sans-culotide*, which was called the *Festival of the Revolution*.

* In speaking of the *Père Duchesne*, Camille exclaims, "Knowest thou not, Hebert, that when the tyrants of Europe wish to make their slaves believe that France is covered with darkness and barbarism—that this Paris, so extolled for its attic wit and its taste, is peopled with Vandals; knowest thou not wretch, that it is scraps of thy paper which they insert in their Gazettes? As if the people were as ignorant as thou wouldst make Pitt believe; as if they could not be talked to but in so coarse a language; as if that were the language of the convention and the committee of public safety; as if thy obscenities were those of the nation; as if a sewer of Paris were the Seine." On the other hand, the *Père Duchesne* does not hesitate to call Camille a *paltry intriguer*, a *scoundrel fit for the guillotine*, a *conspirator who wishes the prisons to be opened in order to make a new Vendée with them*, a *knaves in the pay of Pitt*, a *long-eared ass*, etc., etc.

munes and rabbles of the cities, particularly of Paris. Besides this motive, which operated on Robespierre, we can scarcely doubt that he was actuated by a religious one likewise. He was violently opposed to the atheism of the Hebertists. He was, perhaps, as vain of his *philosophical deism*, and of his speeches and reports on the existence of the *supreme being*, as of any acts of his life. His enthusiasm upon this subject, almost amounted to *monomania*. He became so inflated with his importance in this respect, that he at last got up a festival in honor of the supreme being, and he himself was honored with the office of high priest on the occasion. Besides the political and selfish motive, then, we must suppose that Robespierre was governed by a religious one likewise. Be that, however, as it may,—he formed, for a time, a closer union with the Dantonists, and openly denounced the Hebertists. In the month of March, 1794, nineteen of the leaders of the Hebertists were arrested and guillotined as athiests and traitors, who were hired by Pitt and foreigners, to push the revolution into such excesses as would disgust the world with the French government. This victory of Robespierre announced that the progress of the revolution had stopped; for it was the first time since its commencement, that the most forward party had failed to triumph. Whilst running down, however, this party of the *ultra*-revolutionists, Robespierre began to incur the odium of being himself a *moderate*; and he became fearful of compromising his own popularity and power. He therefore resolved, most meanly, to run the revolution over the only man and the only party in France, who stood between him and absolute power. Accordingly, just six days after the execution of the Hebertists, he denounced Danton and his party before the convention. The leaders were arrested, and after an infamous trial, conducted by the infamous Fauquier Tinville, they were guillotined on the 5th of April, 1794.*

Thus did Robespierre strike down, with relentless cruelty, both those who went *beyond* and those who fell *behind* him in their revolutionary ardor. The Dantonists were the last defenders of humanity and moderation. The Giron-

* Here again, we find something touching in the mere ages of those who were guillotined. Danton was only 34; Camille Desmoulins was 33; Bazire was 29; Herault Sechelles and Philippeaux were 34, etc. Thus talents, courage, patriotism, youth, were all again included in this new holocaust, as in that of the Girondists.

dists had wished to prevent the reign of terror,—the Dantonists to stop it. All had now perished. After them, no voice was heard for sometime against the dictatorship of terror. It struck its silent and reiterated blows from one end of France to the other. After the fall of the Girondists, a reign of terror had commenced. But, after the fall of Danton, for about four months which elapsed, till the fall of Robespierre, we have a reign of terror far more dreadful than any which had preceded it.* Every citizen of France felt alarm. It was impossible to say who was safe. Formerly, the guillotine was only dreaded by those who lagged *behind* the revolution. But the committee of public safety had destroyed both those who had too much zeal and those who had too little. Men knew not what principles to profess,—what doctrines to advocate, to save their lives. There seemed to be but one resource left to all public men, and that was, to sing the praises of Robespierre† and the committee of public safety. There was but one policy to pursue, and that was, to adopt with eagerness, all the measures recommended by these infamous men, and execute with frightful despatch their terrible decrees. During this period, Robespierre had

* A simple tabular exposé of the monthly returns of prisoners guillotined in Paris, from the fall of the Girondists on 2d June, 1793, to the fall of Robespierre, in July, 1794, will show the terrible progressive increase of victims during the four last months.

1793—June,	-	-	14	
July,	-	-	13	
August,	-	-	5	
September,	-	-	16	
October,	-	-	60,	including Brissot and the Girondists.
November,	-	-	53	
December,	-	-	73	
1794—January,	-	-	83	
February,	-	-	75	
March,	-	-	123,	including Hebertists.
April,	-	-	263,	including Dantonists.
May,	-	-	324	
June,	-	-	672	
July,	-	-	835,	} exclusive of Robespierre and his accomplices.

† And yet it was sometimes dangerous to praise him, when it operated on his fears. Thus, when the *Journal de la Montagne* and the *Moniteur* asserted of a speech of his, that "it was a master-piece which was not susceptible of analysis, because every word was equivalent to a sentence, every sentence to a page," etc. He accused these two journals of praising him inordinately,—that they might ruin him with the people by producing the appearance of his being all-powerful. Both journals were obliged to retract what had been said, to apologize for praising him, by assurances that their intentions were pure.

around him a kind of court, composed of a few men, but mostly of women, who paid him the most delicate attentions. They were constantly eulogizing his virtue, his eloquence, his genius. They called him a divine, a super-human mortal. As the committee of public safety had now usurped all the powers of government, Robespierre, who was the acknowledged leader of the committee, was universally regarded as the dictator of France. It was customary to say, *Robespierre wills it*,—not the *committee wills it*. The agents of power constantly named Robespierre in their operations. The victims imputed to him all their sufferings, and the inmates of the prisons recognized him alone as their oppressor. Foreigners called the French soldiers *Robespierre's soldiers*. Whilst Robespierre was thus dazzling all eyes by his influence, he seemed to have planted his power on a firm basis. The lower classes, who had hitherto advocated the onward progress of the revolution, seemed now to consider him the very impersonation of the revolution, and sustained him for a time as the representative of their doctrines and interests. The armed force of Paris, commanded by his creature, Henriott, was at his disposal. He was all-powerful at the Jacobin club, which he purified at his pleasure. All the important places were occupied by his creatures. He formed the revolutionary tribunal and the new commune of Paris to suit his ambition, by making Payan *procureur general* in the place of Chaumette, and Fleuriott *the mayor* of Paris in the stead of Pache. Whilst Robespierre was thus securing, as he supposed, a firm basis for his government, the committee met the difficulties of its position with an energy, an assiduity, a determination, which have rarely been equalled in the history of the world. It not only attended to the weighty political and military concerns of the country, but it shrank not, at the same time, from that immensity of labor which the *maxima* and the unwise tampering with the laws of trade had imposed upon it. It boldly reformed the whole system of agriculture, changed all the legislation of farming for the purpose of dividing the tillage of lands, introducing new rotation of crops, artificial meadows, and the rearing of cattle. It instituted botanic gardens, naturalized exotic plants, formed nurseries of trees, had courses of lectures opened on farming. It ordered the general draining of marshes, invited the architects to furnish plans for rebuilding villages and

for changing the opera house into a covered arena, where the people might assemble in winter. Thus did it execute every thing at once, with an industry which no government has ever surpassed. In this respect, the extreme of democracy is very analogous to the extreme of monarchy. Take, for example, the Prussian government under Frederick the Great. When all power was concentrated in him, all the officers of government were mere agents. His secretaries were little more than clerks. His extraordinary ability, industry, and distrust, made him inspect every thing, arrange every thing, order every thing, down to the very dishes on which he dined, and the prices that should be paid for them.

13. *Fall of Robespierre—End of the Reign of Terror.*—We shall now proceed briefly to explain the manner in which this most extraordinary government was overthrown. In the first place, then, we may remark, that a government like this, based on terror, must soon become absolutely insupportable. All the prisons had rapidly filled with both high and low, male and female,—all upon whom the suspicions of the committee, and their thousands of spies and emissaries, had fallen,—and were exhibiting in their interior scenes of squalid misery, worse than any thing which had occurred during the revolution.* The work of death, too,

* The history of the prisons during the reign of terror, forms by no means the least interesting, or even the least instructive, portion of revolutionary history. After the fall of the Girondists, and the passage of the celebrated law against the *suspected*, the prisons began to be filled, not only with royalists and priests, but with republicans likewise. The best society of France was to be found in them. At first they were all thrown in *pell-mell*,—time, however, soon brought more order and more indulgence. The prisoners paid all the expenses of their detention. They were permitted to have communication with their friends and relatives, who furnished them with beds, and such comforts as the prison-houses would allow. At this period, the gardens of the Luxemburg every day presented a scene as interesting as it was melancholy. Married women from various quarters, crowded together around the prisons, in the hope of seeing their husbands at the windows. No weather could banish them from the gardens. Afterwards this consolation was denied the prisoners,—their intercourse with friends and relatives was stopped. From that moment the prisoners, doomed to associate exclusively with one another, became bound to each other by much closer ties than before; and never, perhaps, in the history of the world, did the interior of prison-houses exhibit such splendid society, such scenes, such amusements, as those of Paris did. Little coteries were quickly formed. Each sought intimates of corresponding character and taste. Certain rules were established among themselves,—the domestic duties were divided and performed in turn by each. A subscription was opened for the expenses of lodging and board, and thus the rich contributed for the poor. Household affairs all arranged, the inmates of the different rooms assembled in the common halls, where groups would form around a table, a stove, or a fire-

advanced with such frightful rapidity, that the revolutionary tribunal could not condemn fast enough for the wishes of the government. They were at last obliged to overleap all the forms and ceremonies of judicial process,—to invent modes of trial by which numbers might be accused together, and condemned without a hearing. A trial of one by one could

place. Some employed themselves in writing, some in reading, others in conversation. Poets recited their verses, musicians gave concerts. The ladies indulged in dress and in coquetry,—formed ties of friendship and of love, and enacted all the scenes of fashionable life, till the very day that the guillotine put an end to them,—singular example of French character, of its thoughtlessness, its gayety, its aptitude to pleasure. The inmates of a hotel do not manifest so much curiosity about the daily arrivals, as the prisoners did about the new comers that were pouring into the prisons. When Danton and his party were sent to prison, the anxiety to see this noted character, to talk with him, to condole with him, was excessive. So, likewise, when the Hebertists were incarcerated, there was great curiosity to see these greatest monsters of the revolution, and, at the same time, pleasure was taken in making them feel their meanness. All, except Rousin, were as cowardly as they had been cruel. One of the prisoners stepped up to Chaumette, called him philosopher Anaxagoras, and began to run the verb *suspect* through its passive variations,—“*I am suspected—thou art suspected—he is suspected—we are suspected,*” etc. Chaumette skulked away from this new kind of torment, and never made his appearance afterwards at the prisoners’ levees.

Even the Conciergerie, adjoining the Palace of Justice, and containing the prisoners destined for the revolutionary tribunal, who never had more than five or six days to live, had likewise its peculiar amusements. It was in this prison that the Girondists made extempore, and performed, singular and terrible dramas, of which their own destiny and the revolution was the subject. It was at midnight, when all the gaolers had retired to rest, that they commenced these doleful amusements. One which they devised deserves particular mention. They personated the judge and jury of the revolutionary tribunal, and the famous prosecutor, Fouquier Tinville. Two, placed face to face, represented the accuser and the accused. The accused was, of course, condemned. Extended immediately on a bedstead, turned upside down, he underwent the semblance of guillotining, even to its minutest details. After many executions of this kind, Fouquier Tinville himself was accused, condemned and guillotined. After a while he was represented as returning from hell, covered with a sheet, and describing the torments which he was enduring there; then, after foretelling the destiny of all the judges of the revolutionary tribunal, he seized them with hideous shrieks, and dragged them all down with him to the infernal regions. It was thus, said Riouffe, that we sported with death, and told the truth in our prophetic diversions, amid spies and executioners. (T. 2, 344.) It is very strange that, during these terrible times, the prisoners did not generally lose their patriotism or their confidence in the final triumph of republican principles. They manifested constantly, with the exception of a few royalists, excessive joy at every triumph of the revolutionary armies. The prisons were constantly resounding with the shouts of *Vive la République*, and with patriotic songs. Even when the wretched Hebert and Momoro, just before going to the guillotine, bewailed their fate and said that liberty was undone, Rousin, one of their party, exclaimed, “Liberty undone! because a few paltry fellows are about to perish! Liberty is immortal. Our enemies will fall in their turn, and liberty will survive them all.”

not feed the guillotine fast enough, which was destroying, during the last days of Robespierre, at the rate of sixty or a hundred per diem; and, at the time of his fall, arrangements were making for executing one hundred and fifty. Such accumulated horrors were fast annihilating all the charities and intercourse of life. Men became suspicious of those they loved most dearly. Every one assumed the coarsest dress and most squalid appearance. Every family assembled together early at night,—“with fearful looks they gazed around the room, fearful that the very walls might harbor traitors. The sound of a foot, the stroke of a hammer, a voice in the street, froze all hearts with horror.” In such times, the suspicion of one involves a whole family. When Cecile Renault was found with a sharp knife in her bundle, inquiring for Robespierre, no less than fifty-four of her relations and friends, amongst whom were her father and mother, were hunted down and brought to the scaffold with her. The very affections of the heart became evidence of guilt. The mother dared not weep over her son, or the wife over her husband.* It was a crime sometimes to look sad, at others to look joyful. I repeat it, then, that the reign of terror had become too intolerable for humanity to bear. France had become sick of the loathsome tyranny. Symptoms alarming to Robespierre began to be exhibited,—the populace no longer flocked as formerly to witness the operations of the guillotine. The shop-keepers in the streets through which the carts passed every day, shut up their shops. This sign of pity alarmed Robespierre, and the guillotine was removed from place to place to prevent this negative sort of sympathy from being observed. In the meantime, death was descending among the lower orders,—the horrors of the revolution were invading every rank. We find, during this period, on the list of the revolutionary tribunal, tailors, shoemakers, hair-dressers, butchers, farmers and publicans. Of course, Robespierre being the leader in the committee of public safety, was made responsible for all these evils. He became in the eyes of the French, the very impersonation of the system of terror. It was impossible, therefore, long to protract his odious dictatorship. Humanity revolted at it, and despair itself would soon have found some bold arm to strike down the tyrant.

* The beautiful wife of Camille Desmoulins was guillotined, because she manifested too much grief at the death of her husband.

But whilst the system of terror was thus preparing the downfall of Robespierre, a schism sprang up in the committee of public safety, which greatly facilitated this result. There were, after the execution of Herault Sechelles, only eleven members in the committee. Of these, two, Jean Bon St. André and Prieur de la Marne, were absent on missions; Carnot was exclusively occupied with the war department; Prieur du Cote d'Or and Robert Lindet, with provisions. These were called *examiners*,—they took no part either in politics or in rivalries. The other six members were, Robespierre, St. Just,* Cauthon, Collot d'Herbois, Billaud Varennes, and Barrère. The first three had early leagued together and formed a sort of triumvirate, who had great contempt for the three last. Barrère was, in their estimation, but a

* St. Just, whilst he may without doubt be considered as one of the most terrible men of the revolution, is, at the same time, one of the most interesting. He really had a faith in what he was doing,—his convictions were as profound as his acts were cruel. He had no hypocrisy, like Robespierre,—no meanness and baseness, like Collot d'Herbois or Billaud Varennes. He had a large, fixed, penetrating eye, with large features, and strong, melancholy expression. He had long black hair, with a wholly bilious temperament; and although he had a most enthusiastic soul, his manners were cold. Simple and austere in his habits, he pushed forward without hesitation to the accomplishment of his designs, and he was in politics what a Jesuit is in religion. So confident was he of the goodness of his system, that it justified in his eyes every thing necessary to establish it. Although he was only twenty-five years old, he was most indefatigable in the committee; and when sent on missions to the army, no man could undergo more fatigue, and no one in the hour of battle would risk his life more than he did, and merely for the purpose of encouraging both soldiers and generals. St. Just had early been drawn towards Robespierre by his supposed incorruptibility. Robespierre saw the strength of his character, and took pains to secure his friendship. In the estimation of St. Just, all that Robespierre asserted about his intentions and the government was true. He really believed that Robespierre was laboring to establish a pure and virtuous republic, after the manner of the ancients. Sovereignty of the people, magistrates without pride, citizens without vices, simplicity of manners, in one word, the *reign of virtue*, were the professions of Robespierre,—they were really believed in by St. Just. The fanatics in the English revolution did not more confidently and conscientiously look forward to the second coming of Christ, and the reign of the saints on earth, than St. Just did to the ultimate reign of virtue in the French republic; and in proportion to his desire, so did he become more fierce and uncompromising in the enforcement of a system of terror, for the purpose of attaining this glorious result. When Robespierre defended the system of terror in the name of virtue and morality, he was a hypocrite,—but St. Just was in earnest. He was the very incarnation of the metaphysical, abstract spirit of democracy, and hence he was the most terrible of all the actors in the reign of terror, because he never relented and never felt remorse. Like the Israelite of old, he slew his enemy *hip and thigh*, and really believed that he was hastening on to the reign of virtue,—such was his political fanaticism. He was the *type-Frenchman* of the reign of terror school.

weak and pusillanimous creature,—a contemptible trimmer ; Collot d'Herbois a club declaimer, and Billaud Varennes, a weak, gloomy, envious man. These last three became excessively jealous and envious of the pretensions and haughty bearing of the other three, who were called the members of *the high hand*. They accordingly began to intrigue against Robespierre, who was called *Pisistratus*. In another very important committee, that of *general security*, (*sureté generale*.) Amar, Vadier, Vouland, Jagot, Louis of the Bas Rhin, were all jealous of the tyranny of the committee of *public safety*, and disposed to resist it. We must here observe, that this division and opposition in the committees, were not the result of difference of principle and policy, but was a mere rivalry of pride and power. The men in the committees who were most active in the overthrow of Robespierre, were among the most cruel and most violent men of the revolution.

The first case which occurred of successfully resisting the wishes of Robespierre, was that of Catharine Theot, a crazy old woman, who called herself *the mother of God*, and prophesied the speedy coming of *the Messiah*. Dom Gerle, who had been formerly a companion of Robespierre, was one of her prophets, and it was whispered that Robespierre was to be her Messiah. These fanatics were brought before the committee of *general security* and sent to prison, in spite of Robespierre, who wished to protect them. Nothing ever threw more ridicule on this odious tyrant, than this old woman ; and the manner of her condemnation was excessively galling to his vanity. He soon saw that his influence was declining in the committee of *public safety*,—questions were frequently carried against his wishes. He became irritable, peevish and fretful. He had been spoiled by his career of success, and lost his customary prudence and dissimulation. He at last had the vanity to think, that by ceasing to attend the meetings of the committee, his absence would throw every thing into confusion. He was mistaken. The committee only became the more hostile to him ; and the period of his secession happening to correspond with the most brilliant success of the French armies, under Pichegru, Jourdan, Moreau and Hoche, his enemies in the committee gained all the credit of the splendid victories won by these generals, by far the most skilful which the revolution had yet produced. There was but one expedient now left to Robespierre, and

that was to denounce his enemies in and out of the committees, and bring them all to the guillotine. The effort was made,—and the 9th Thermidor, (27th July, 1794,) witnessed the overthrow of the dictator, who was hurried off to the guillotine with St. Just, Couthon, and some others of his accomplices; and thus terminated the reign of terror. At the head of the coalition which overthrew Robespierre, was Tallien; and the party were called *Thermidorians*, from the month in which they triumphed.

FROM THE OVERTHROW OF ROBESPIERRE TO THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE CONSULAR GOVERNMENT.

1. *Reaction—Establishment of the Directorial Government.*—The 9th Thermidor was the first day of the revolution on which the *attacking* party was conquered. This fact was a most important sign; it showed that the revolution had not only run as far as it could go, but that it was now recoiling. The fall of Robespierre indicated a decided reaction. From this day, we find the revolution retracing its steps one by one,—we find generally, in the struggles between parties, *moderatism* prevailing over *ultraism*, till at last a new form of government, with a new constitution, was established in 1795, called the *directorial government*. In this retrograde movement of the revolution, we find the party of the moderates sometimes visiting on the Jacobins a few of the horrors which they had inflicted on their adversaries. As the Jacobins condemned by the revolutionary tribunal, so the Thermidorians condemned by a military commission. In the south of France, the September massacres were in many instances repeated, particularly where the royalists were suddenly thrown into the ascendant. At Lyons, at Aix, at Tarascon, at Marseilles, the Jacobin prisoners were murdered. Companies were formed at Lyons, who scoured the country and killed the violent Jacobins, wherever they could meet them, without any form of trial farther than to say, *Voilà un Matavon*. As the spring of the revolution uncoiled itself, all parties began to feel the necessity for the establishment of a new and better balanced government. Old Seyes, who had kept perfectly quiet in the convention during its stormy existence, once more aroused himself from his long torpor, and with new zeal and fresh experience set to work at his *old vocation of constitution ma-*

king. His re-appearance in politics was a most interesting symptom in the times, and although his plan was so altered and amended that he would not agree to *father* the constitution, yet does this new government, emanating in part from the prolific brain of the old Abbé, the celebrated architect of the first constitution adopted by the national assembly, mark most definitively the point to which the revolution had recoiled. It is only necessary to allude to the principal features in the *directorial government*, to be convinced of the truth of this remark. The legislature was *bicameral*, being composed of—first, the *council of five hundred*, having exclusively the right of proposing laws, *one-third* to be renewed every year, and each member to be at least thirty years of age; second, the *council of ancients*, composed of two hundred and fifty members, of at least forty years of age, all either widowers or married, having the sanction of the laws, to be renewed also by *one-third* annually. The *executive* was composed of a directory of five members,—to decide by a majority,—and was renewable annually by *one-fifth*. The directory had a responsible ministry.

2. *State of Society—Manners, etc.*—We have already given a sketch of the brilliant society of France, during the session of the national assembly; we have described it as possessing all the polish and elegance which a court and aristocracy could impart, combined with all that vigor of intellect and energy of thought which democracy, reform and agitating events alone can generate. After the overthrow of the constitutional government, the dethronement of the king and the emigration of the nobles, the society of Paris lost somewhat of its polish and elegance; but still, during the ascendancy of the Girondists, it may be pronounced of the first order. The assemblages at Madame Roland's were extremely brilliant in point of intellect and conversational power. Madame Roland herself was a most extraordinary woman in this respect, and could not have failed to impart a high character to any circle in which she moved, even if composed of much less brilliant men than the Girondists.

After the overthrow of the Girondists, the Jacobinical government soon destroyed the character of French society. The reign of terror introduced distrust into the social circle, and the ascendancy of *sans-culottism* introduced bad dressing, bad manners, and rough, vulgar conversation. Society

during this period was thrown into chaos, utterly devoid of all polish and refinement.

After the overthrow of Robespierre, we find French society again emerging from chaos, under the auspices of Madame Tallien, who was one of the most beautiful and admired ladies of Paris, and her drawing-room was the most brilliant and most frequented. Her parties exhibited a perfect picture of the times. By birth and two marriages, she was connected with both the old and new regime. She was in prison at the time of Robespierre's fall, and had no little agency in stimulating Tallien to the decisive part he took against the tyrant. She felt indignation, therefore, against the system of terror, as well from resentment as goodness of heart. She wished to make Tallien play the part of peacemaker,—of repairer of the evils of the revolution. She drew around her those who had contributed, with her husband, to the 9th Thermidor,—she won them by her graces, and endeavored to produce harmony amongst them, for it was an extremely heterogeneous party. She was surrounded by graceful and accomplished women, who assisted in this scheme, among whom was the celebrated widow, Josephine Beauharnois, who had been in prison with her, and afterwards married Bonaparte. At Madame Tallien's parties, there were present simple, enthusiastic and plainly-dressed republicans. In the most amicable manner, they were sometimes rallied on their dress, manners and the severity of their principles, but at the same time were caressed and flattered. They were placed at table by men more elegantly attired, and of more polished manners and less rigid principles. It was in this way that society was brought back from that extreme point of fanaticism and coarseness, to some degree of polish and elegance. The violent revolutionists, however, kept aloof from these drawing-rooms, and denounced the Thermidorians for obliterating republican manners and republican principles. As the revolutionary spring, however, relaxed itself, and the violent Jacobins, such as Fouquier Tinville, Carrier, Lebon, Billaud Varennes, Collot d'Herbois, etc., who had disgraced human nature, had been either guillotined or banished, the society of Paris plunged into the amusements of the winter, with a zeal and relish proportioned to the restraints under which it had hitherto been suffering. The women strove to dress with taste and

elegance. The theatres were once more opened, and became quite the rage. Balls were attended with eagerness, where both gentlemen and ladies seemed to spite by their pleasures, dress and tastes, those sanguinary terrorists who were accused of wishing to stifle all civilization. The most singular of all these balls, and which, whilst it shows the violence of the reaction, illustrates most happily the French character, for it never could have been gotten up in any other country,—was the *ball of the victims*,—to which no person was permitted to go who had not lost some near relative by the guillotine, and had not crape on his arm.

Madame de Stael took advantage of the times, to return once more to her beloved Paris, in company with her husband, the ambassador of Sweden. She threw open her drawing rooms for the purpose of displaying her brilliant talents. Foreigners of distinction, all the ambassadors, literary men of most renown, assembled at her house. It was no longer Madame Tallien's drawing room, but Madame de Stael's, which attracted exclusive attention. And by this standard, might be measured the change which French society had undergone in the last six months. But whilst manners were thus regaining their former polish and elegance, primary schools, colleges, lyceums, universities, were again organized,—the arts were patronized, and the revolution seemed reverting to its true mission, that of promoting the arts, industry, knowledge and civilization.

3. *Difficulties of the Directorial Government—Overthrown by Bonaparte.*—As soon as the system of terror was overthrown, and the revolution commenced its retrograde movement, the convention, which once more became the ruling power, had two sets of enemies to contend with. The violent revolutionists opposed to the reaction, and the *violent reactionists*, (*reactionaries*) if we may use the expression, who wished to hasten the government back to monarchy. In Paris, the former party was very numerous, owing to the rabble and the hunger which prevailed there, and to the influence of the commune. The Thermidorians were obliged to meet the Paris mobs by what was called the *Jeunesse Dorée*, or *gilded youth*,—consisting of fashionable young men, armed in a particular manner,—who constituted a sort of Thermidorian or conventional mob,—who were, at all times, ready to encounter the Parisians in street fights. But whilst the convention combatted with earnestness, the *ultra-*

revolutionists, it was equally opposed to the *ultra-reactionists*. The great difficulty in the backward movement of the revolution, was to keep the royalists from reaping all the advantage. Examine into the structure of the directorial government, and you will see that the two extreme parties constituted the evil most difficult to guard against. So fearful were they of too rapid a recoil, that after the constitution was framed, the convention adopted a decree that two-thirds of the first legislature should consist of members of the convention; and when they elected the first five directors, care was taken that every one should be a *regicide*. When the vote was taken on the adoption of the directorial constitution, with the decree of the convention, entitling its own body to furnish two-thirds of the first legislature, both the *ultra* parties were dissatisfied, and the city of Paris was agitated to such an extent, that it organized an insurrection of forty thousand men, and threatened the destruction of the national convention. It was on this occasion, that Barras, who was commandant of the conventional forces, gave the management to young Bonaparte, who made the most skilful arrangements,—and on the 13th Vendemaire, (5th October, 1795,) he completely defeated the Paris mob with his volleys of grape shot; and from this day forward, a new era opens in the French revolution. Paris ceases to be omnipotent, its mobs become overawed by regular troops, and lose their influence on the progress of events. The 13th Vendemaire is the true era of the overthrow of the rule of the mobs, and the establishment of that of the regular armies.

This victory of Bonaparte in Paris, caused the quiet establishment of the directorial government,—which seemed to work admirably well as long as there was harmony between the directory and the two councils. But, in the year 1797, the new third sent into the councils by the elections of that year, produced a majority adverse to the directory. This at once afforded a test for the strength of the government,—and the result proved, that parties were too violent to abide by the forms of the constitution. The directory thought, or pretended to think, that the royalists had triumphed in the councils, and would restore the Bourbons, and thereby destroy the whole work of the revolution. In this opinion the armies concurred, particularly that of Italy. Bonaparte sent Angereau to Paris, at the call of the directory. He was put at the head of the directorial forces, and on the

18th Fructidor, the directory struck another *coup d'état*,—overthrew the party of the councils, and arrested and banished forty members of the council of five hundred, and eleven of the council of ancients. Here is a stroke in the retrograde movement of the revolution, exceedingly analogous to the fall of the Girondists in the forward movement.

The conquering party, on the 18th Fructidor, were trying to keep the revolution from running backwards too fast,—on the 2d June, the conquering party were anxious to run it forward, and therefore they ran it over the Girondists, who were holding it back. This bold act of the directory has generally been justified by the republican historians of France, upon grounds of state policy.

The government, after the purging of the two councils, worked on tolerably well, until the elections of the year 1799 again produced a decided majority against the directory. By this time the directory had become too weak for another *coup d'état*, and the councils now triumphed in turn, and expelled all the obnoxious members from the directory and put in their own favorites. From this period, it was seen that the directorial government must be a failure. Neither party would abide by the constitution, when the directory and two councils were at issue. The directory first set the example of using force, which we have just seen followed by the councils on the 30th Prairial, 1799.

In addition to these collisions between the executive and legislative branches, other causes were rapidly undermining the government. In the first place, the directory was generally an exceedingly weak body—the violence of faction had destroyed all the conspicuous talent of France, except that which was in the army. When the first election of directors took place, Carnot and Seyes were the only two men of France of any reputation out of the armies; and it was an established principle, not to put a military chieftain into the directory. But, again, the directory, during the absence of Bonaparte in Egypt, and after the accession of Russia to the alliance, became unfortunate. Suwarrow beat the French in Italy,—the Archduke Charles beat them in Germany; and although Massena, in Switzerland, by his masterly manœuvres, somewhat repaired the disasters of the campaign, yet it was evident that the enthusiasm of the French was wearing out. The tremendous force of the democratic spring, which never lost its power as long as the onward movement

of the revolution lasted, was beginning to relax ever since the revolution had turned backwards. That hope of perfect liberty and perfect equality, which had fired all hearts and nerved all arms, was now gone,—the sweet dreams of *democracy* were past. The allies, on the other hand, were coming upon France with renovated hopes and renovated strength. The campaign of 1799, had shown that a mixed government, like the directorial, without the enthusiastic support of the people, constantly divided against itself, could not save France from the tremendous array of foreign bayonets encircling its whole territory. The democratic vigor was gone; it was now necessary to have some mighty chief that could re-organize the government in all its departments, and concentrate the resources of France against Europe. Bonaparte, returning from Egypt, was that man. The 18th and 19th Brumaire had become necessary. "It was not," says Thiers, "liberty that he came to continue, for that could not yet exist. He came to continue, under monarchical forms, the revolution in the world; he came to continue it, by seating himself, a plebeian, on a throne; by bringing the Pontiff to Paris to anoint a plebeian brow with the sacred oil; by creating an aristocracy with plebeians; by obliging the old aristocracies to associate themselves with his plebeian aristocracy; by making kings of plebeians; by taking to his bed the daughter of the Cæsars, and mingling plebeian blood with that of one of the oldest reigning families of Europe; by blending all nations; by introducing the French laws in Germany, Italy and Spain; by dissolving so many spells; by mixing up together and compounding so many things. Such was the immense task which he came to perform; and meanwhile, the new state of society was to consolidate itself under the protection of his sword; and liberty was to follow some day."

4. *Concluding reflections.*—We will close this long article, by some reflections growing out of the history of the great event which we have been describing, and 1st,—It may be well asked, how happened it that force was not sooner resorted to? Why did not the military chieftain sooner end the sanguinary conflict of domestic factions? How happened it that the central government, so cruel in its action, nevertheless sustained itself, not only without the aid of the military, but even brought the generals themselves to the scaffold? It is not enough to say, in answer to this,

that there were no generals of sufficient distinction, and that the experiment was not made. Lafayette, Dumouriez, and at a later period, Pichegru, were all anxious to overthrow the government, and they were all popular with the army. Why then did they fail? Simply because the army deserted them the moment they turned against the government. In the onward progress of the revolution, there was an abiding confidence in the ultimate triumph of liberty. As long as the revolution had not run its entire course, no matter with what horrors it was attended,—still, men believed that all would one day come right. Even the enthusiastic prisoner did not lose his confidence and his patriotism in the hour of death; but cried *Vive la Republique* the moment before the fatal axe had fallen. As long as this hope, this enthusiasm lasted, no military chieftain could succeed. Lafayette was beloved by his army, and they had confidence in his virtue. But the moment he called on that army to support him against the revolution, he was obliged to flee from his country. The same fate attended Dumouriez, a much abler general. But when Bonaparte appeared, as we have just seen, the democratic spring had recoiled and lost its vigor. Democratic hope was gone,—the self-sustaining power of the revolution was lost,—all its forces had been successively evoked and worn out. France longed for order and tranquility,—for a ruling power sufficient to quell faction, protect property, and save the national glory. The hero of Italy and Egypt alone could save her from foreign bayonets,—the age of civil rule was past, and that of the military had come. Marengo and Austerlitz had become necessary to her political independence,—hence the wonderful popularity of the 18th Brumaire throughout all France.

2d. We can but be struck in contemplating the history of the revolution, with the fact, that every set of statesmen, until the time of Bonaparte, failed the moment they had a *system* to defend. They succeeded only whilst revolutionizing,—thus the constitutionalists succeeded against the old fashioned royalists in the national assembly. But as soon as they adopted a constitution and set up a *system*, they were overthrown by the Girondists. As soon as the Girondists triumphed and set up their *system* of a republic, they in turn fell before the Jacobins. Then the Dantonists on one side, and the commune of Paris and the Hebertists on the other, both set up *their system*, and both fell before Robes-

pierre. Robespierre had a *system* likewise, and as soon as established, he was overthrown. Lastly, the Thermidorians established a *system*,—the directorial government, which lasted a little longer than its predecessors; but was in the end subverted by Bonaparte. From these facts, we are enabled to make an important deduction, applicable to all governments based exclusively on popular support. The party in power, where there are manifold and complicated interests to provide for, labor under a great disadvantage, because they always have a *system* to defend. In such countries, it is really extremely difficult to rally on any one well-defined system of measures, a decidedly national majority. But whilst the government, *de facto*, labors under this disadvantage, it is, perhaps, in such countries as England and the United States, more than compensated for by the power which patronage confers. In France, this compensating advantage was lost amid the hurry and whirl of the revolutionary movements. As soon as government lost its popular support, every one knew that its doom was sealed. People did not bear with it, merely because the forms of the constitution guaranteed its power. That revolution was too great and too violent to be held back by mere technical formalities. In every great crisis, mere constitutional bonds proved as unavailing as the threads which bound the sleeping Sampson. Never, perhaps, since the fall of the Roman Empire, has there existed a popular government in the world, save that of England and of the United States, whose excesses have been permanently restrained by constitutional checks, and whose aberrations have been corrected within the prescribed forms of law, by the peaceful action of a sound, temperate, public opinion. No one thing gives us more hope in the grand experiment we are trying in our own favored land, than the fact, that since the institution of our system, the vessel of state has several times been thrown, in mariner's phrase, on the *wrong tack*, and has, in every case, been brought back by peaceful agencies, exerted within the limits of legal forms. The silent, but mighty power of public opinion, in this country, has shown itself, thus far, capable of forcing our government from a bad position, or enabling it to regain a good one,—it has rebuked systems of immorality, and developed recuperative energies without the agencies of mobs and armies. When different branches of our system have been thrown into

conflict with each other, however clamorous the parties may have been, they have yet been ever willing to abide by the forms and requisitions of the constitution, and have patiently waited for the great arbiter, public opinion, to settle the dispute between them.

In this respect, we look upon the late accession of an individual to the Presidential chair, without the support of either of the great parties in the country,—without the support of the press,—as being a most interesting experiment on our government; and, as already observed, the result has been such as to inspire increased confidence in the strength of our institutions. However successful our experiment may be thus far, we are forced, nevertheless, to confess, that the greatest strain on our institutions has not yet taken place; that must come when our land shall be filled up with a dense population,—when a strong line of demarkation shall be drawn between those who *have* and those who *have not*, and thousands shall be born who can only expect to live like their fathers, labor like their fathers, and die like their fathers, without being able to accumulate more than barely enough to support life. When the day shall come that this class shall form the numerical majority, as it did in France, then will the high pressure come on our institutions; and the reign of terror in France has presented, I fear, too faithful a picture of what a government *may be*, that shall fall *exclusively* into such hands. In the meantime, we may with confidence assert, that there can be no texture of society better calculated to ward, than that which exists under the much reviled, much slandered institutions of the South.

3d. The above speculations lead us to another, which cannot fail to impress itself on every mind, after an attentive perusal of the revolutionary history. The principal horrors of the French revolution proceeded from Parisian *sans-culottic* influence, which we have already fully explained, and from the interference of the Allies. If any one lesson can be learnt from the French revolution, it is that which teaches the danger and impolicy of nations *forcibly interfering in each other's domestic concerns*. Look at the most tragic scenes of the revolution, and you will find that the pressure of foreign force produced nearly all of them. It was the declaration of war by Austria and Prussia, that rendered the constitutional government of 1791 wholly impracticable. It was the irritating manifesto of the Duke of Brunswick in

1792, which produced the 10th August, the dethronement of the king, and the flight of Lafayette. It was his march on Paris, the taking of Longwi and Verdun, and the insurrection in La Vendée, which produced the September massacres. It was the loss of the great battle of Neer-Winden by Dumouriez, and his subsequent treason and flight from France, which led to the overthrow of the Girondists and the rule of the Jacobins, and when two-thirds of France were in open revolt at their high-handed measures. It was nothing but the fear that this revolt would inure wholly to the benefit of the Allies and the Bourbons, which quelled internal strife, reconciled the nation to the horrors of Jacobin rule, and united all arms and hearts once more against the foreign foe. It was the danger of this same foreign foe that produced the national intoxication of 1793,—the mad decree and order sent to the generals, that they should conquer the enemy in twenty days. It was this, too, that produced the levy *en masse*, and those splendid campaigns which will ever remain the admiration of the world. It was this same reason which Robespierre alleged as justificative cause for striking down the Hebertists and the Dantonists, almost at the same blow. It was, in fine, this same cause which made so many virtuous patriots cleave to the government, even whilst they were moaning over its excesses. The great principle of action was, let us first save France from the foreign foe, then let us save her from herself. The system of terror was used for the purpose of producing unity of counsel and unity of action, and to prevent the waste of national resources by internal feud; and if we look to the military operations, we shall find that they afforded a strong pretext for this system. At the commencement of the war in 1792, the generals were *constitutionalists*,—the ministry were Girondists. Lafayette, Rochambeau and Luckner, were always at variance with Dumouriez, Servan, Claviere and Roland; and at this time we find no energy in the armies,—they were beaten and dispirited. But, after the high-handed measure of the 10th August, when the constitutional generals were replaced by Dumouriez, Custine, Kellermann and Dillon, Girondists, then do we find for a season, unity of view and action between the army and the government; instantly the energy of the army augments, and the campaign of the Argonne, the victories of Valmi and Jemappe, and the invasion of Holland, were the splendid results. In a short time, however, we

witness the violent dissensions between the Girondists and the Jacobins. This introduces again dissension between the army and the government; the army once more loses its energy, and experiences numerous reverses and defeats. Dumouriez turns traitor; and France for a moment seems lost. Then came the violent scenes of the 31st May and 2d June in Paris,—the overthrow of the Girondists and the rule of the Jacobins. A corresponding revolution takes place in the armies; the Girondist generals, Dumouriez, Custine, Houchard, Dillon, are replaced by the Jacobin generals, Pichegru, Jourdan, Moreau, Hoche. As soon as harmony is thus violently restored, we find brilliant victories and conquests again attendant every where on the French armies. Never was the world more astounded, nor the enemies of France more signally beaten, than during the dark days of the reign of terror. Upon the heads of the allies, then, must fall the chief responsibility of French excesses; and let this memorable example be ever a warning to nations, how they interfere forcibly in the domestic concerns of their neighbors. Those concerns they can rarely comprehend; and if they could, they can still more rarely administer relief by force. The patriotism of every high-minded people revolts at such interference, and will run into the wildest excesses at home, for the purpose of pushing back the impertinent *propagandism* from abroad. The result too often is, which happened in the French revolution, the destruction of that very party and that very system which the foreigner advocates.

4th. Let us now conclude by a few remarks on the benefits of the French revolution. In the first place, then, we may assert, that never in the history of the world has there been made a richer or more valuable experiment in government,—never has the democratic problem been more completely worked out than in France. There we have exhibited on a grand scale, in quick successions, all the phases of democracy, from the top to the bottom stratum of the social edifice. There we see, as by a sort of panoramic view, both the strong and the weak points of democratic rule. We behold the tremendous energy which it generates, and the rock on which it splits. Ignorant and obstinate must be that statesman, who has not profited by the history of the French revolution; and may we not hope that its lessons will prevent the recurrence of so awful a catastrophe in future. It has taught the true value and the true danger of the

popular element, which will henceforth be the moving force in every civilized government, no matter what may be its form.

But, while the French revolution has furnished such a rich fund of political experience to the contemplation of the world, it has been of incalculable advantage to France. It broke down, with a rude hand, the abuses and evils consecrated by the sufferance of a thousand years,—it overthrew the systems of feudality and priestcraft,—it seized with unrelenting energy, on the property of the noble, the priest and the corporation, and distributed it amongst the people,—it broke down that miserable system of custom-houses, (*douaniers*.) which interrupted trade between province and province, and thus it diffused the blessings of free trade over a great nation.*

Lastly, we may assert, that however depraved the morals and manners of the French were during the progress of the revolution, that great event has nevertheless operated a most beneficial change in this respect. It has acted like the storm which has purified the atmosphere. The Bourbons, when they came back to Paris, were ashamed to act as their ancestors had done. The court of Louis Philippe is now one of the most decorous in Europe; and the profligate scenes of the regency, and of the reign of Louis XV., can never occur again in the history of France. If enlightened philanthropy, then, should be called on, in full view of all the evils and all the benefits resulting from the French revolution, to render up a final judgment, we can scarcely for a moment doubt that it would be in favor of the revolution and all its attendant horrors, if these were the *only condition* on which the benefits could be obtained.

* It is these beneficial influences which explain, in part, the mighty resources which France constantly exhibited during this period and under the empire, and by not sufficiently attending to them, Pitt was led into the mistake of almost constantly thinking, during the progress of the contest, that France was on the eve of national bankruptcy. In 1794 he was confident of this result,—so was he in 1799,—yet France moved on with gigantic energy, and six years afterwards, on the field of Austerlitz, broke to pieces the last and greatest coalition of Pitt, and no doubt sent that great minister to an untimely grave. While we are thus noticing the great mistake of Pitt in regard to France, it is curious to see that Napoleon was constantly making one as great in regard to England. He read the speeches of Fox and the journals of the opposition, and was constantly looking for the fall of the *anti-gallican* administration, judging merely by the virulence with which it was attacked. He never could understand the character of the British government.

ART. II.—MATHEWS' POEMS ON MAN.—*Poems on Man, in his various aspects under the American Republic.*—By CORNELIUS MATHEWS, Author of "The Motley Book," "Behemoth," "Puffer Hopkins," etc. New-York: Wiley & Putnam. 1843.

THE present age is fruitful in philosophies, which possess the merit of ingenuity and novelty at least, if not of certainty and soundness. It is only to open our eyes and to stretch our ears, and strange writings appear upon the wall, and a wild jargon hurries through the void. It is emphatically the age of "strange tongues," and the Reverend Edward Irving has no more exclusive right to this phrase than we have to his evangelism. But we need not dilate in generalities. A single sample is all that we need to satisfy the objects of present speculation. Thus, then, it appears, according to some of our ingenious commentators, that it is only now, for the first time, that we have any poetry for the people. After all that has been written in the "numerous verse" of ages, from Homer to the moderns, we have seldom or never (until recent times,) been favored with any verse which peculiarly addressed itself to the nature and the necessities of the people. The people are now—O! happy people!—to have their Muse—how begotten is yet to appear,—but she is to be, and to have her Bards, who, it may be conjectured, in their peculiar homage of the ONE, will be very likely to give the go-by, and exhibit a cold shoulder, to the NINE!

We suspect that all this ingenious speculation—the result, as we must believe, of false ideas, as well of poetry as of the people—has its origin in a very creditable desire to elevate and illustrate practical politics with some of that "purple atmosphere" which may be supposed to hang about the ideal. Man, in the present age, and in most Christian societies, is assuming that rank in conventional estimate, to which Christianity itself most clearly indicates his claims. He is rising—that is, the masses are rising—in the scale and equality of society and humanity, and beginning to make themselves felt, not merely as agents of power, and having a power of their own for good or for evil,—but as susceptible also of some of those higher tastes and attributes which, hitherto, have been claimed exclusively,—and perhaps exclusively

held, by a select and fortunate few. Education is doing its work, as one of the results of improved physical condition. With the conviction that the animal man is easily provided with his "grub," the intellectual man begins to look around him for his provision also. The day's work is done—and the laborer, wiping the sweat from his brow, enters his homely dwelling, ten by twelve perhaps, and while his wife darns the breeches that he is to wear to-morrow, his daughter regales him, on guitar or piano, with "Woodman, spare that tree," or some other popular ditty of similar dimensions.

Now, why, if "Woodman, spare that tree," be poetry at all, why should it not be poetry quite as much for the people, as a ballad—the subject of which is, especially, the village blacksmith, or the village baker? It is very certain that the song, with its few merits, is a sufficiently popular one. It enters into the ordinary sentiment. It appeals to the simplest experience of the individual, and, if it has any popularity aside from the easy music by which it is commended, it is because it expresses feelings of ordinary affection, and a nature which the simplest mind can understand. The fact is, the great error under which these ingenious philosophers fall, is that which proposes to make a distinction between the individual and the political man,—between the man, as a person, endowed with all the usual attributes of humanity, affection, hope, fear, and senses and passions more or less active and elevated,—and man as an element of the masses, as a thing of numbers—a mere noun of multitude,—the unsegregated limb of the great political beast, whose name is Legion.

This is the very great mistake. When Mr. Longfellow writes his verses about a blacksmith—among the poorest verses, by the way, that ever escaped his pen,—always excepting the *niaisieri* about negro slavery—his appeals are not to any of the characteristics of his trade;—he does not propose to speak of his moral and social nature as influenced in any way by *that*:—very far from it. Apart from the adjuncts of flaming forge, and brawny arm, all the material is drawn from the laborer as a mere man—as a human being—a respect in which he does not differ in a solitary jot, from his grace the Duke of Wellington, or his more Superior Highness, the present prudent king of the French. Whatever,—written by whatsoever poet,—relates to the feelings and concerns of humanity, readily enters into the

general sense—readily appeals to the individual sensibility—moves to tears or laughter—to reflection or levity—and will have its effect quite as much on the John Smiths of society, as upon the Landsdownes and Melbournes and D'Orsays of the aristocracy. Nay, for that matter, this new mode of stating the case, if permitted, would make sad havoc of all established poetical reputation. It has been from the naturalness of the poet—so we have been taught to think—that his successes were derived. It was because he was the speaker of the great inner truths of nature—the finder of the open secret—the seer who could see where the water lay in the rock, and by whose divining hand it was made to gush forth for the refreshment of all sorts of people! It is new to us that Dan Homer, and that “household voice”—the divine Shakspeare, are less people's poets, because the world has decreed that they shall be held divine. It will be a sorry day for that poor bamboozled animal man, which is to tutor him into the adoption of poetical Gods, not of the likeness and not of the authority of these. We have not the smallest objection that Ebenezer Elliott shall be counted a man of mark—a useful man—in his day and generation. He has written some sensible verses,—is a shrewd questioner—will do good no doubt; but we must resent and resist the impertinence—the downright damnable heresy—which prates to us of his peculiar fitness for the people, as a poet,—in obvious disparagement to the claims of the glorious train of Fathers—a sacred Host—whose undying strains, appealing to all the best human affections, are happily calculated, as they recognize only the one great family of man, to promote common sentiments of truth, and peace, and good will, among them—a result very likely to be disturbed by any attempt to individualize classes—to call forth especially poets for butchers, bakers and blacksmiths,—persons, to whom, it were the far better and more appropriate business of the poet, to teach the common laws of our nature—the superior sentiments which should lift the species, and not the degrading and slavish ones, which make their appeals to classes, and the lowly motives and associations which belong to and influence their petty concerns of trade.

It is denied that Ebenezer Elliott is so much the poet of the people, as the poet of the politician and the party. The proof of this is to be found in the fact that he has no popularity in America—that he is little read—that, up to this

time, so far as we know, the American publishers, sufficiently avid after works likely to have ready sale—have not thought it worth while to put forth a solitary edition of his writings. They come to us in the English originals, and may be found, here and there, in the hands of a select and solitary few,—who, by the way, belong rather to our politicians than our people. In England, he is popular to a certain degree; but not because of his poetry. It is because he writes against government,—appeals to the prejudices of a class, and writes, no doubt, sound political truths, which, we venture to predict, would find a hundred readers to one were they put in simple, direct and old-fashioned English prose. Burns was a poet for the people, though we cannot now call to mind any of his verses, in which he specially refers to the occupations of the poor or the working classes. His references to the plough furnish no exception to the remark. Agriculture, has always been a poetical subject since the days of Hesiod—is poetical apart from the laborer, in its adjuncts of field and meadow, hallowing sky, pure health, its songbirds and its sunshine—and surely, he who followed the plough, or urged the more strenuous labors of the axe, could enjoy and feel the poetry of the scene and subject, without claiming to be especially singled out and apostrophized himself. So, equally, could he enjoy the Homeric strains which described a blacksmith's labor—very different strains from that "people's song" of Mr. Longfellow—which showed us how the glorious shield of Achilles was put together—what were the toils of Vulcan upon it—what were the detailed images which it bore, and the struggle which followed, as to who should be its final possessor. Put *that* poetry into the hands—ears, we should say—of the blacksmith, or any workman, and we fancy he will feel it to be quite as fine and forcible, as any thing in the very shrewd, and spirited, and sensible—but nothing farther—collections of Mr. Ebenezer Elliott.

We have some fault to find with the author of the volume before us, precisely of the kind which we have urged above; not to the same extent, it is true—but of like character, and subject to objections not dissimilar to those which have been intimated. What does the title of this volume suggest and require? *Poems, on Man, as an American citizen!* Very well!—the object is an ambitious one, and, could we be satisfied of its perfect propriety, a very noble one. Mr. Mathews

is a writer who aims well. He generally aims at something. He does not write a book merely because he overflows with utterance. But he has an object, generally a seriously-considered one, having moral relations, designed to have its effect on man. We do not ascribe to him in this volume, any such ridiculous purpose as that of separating the masses from the individual, and regarding his fellow being only in his gregarious aspects. No! But we are not so very sure that he has been successful in writing of man, peculiarly as an American citizen. We are of the notion that pretty much what he has said here, of the American man, will answer just as well, applied to the British man—the Gaulish man, or the Flemish man. The subjects designate and belong to man all the world over, nor do we see, when he insists upon the duties and performances of the man, as a citizen, that the same requisitions might not be urged, with equal propriety, in regard to the citizen under any aspect of the heavens. Let us, for example, examine the subjects of the volume, which, alone, it seems to us, is conclusive on this head. These are nineteen in number, viz.—1. The Child; 2. The Father; 3. The Teacher; 4. The Citizen; 5. The Farmer; 6. The Mechanic; 7. The Merchant; 8. The Soldier; 9. The Statesman; 10. The Friend; 11. The Painter; 12. The Sculptor; 13. The Journalist; 14. The Masses; 15. The Reformer; 16. The Poor Man; 17. The Scholar; 18. The Preacher; 19. The Poet.

Now, which of these subjects suggests to the mind, the peculiar aspect of the man, as a member of the American Republic? Not one! They regard him only as a man, in relation to society and government in general, and will apply to his position under any government and in any state of society. It is not our quarrel with Mr. Mathews, that he has not succeeded in giving to his subjects the distinctive national individuality which he aimed at. We see not exactly how the thing was to be done,—unless, perhaps, with a very extreme feeling of national partiality, he should insist upon the superior performances of the American citizen. But this constitutes a difference of degree, not of kind or quality, between the obligations of the American and the citizen of every other country. He might insist that, as the trusts of the American citizen are greater, his responsibilities are necessarily superior,—and he would say truly—

but, with this distinction all would cease, and his poems would bear equal application to any other people.

But, in order that the author should have every advantage of argument and position, we will assume that certain of the topics included in this list, are of special individual propriety. These are the ninth, the thirteenth, fourteenth and sixteenth in his catalogue—viz: The Statesman, the Journalist, the Masses, and the Reformer! The American statesman may be supposed to have more peculiar relations to the people, as he derives his distinctions, in most instances more immediately from them, than is the case with the British or the French statesmen. The Journalist may be affected in like manner and for the same reason. The Masses, unquestionably have a character with us, and do not wait for their action upon a scarcity of bread or corn;—and, for the Reformer, why, heaven help the race, if we cannot put in our claims, the length and breadth of the land, for the possession of a supply, commensurate to the Masses—far exceeding the demand—particularly in New-England, in which region provisions seem to be made for every quarter of the world,—that single spot excepted which originates them;—and where, the perfect condition of men and things would seem to render any domestic appropriation of the stock wholly unnecessary.

How has Mr. Mathews treated these subjects? Let us turn to ix., The Statesman, page 53. We quote this poem entire.

THE STATESMAN.

Up to the Capitol who goes, a heart
Should bear, state tyranny may not subdue:
Wakening at dawn to fill its ample part,
It ever, day by day, grows fresh and new,
Nor sleeps through the mid-watches of the night,
Tho' there the thankless world has left its smart,—
Without some visions, beckoning and bright,
That make him gladly to his bedside start.

Accurs'd who on the Mount of Rulers sits
Nor gains some glimpses of a fairer day!
Who knows not there, what there his soul befits,
Thoughts that leap up and kindle far away
The coming time! Who rather dulls the ear
With brawling discord and a cloud of words;
Owning no hopeful object, far or near,
Save what the universal self affords.

He that with sway of empire would control
 The various millions, parted or amassed,
 Should hold in bounteous fee, an ample soul—
 Equal the first to know, nor less the last.
 At once whose general eye surveys as well
 The rank or desert waste—the golden field;
 Whose feet the mountain and the valley tread,
 Nor to the trials of the way will yield.

Deeper to feel, than quickly to express—
 And then alone in the consummate act—
 Reaps not the ocean, nor the free air tills,
 But keeps within his own peculiar tract;
 Confirms the State in all its needful right,
 Nor strives to draw within its general bound—
 For gain or loss, for glory or distress,
 The rich man's hoard, the poor man's patchy ground.

Strip from the trunk that props the empire up,
 All weeds, all flowers that hides the simple shaft:
 Plain as the heavens and pure as mid-day light
 Swell up its ample cope: nor there ingraft
 A single leaf nor draw a single line
 To daze the eye, to coax the grasper's hand;
 Simple it rose—so simple let it rise—
 Forever changeless,—simple let it stand!

Bating a little roughness in the verse, and an occasional obscurity in the expression, this is a thoughtful and pleasing poem. It happily describes the sort of moral character which is essential to make the statesman; but, with the exception of the single word "capitol," by which—it being no longer the ear-mark of the Roman—we see what nation is intended,—and what is there in the whole poem that could not equally apply to the British as to the American statesman;—to Mr. Peel as to Mr. Upshur;—that would not be becoming and appropriate counsel to any good man and true patriot, having a people's destinies in his hands? We do not see, indeed, why this should not be the case; but our objection is, that it should not be altogether the case, consistently with the plan of the book, since we are not to suppose that the author would deliberately perpetrate a commonplace, and, setting out to counsel the American statesman in particular, and to show what he should be,—would do nothing more than utter these natural, moral and social suggestions, which would, to precisely the same extent, benefit the statesman of every other country. This objection, as we see, applies entirely to the design,—a design, which struck us at the outset, as involving this very difficulty,—since what could be said to the American statesman, in the way of good

advice, which would not be equally well said to the head men of Europe,—unless, indeed, it be something touching repudiation, which may be supposed a somewhat peculiar right of the American; or an occasional suggestion on a local question,—the accumulation and appropriation of a surplus fund,—the disposition of the public lands, or some other such matter, by which the poet, in carrying out his literary plan, would incur the awkward risk of the partisan, and, in all likelihood, would share the fate of young Tyler, be applauded by one set, at the hazard of being bedevilled by the other. We may remark, *en passant*,—though this we hold to be rather a small matter,—that, to *our* ear, our author's verse is very far from faultless. The seventh line of the first verse, which we have italicised, will not bear scanning, unless we throw the emphasis upon the second syllable of the word "beckoning." We have taken the liberty of omitting the word "ever" from the last line of the third verse:

"Nor *ever* to the trials of the way will yield"—

since we take for granted, it could only have got there through an inadvertency. Mr. Mathews deals largely in involutions of his sentences, by which the sense is sometimes obscured, is not reached readily; and we note, here and there, as in the first line of the second verse, that the effect of this practice is occasionally to exclude a member of the sentence, which may be considered necessary to its grammatical accuracy. We can readily conceive why this is done, but we are not so sure that vigor and force are always, or even frequently, derivable from the abruptnesses which the practice occasions. But we shall not dwell on this.

Proceeding to the next poem, entitled "The Journalist," the reader will find it liable to the objections already made. The poem opens with a very bold and not inappropriate figure. We give it entire.

THE JOURNALIST.

As shakes the canvass of a thousand ships,
Struck by a heavy land-breeze, far at sea,—
Ruffle the thousand broad-sheets of the land,
Filled with the people's breath of potency.

A thousand images the hour will take,
From him who strikes, who rules, who speaks, who sings;
Many within the hour their grave to make—
Many to live, far in the heart of things.

A dark-eyed spirit he who coins the time,
 To virtue's wrong, in base disloyal lies,—
 Who makes the morning's breath, the evening's tide,
 The utterer of his blighting forgeries.

How beautiful who scatters, wide and free,
 The gold-bright seeds of loved and loving truth!
 By whose perpetual hand, each day, supplied—
 Leaps to new life the empire's heart of youth.

To know the instant and to speak it true,
 Its passing lights of joy, its dark, sad cloud,
 To fix upon the unnumbered gazers' view,
 Is to thy ready hand's broad strength allowed.

There is an in-wrought life in every hour,
 Fit to be chronicled at large and told—
 'Tis thine to pluck to light its secret power,
And on the air its many-colored heart unfold.

The angel that in sand-dropped minutes lives,
 Demands a message cautious as the ages—
Who stuns, with dusk-red words of hate, his ear,
 That mighty power to boundless wrath enrages.

Hell not the quiet of a Chosen Land,
 Thou grimy man over thine engine bending;
The spirit pent that breathes the life into its limbs,
 Docile for love is tyrannous in rending.

Obey, Rhinoceros! an infant's hand,—
 Leviathan! obey the fisher mild and young,—
 Vexed Ocean! smile, for on thy broad-beat sand
 The little curlew pipes his shrilly song.

We do not care to repeat our criticism, on the score of that failure to individualize the subject, which the general title of the book would seem to render necessary. Regarded without this reference, and in a spirit of indulgent criticism, the poem is a fine one; the thoughts are good, and there are several phrases which denote the original mind. To the first five verses no objection will lie. But, as we are "nothing if not critical," we shall not suffer the remaining four to pass muster. Our author must bear with us, if we object to the surplus foot in the last line of the sixth verse. We object to the phrase, "*dusk-red words*," as we cannot conceive the possibility or propriety of painting sounds. We object to the very audacious phrase with which the eighth verse opens. We object to the third line in the same verse, as outrageously inharmonious; and we are very far from sure that the epithets employed in the closing quatrain, are in good taste in themselves, or in harmony with the rest of the performance. Journalism in our country, is a subject that

deserves strong language, hard-handling, the sternest apostrophes of virtue and patriotism alike ; and we can readily conceive that an indignant muse may be hurried beyond her propriety of seeming, by the gross provocation which her propriety so frequently receives from this quarter ;—but we doubt whether the bad behaviour of the journalist will justify bad taste, even in the satiric poet ; and as our author does not set forth in this capacity,—at least in the present venture,—we deem it only right to remind him of the particular purpose of the voyage.

Our next selection is "The Masses." Here is a subject, which, if any, might have been classed under the general design of the volume. The author has attempted it ambitiously, but we scarcely think successfully. There is a boldness in the figures which would have told happily, had the structure of the verse been less broken, more harmonious, more symmetrical. But, as if disdaining all the ordinary arts of verse, Mr. Mathews seems absolutely bent on giving to his song an unusual harshness. But, this making verse an echo to the sense, is the most difficult labor of poetry, very apt to elude any but the most practised writer ; and, not unfrequently, even in his case, to confuse with false lights, and confound with incoherence, the most elaborate purpose of his art. There are glimpses of fine conception in the poem which follows, but the execution does not equal them, and the lines which we have italicised seem to embody, each, an anti-climax.

THE MASSES.

When, wild and high, the uproar swells
 From crowds that gather at the set of day ;
 When square and market roar in stormy play,
 And fields of men, like lions, shake their fells
 Of savage hair ; when, quick and deep, call out the bells
 Through all the lower heaven ringing,
 As if an earthquake's shock
 The city's base should rock,
And set its troubled turrets singing :—
 Remember, men ! on massy strength relying,
 There is a heart of right
 Not always open to the light,
 Secret and still and force-defying.
 In vast assemblies calm, let order rule,
 And, every shout a cadence owning,
 Make musical the vexed wind's moaning,
And be as little children at a singing-school.

But, when, thick as night, the sky is crusted o'er,
 Stifling life's pulse and making heaven an idle dream,
 Arise! and cry, up through the dark, to God's own throne:
 Your faces in a furnace glow,
 Your arms uplifted for the death-ward blow,—
 Fiery and prompt as angry angels show:
 Then draw the brand and fire the thunder-gun!
 Be nothing said and all things done!
Till every cobwebbed corner of the common-weal
 Is shaken free, and, creeping to its scabbard back the steel,
 Lets shine again God's rightful sun!

"The Reformer" is our next selection. Here is a poem full of noble thoughts and images. The personifications are particularly fine, and would present an imaginative artist with several exquisite pictures. But, the author, with what we cannot but regard as a strange and sad perversity of judgment, has chosen a form of verse, which will tend to discourage every reader,—unless, like ourselves, knowing what Mr. Mathews has in him,—he is determined to have it out, though he himself is made to toil in the extrication of the object of desire. Our author, in his evident struggle after complete originality, seems to have fallen into the unhappy error of supposing that new conceptions required a new form of speech, new phrases and combinations, and an entirely new rhythm. We should not object so much to this, were it not that in the pursuit of these objects, our author has fallen upon a measure which is truly irksome to an English ear. But let the ears of our readers determine. The subject is not one upon which we care to dwell.

THE REFORMER.

Man of the Future! on the eager headland standing,
 Gazing far off into the outer sea,
 Thine eye, the darkness and the billows rough commanding,
 Beholds a shore, bright as the heaven itself may be;
 Where temples, cities, homes and haunts of men,
 Orchards and fields, spread out in orderly array,
 Invite the yearning soul to thither flee,
 And there to spend in boundless peace its happier day.

By passion and the force of earnest thought,
 Borne up and platformed at a height,
 Where 'gainst thy feet the force of earth and heaven are brought;
 Yet, so into the frame of empire wrought,
 Thou, stout man, can'st not thence be severed,
 Till ruled and rulers, fiends or men, are taught
 And feel the truths by thee delivered.

Seize by its horns the shaggy Past,
 Full of uncleanness; heave with mountain cast,
 Its carcase down the black and wide abyss—

That opens day and night its gulfy precipice,
 By faded empires, projects old and dead,
 Forever in its noisy hunger fed :
 But rush not, therefore, with a brutish blindness
 Against the 'stablished bulwarks of the world ;
 Kind be thyself, although unkindness
 Thy race to ruin dark and suffering long, has hurled.
 For many days of light, and smooth repose,
 'Twixt storm and weathery sadness intervene—
 Thy course is Nature's ; on thy triumph flows,
 Assured, like hers, though noiseless and serene.

Wake not at midnight and proclaim the day,
 When lightning only flashes o'er the way :
 Pauses and starts and strivings towards an end,
 Are not a birth, although a god's birth they portend.
 Be patient therefore like the old broad earth
 That bears the guilty up, and through the night
 Conducts them gently to the dawning light—
 Thy silent hours shall have as great a birth !

Let the reader separate the thoughts and images of this poem from the particular form of verse in which he finds them, and he will agree with us that they are full of a rare force and beauty. The boldness of the images in the third verse,—the force of the epithets,—the terrible liveliness of the picture,—all concur in justifying us in the complaint, that our author had not followed a little more in the paths of established usage, and in giving us a strain as polished as it is picturesque, have enabled us to speak of it in the language of irrepressible and unqualified eulogium ; a language which, however it may gainsay the common notions on the subject, it would always give us, as critics, more real pleasure to employ, than that of fault-finding and denunciation. But our task with the present author is not finished. We propose to give two more specimens from the present volume, as well to justify us in our estimate, as to show to our readers the real merits, spite of numerous defects, of the author under examination. "The Farmer" and "The Merchant," will furnish our next topics. The former opens with a pleasing picture of the life of the farmer,—its security, its independence, entire freedom from tythe, if not taxation,—and the beauties of the natural, in connection with the social and political prospect. The appropriateness of the imagery and objects in the second verse, does not strike us so favorably. The influence of the former upon the commercial parts of the republic, is happily suggested in the third and fourth, and the fifth closes with a sweet picture of the felicity of rural life—its superiority over the stagnating and degraded

condition of "streets and hungry dens," and its closer proximity to "heaven's gate"—illustrating the old line, "God made the country and man makes the town." Some defects of rhyme occur in the last stanza, but these are unimportant, and do not impair the general propriety of the poem, which, without being very striking or original, is agreeable, and appropriately descriptive of the subject.

THE FARMER.

Full master of the liberal soil he treads,
With none to tithe, to crop, to third his beds
Of ripely-glowing fruit or yellow grain—
He knows what freedom is; undulled of pain
Looks on the sun and on the wheat-field looks,
Each glad and golden in the other's view;
Or, on the meadow listening to the sky
That bids its grasses thrive with starry dew.

To him there come in such still places,
Undimmed, majestic and fresh as life,
The elder forms, the antique mighty faces
Which shone in council, stood aloft in strife—
When went the battle, billowy, past;
When high the standard to the sky was raised;
When rushed the horseman with the rushing blast,
And the red sword through shrouded valleys blazed.

When cities rising shake th' Atlantic shore—
Thou mighty Inland, calm with plenteous peace,
Oh temper and assuage the wild uproar,
And bring the sick, vexed masses, balmy ease.
On their red vision like an angel gleam,
And angel-like be heard amid their cries,
Till they are stilled as is the summer's stream,
Majestic and still as summer skies.

When cloud-like whirling through the stormy State,
Fierce Revolutions rush in wild-orbed haste,
On the still highway stay their darkling course,
And soothe with gentle airs their fiery breast;
Slaking the anger of their chariot wheels
In the cool flowings of the mountain brook,
While from the cloud the heavenward prophet casts
His mantle's peace, and shines his better look.

Better to watch the livelong day
The clouds that come and go,
Wearying the heaven they idle through,
And fretting out its everlasting blue—
Than prowl through streets and sleep in hungry dens—
The beast should own, though known and named as men's:
Though sadness on the woods may often lie,
And wither to a waste the meadowy land—
Pure blows the air—and purer shines the sky,
For nearer always to heaven's gate ye stand!

With the poem called "The Merchant," we conclude our extracts, satisfied that our selections have been sufficiently copious and impartial to do ample justice, as well to the claims of the author as to our criticism.

THE MERCHANT.

Who gathers income in the narrow street,
Or, climbing, reaps it from the roughening sea—
His anchor Truth should fix—should fill his flowing sheet,
His weapon, helm and staff, the Truth should be.
Wrought out with lies each rafter of thine house,
Black with the falsehood every thread thou wearest—
A subtle ruin, sudden overthrow,
For all thy household's fortune thou preparest.

Undimmed the man should through the trader shine,
And show the soul unlabel'd by his craft:
Slight duties may not lessen but adorn,—
The cedar's berries round the cedar's shaft.
The pettiest act will lift the doer up,
The mightiest cast him swift and headlong down;
If one forget the spirit of his deed,
The other wears it as a living crown.

A grace, be sure, in all true duty dwells;
Humble or high, you always know it thus,
For beautiful in act, the foregone thought
Confirms its truth though seeming-ominous.
*Pure hands and just, may therefore well be laid
On duties daily as the air we breathe;
And Heaven, amid the thorns of harshest Trade,
The laurel of its gentlest love may wreath.*

The morals of this poem, and the verse, are almost equally unobjectionable. In these days of bankruptcies and swindling,—of gambling, not so odious, perhaps, but far more evil than that of the faro-table, as it wears a more specious face, and presumes under a less offensive name,—it is proper that poets and parsons should equally address themselves to the matter of reform,—and, it is unhappily to the world of trade, that most of the immorality of modern times are fairly attributable. Our author does not too forcibly depict the evil results, as well as the crime, of that sort of practice, which too frequently, in our experience and time, has rendered lying a very venial offence, provided it is followed by success. To lie with profit, was not so much a falsehood as an ingenuity, and entitled the practitioner to the claim and name of clever fellow. Happily, if the signs of the times are not to be mistaken, "nous avons changé tout cela." The reformer is abroad. The besom is in his hands, and he will purge

the floor of this state without waiting the slow co-operation of any voluntary system. The last verse of this poem, which enforces the beauty as well as the necessity of doing right is very happily expressed,—and the tradesman may find a very encouraging moral, as well as motto, in the concluding quatrain. We are not satisfied with the excess in the third line of the first verse,—but in poetry which embodies thought, occasional departures from the standard by which the verses has been constructed may be tolerated if not approved. It is enough that we suggest our objections.

Our limits do not allow us to make further extracts from this volume, nor indeed, is this necessary. The specimens given, with our comments upon them, will amply suffice to enable our readers to form a very correct judgment upon the merits of Mr. Mathews as a poet. In our examination of his verses, we have stated our objections freely, for the simple reason that his merits are of a kind to enable him to bear with censure—nay, to make it necessary that we should declare it in very plain language. These objections, as the reader will have seen, refer almost wholly to the roughnesses of our author's verse—roughnesses which we believe to arise, not so much from his insensibility or indifference to the necessary music of rhythm, but simply to some notion, which has persuaded him that verses meant for the people, should carry with them a disregard to those minor advantages of dress, which are yet so much insisted upon by the more aristocratic kinds of poets. We think this is a great error, since we conceive, at the outset, that the properties of verse, are not popular—that poetry is not to be made a thing of common-place, and to address it to the ordinary purposes of life, is to invade the more useful business of prose. Poetry, which is one of the more elevated of the Fine Arts, requires, for popular appreciation, a long apprenticeship to propriety—requires the exercise of the nicest sensibilities, the keenest feelings, the most generous delicacies. To adopt it to those whose sensibilities are untrained, whose feelings are coarse and violent, who are rude and presuming and indelicate, is to deprive it entirely of the characteristics which constitute it poetry—involving a contradiction in propriety as in terms. Mr. Mathews has not done this, we grant. His poetry is of a kind to task the thinking and the regards of the highest, the best educated in the land. It will not be read by the Masses. Of this he may be very sure. That it will be

read—as all poetry is read—by the elect, the sacred few,—alone—is a circumstance, however, not calculated to endanger its popularity. They will give it their sanction. They will utter their approval in language, which, though it may be like our own, somewhat qualified by censure, will yet be as decided. In truth, regarding Mr. Mathews as one of the most promising of the rising generation of American authors, we are very far from being satisfied with this work, whatever its claims, as an adequate exponent of his resources. These we are pleased to think, from a partial perusal of his writings now issuing in monthly numbers from the press,—will place him very high on the list of names by which the future literary reputation of the country is to be maintained. The completion of the serial publication of his writings, will enable us, more at large, to enter upon an analysis of his peculiar characteristics as an author.

ART. III.—*Report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs.* Pub. Doc. No. 2, pp. 370–528. Dec. 7th, 1842.
Washington : Printed by Gales & Seaton.

THE papers accompanying the Message of the President, at the opening of the twenty-seventh Congress, and which are contained in No. 2, of the Public Documents of last session, are full of interest and instruction. The Message itself, the Treaty of Washington, and the able correspondence relating thereto, the Reports from the several Departments of the Executive, the meditated changes in the Post Office, with the communications of Gen. Duff Green, are all worthy of minute attention. But the time for examining many of these points has passed by, though it is by no means too late to consider so much of these Documents as has reference to Indian Affairs, and the condition of the Indian tribes. To this, then, we purpose confining ourselves for the present. This one subject will, however, furnish ample materials for reflection, and these materials will be found to be of the most interesting kind. For there are very few subjects, at this moment, prominently before the world, of more lasting importance, or more deep and melancholy interest, than the relation between the past fortunes, the present condition, and

the probable destinies of that portion of the North American Indians, resident within the limits or under the jurisdiction of the United States. The day is indeed over, when we could be led to impute to the Red Man of the Western Forest all those high and ennobling qualities with which he was invested by the vague but brilliant colors of the romancer, or the still more deceptive exaggerations of the traveller's pen. The Indian is no model of perfection,—no earthly embodiment of an ideal archetype; but neither is he a fit subject for indiscriminate and unmitigated contempt. We recognize in him those virtues and those vices which are incident to his wild and savage life. The necessities of his condition produce all that we admire in his character, but to the same necessities must also be attributed the origin of much that we condemn. Under either phase he is purely the child of circumstance. It is invariably the case that savage tribes are involved in frequent wars with each other; hence courage becomes a requisite of their condition, and the sole guarantee of their continued existence. The creed of the Indian, accordingly, inculcates the contempt of death, and renders that contempt natural by making death, at the hand of his enemies, a certain passport to the eternal fruition, in a brighter clime, of all that he deemed most pleasing upon earth. Every people that lives by the sword, is compelled to lay aside all regard for life,—the Spartans, the Turks, the Tartars, the Assassins, the Saxons, the Northmen, have all done it: and it has been done, in all cases, through the instrumentality of the same principle. What the Elysian Fields were to the heroes of elder Greece, what the Houris of the Mahometan Paradise were to the voluptuous Mussulman, what the Halls of Odin were to the blood-thirsty Scandinavian, the same, to the dying Indian, are the hunting grounds beyond the grave, where the shades of his father's rejoice in the mimicry of their former lives. The same peculiarities of situation produced the same results, which they had already produced among the Greeks, the Saracens, and the Scythian hordes. And, in a like manner, may we account for the other properties of the Indian. His fortitude, is the fruit of continual obedience to a national code of honor, growing out of continual fights, in which no quarter is given on either side. He spares not his own victim, he expects not to be spared himself,—he tortures his captive, he feels disgrace if the utmost tortures are not inflicted upon himself, when

brought to the stake. His patience, his indefatigable perseverance, his ingenuity, are to be attributed to the constant exercise of those qualities in the chase; for the sustenance and the honor of himself and his family depend upon their successful exertion. Hence, also, his endurance of fatigue, of hunger and of thirst; to these, the uncertainties of the forest life accustom him; and hence, too, the remarkable and unerring instinct which guide his footsteps through the wilderness, with the precision of the compass. But, from these same causes, spring his vices. The contempt of death, which he entertains himself, renders him wholly regardless of the lives of others; the fortitude, which he manifests as a sufferer, begets ferocity, cruelty, and a fiendish delight in the agonies of his victims; his sagacity leads him to deception, to cunning, and to treachery; and his activity abroad, is more than balanced by his sluggish indolence at home. Throughout, we perceive how circumstances have been the cause of the mingled good and evil of his disposition. And yet, notwithstanding this strange admixture of indomitable perseverance and of hopeless indolence,—of manly fortitude and continual deceit,—of noble generosity and implacable revenge, the brilliancy of our earlier conceptions still throws a golden mist over his character. And when we recall to mind, that little more than three centuries ago, his empire was absolute and undisputed over all this vast continent, that he has been compelled to yield, foot by foot, and acre by acre of the wide heritage of his ancestors, to the encroaching tide of civilization, we feel inclined, by the common sympathies of our nature, to take a peculiar interest in his fate. And if, from some few, even the remembrance of the old spell have departed, we trust that they cannot be so far influenced by feelings of past or present hostility, of fear or of revenge, as to deny to the poor Indian that degree of commiseration to which his disasters so well entitle him. If the war in Florida was terminated but yesterday,—if the devastations and massacres, committed by the Seminoles, be still fresh in our memories,—if the tomahawk and the scalping knife of the savage be still flashing before our eyes,—if the terrible warwhoop of the assailants, and the piercing shrieks of their victims, be still echoing in our ears, let us remember, that what we now call barbarity might seem even heroisms, were we ourselves placed in circumstances similar to those of the Indian. We do not defend the acts of the Seminoles;

they were the deeds of wild and undisciplined savages ; we do not blame the conduct of the General Government towards them ;* after discontent had once been excited, the only alternative was extirpation or removal. But, if we approve the latter, we ought to feel pity for the former. And, indeed, all that the Indians did, and all that we, as civilized beings, consider ourselves bound to condemn, was in strict accordance with their own untutored habits, and seemed to them, not only justifiable, but commendable, in defence of a country endeared to them by long possession, by legends of past glory, by habit, by old associations, by the recollections of their youth, by the pleasures and the pride of their manhood, and by the graves of their fathers. The remembrance of these things should ensure for the Indian a partial hearing, and a kind consideration, at all times.

But it is with no intention of fighting his battles o'er again, or dwelling upon the poetic phases of the Red Man's life and character, that we have now taken up the subject of Indian Affairs. We are not insensible to the pleasure to be derived from these, but any gratification to be anticipated from such inquiries must be to our minds a subordinate one, at a time when the question of his fate and permanence is so uncertain as at present. When the very being of the Indian tribes is at stake, there are higher feelings and more urgent considerations than those of amusement. And yet it has not escaped our notice that the present is, perhaps, the most favorable time for making those researches into their history, their manners, and their languages, which at a future day will prove of the highest interest to the nation or nations which may then be established within our borders. What the CEnotrians, the Volseians, and the Etruscans were to the Roman nation, will be in a greater or less degree the Hurons, the Algonquins, and the hundred other Indian Tribes to the possessors of this country at a later day. But the points which now demand our attention are the existence and destiny of the Indian ; and these have become questions of most serious interest. For whatever may have been his fortunes and his past career, whatever his follies, his excesses, or his crimes, he has now been forced by a conjuncture of circumstances to throw himself and his fate into the hands of the Federal Government. At such a time, the

* We are speaking of the general conduct of the Government, not of all its acts,—for its treatment of Osceola admits of no palliation.

true philanthropist will inquire how the trust may be best fulfilled, and will leave more brilliant pictures, and more pleasing researches to others, while he devotes himself to that serious and faithful investigation, which may affect the welfare of thousands. A fearful responsibility has been voluntarily incurred by the American people. The last refuge of the Indian is placed in those whom he has been accustomed to distrust, and for the most part to regard as his enemies; they have accepted or rather compelled this trust; and his future fate, for weal or for woe, is left to their decision. A peculiar race, once countless as the streams of their own proud continent, have dwindled away with each successive year, until the scattered remnants are collected into new and strange abodes, and tens are scarcely found of those who numbered thousands before. Several tribes among them have been utterly destroyed; their place knows them no more; the recollection of them may soon fade entirely away; and the only attestation of their former existence may be the Indian name of some broad river, round which their wigwams had clustered of old. The Tribes that remain have, in their downward career, been thrown into the arms of the American people, from whom they demand their destinies. To check decline, to raise the fallen, to infuse new life into effete nations, to mould them into other and higher forms of society, to diffuse civilization among savages, and foster the developement of their resources, to extend protection to the weak, and consult for the happiness of their multitudes—all this is the Federal Government bound by the situation of its dependents to attempt; and noble will be the triumph and great the reward, both of profit and of praise, should the effort be honestly made and be crowned success. But if it should fail, and fail by the criminal indifference of that power which had assumed the office of guardian, no censure could be sufficiently indignant, no condemnation sufficiently strong, to stigmatize the guilt and corruption which had thus recklessly and treacherously trifled with the existence of thousands, and thus basely sacrificed the interests of the world. But if, on the contrary, as we fear must be the case, every endeavor should be found utterly futile to transmute the savage into the civilized man, or to stop the progress of decay, there remains for the Red Man nothing but the submission of despair, and

for those who have felt interested in his lot, only vain regrets and a lasting gratitude towards those who have striven worthily and conscientiously to execute the high trusts reposed in them. Thus, the inquiry is one of much real importance as well as of deep interest, to examine into the course of conduct pursued toward the Indians by the government, into its policy and its kindness, and to determine what is the probability of success attending the efforts which have been made and may be made in their behalf.

The materials for prosecuting these investigations are most abundant. We have been assured by a late member of Congress, who took the trouble of examining, that the collection of papers relative to Indian affairs, preserved in the office of the War Department at Washington, is singularly extensive. There is, however, amply sufficient for the purposes of our present inquiry in the able Report of Mr. Crawford, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and in the highly instructive reports of the several agents, sub-agents, missionaries, etc., annexed to it. But, as these papers are of very different degrees of merit and trustworthiness, we shall distinguish between our authorities, and decide upon their respective values, before proceeding to the discussion of our main topics.

We have seldom met with a more attractive public document than Mr. Crawford's Report. It is luminous, instructive and agreeable. It gives evidence of signal ability, a diligent attention to the duties imposed upon him by his office, an anxiety to discharge properly his important functions, and a familiar acquaintance with the details of the department over which he presides. Every paragraph manifests how deeply the writer feels the responsibility of his situation, and displays a warm interest in those placed under his superintendence, with an earnest desire to be instrumental in their amelioration. He does not regard his post merely as a source of revenue, with a certain routine of dull official duties to be mechanically performed, as the condition of his tenure, but observing how much is entrusted to his care, and how much the welfare of the Indians is dependent upon a conscientious and intelligent supervision of their affairs, he endeavors to turn to their benefit the many opportunities afforded by his high station. His statements are those of an honest and philanthropic man, and as such to be relied on; his views are clear and comprehensive, and, as he is also

intimately acquainted with Indian character, they are entitled to much weight, though to us he appears to entertain too high an opinion of the capabilities of the savage, and to be too sanguine of their ultimate, and even speedy civilization. The next in merit and importance are the several communications of Col. Wm. Armstrong, Acting Superintendent of Indian Affairs in the Western Territory, and John Chambers, Governor of the Iowa Territory. Much information is also afforded by the valuable Reports of Gov. Pierce M. Butler, Major D. D. Mitchell, Amos J. Bruce, D. P. Bushnell, and the Rev. D. Lowry. The other papers either contain only views which have been more forcibly and lucidly expressed by one or more of the above gentlemen, or are by writers of very inferior judgment. Some of them, indeed, display so much vanity and ridiculous ostentation, as not to be worthy of the slightest dependence on them; some of them so much cant, that they may well be suspected of distortion and wilful misrepresentation; while others, again, manifest clearly that their writers have accepted their offices solely with a view to the emoluments, and without the slightest apprehension of the importance of the duties to be discharged. Among this latter class, Mr. James Olmstead and Mr. Jos. Dance, farmer, deserve particular mention, whose Reports, if Reports they can be called, will be found at pp. 495 and 403. In not a few instances, the writers seem wholly to have forgotten the purposes for which they have been sent out, and deceive themselves into the supposition that the world is anxious to hear about them, while it regards them merely as the means of obtaining information about the Indians. Of this class, the Rev. Alexander Avery and John T. W. Lewis are favorable specimens. Such are the sources of information with which, for the present, we content ourselves.*

It is with much gratification that we infer from these documents the earnestness and sincerity which are now dictating the measures of the Federal Government toward the

* In alluding to the various Reports which are collected together, on the subject of Indian Affairs, we cannot refrain from noticing the high character, general intelligence, energetic disposition, and hearty good-will, towards the Indians, which distinguish all the principal officers connected with their superintendence. Our estimation of them is, of course, founded only on their Reports, but these bear strong testimony to the possession, by the writers, of all these qualities. It is truly pleasing to peruse public papers, written in the spirit which illumines the Reports of Mr. Crawford, Gov. Chambers and Maj. Mitchell.

Indians. We had always regarded the removal or extirpation of the Indians within the settled portions of the country, as equally essential to the well-being of the white man and the red ; but we had supposed much less scrupulousness in the accomplishment of this object, and much greater inattention to the comforts of the Indian, than perhaps any facts within our knowledge would have justified. It is with pleasure that we have rectified our erroneous impressions from these papers, and that we now express our belief that the government of the United States is well and truly performing, to the best of its ability, the high and solemn contract implied in its peculiar relation to the Indian tribes. It is not within our present scope to examine into the Indian wars and treaties ; these belong to the past,—but of the present, we would say, that, so far as we are enabled to judge, there may be error, there may be indiscretion, but there is neither injustice nor wilful negligence. Nay, more, all prudent and feasible measures seem to have been adopted to advance the permanent interests and secure the welfare of the Indian tribes. There has evidently been, of late, as much tenderness and parental care, as circumstances would allow, manifested in the control exercised over them. The spirit in which this care has been extended, may be learnt from the Instructions of the war department, bearing date Nov. 25, 1841, and intended to put down the shameful traffic with Indians in spirituous liquors. In the distribution of the annuities, and the location of the tribes, the same kindness and caution have been exhibited, and the hardships or failures which may have at times ensued, must be attributed to the numerous difficulties incident to the management of their affairs, and to no backwardness on the part of the government. If it be shown, as doubtless it may be, how little that is satisfactory has as yet been accomplished, there are other and better modes of accounting for the fact, than referring its cause to ignorance, incapacity or dishonesty, although such unfounded suspicions may be the most available for the purposes of declamation.

In alluding to the treatment which the Indians have received from the government, our attention is necessarily drawn to the frequent purchases of their lands, at prices which would seem wholly inadequate to their value in the hands of a white owner. If advantage be taken of the circumstances of vendors, and their property wrested from

them at a merely nominal compensation, this would be presumption of fraud in our own Courts of Equity, and would invalidate the sale in the Courts of France. The principle is not changed, when nations take the place of individuals: it would still be the most iniquitous swindling. But if, on the contrary, the Indian has been, and is, paid for his possession more than his right of property is worth, and more than any one would give for a like occupancy, however small may be the sum given, this would not only be just, but might be even a manifestation of very proper generosity. We conceive that, throughout, the government of the United States has occupied the latter position in its dealings with the Indian tribes, and though the reasons for our opinion may not be very obvious, they are to our mind conclusive. Much space will not be requisite for their exposition.

The doctrine was laid down by Locke, that all right of property arises from the mixing of human labor with materials comparatively valueless before.* This position has been acceded to by most subsequent writers on the subject. To make the maxim complete and universal, it should be further added, that property in a thing may legitimately exist, where there is a prospective likelihood of such admixture of human labor with the thing held, on the part of the possessor.† But, in the complex state of society, the rights of the owner are suffered to descend to his posterity, in whose place his assigns are allowed to stand. In this instance, they may very well do so, as the requisite labor can be supplied by them. But, both in the descent and in the transfer, the value of the property transmitted will depend upon the probability of its being worked upon. If there was a certainty that it would never be made available, the value would be nothing—though some remuneration might be given to ensure the peaceable possession of a new party. If the chance of its being worked upon was only small, the value would be small also. If the owner meditated immediate use of it, it would be worth more to him, and should consequently claim a higher price

* Of Civil Government, B. II. c. v. §. 27.

† We might add here, that property may legitimately exist in that which may be essential to the enjoyment of a thing, with which human labor has already been mixed, provided that this right of property does not conflict with a better, prior right. In this case, it may be considered as an appendage to that on which human labor has been employed. There is not room, however, either in the text of the present article, or in the notes, fully to elucidate the several questions springing out of the general proposition.

from any purchaser. Apply this reasoning to nations, for all property may be held to be national before it becomes individual, or, at least, the individual right must be supposed to rest on a prior national one;* then, a nation will be legitimately entitled to the free use and exclusive enjoyment of any lands, not previously claimed, which it has a prospect at some future time of cultivating, or profitably employing, and of which it has obtained peaceable and undisputed possession. If it have no such prospect of mixing human labor with it, it has no absolute right in it. The dog that would neither eat himself nor let others eat, may be often seen

* This sentiment requires explanation, but that explanation must be confined to a note, and, within such limits, can be represented only in a very imperfect manner. It is merely the expression of the Aristotelic dogma, under a different and less comprehensive form. "The state," says Aristotle, "is naturally prior to the family or the individual." *πρότερον δὲ τῆ φύσεως πόλις ἢ οἰκία καὶ ἑκαστος.*) To establish this, in its general form, would require a long and metaphysical discussion. It has been quoted and alluded to by every writer who has had a cognizance of its existence, and an opportunity to refer to it, without much regard to whether he had ever himself seen it or not. The consequence is, that it has been almost as often misunderstood as quoted,—for frequently the persons who have employed it had never seen it in the original, nor, if they had seen it, would they have comprehended it. We quote it here ourselves, less for the purpose of sustaining our own position, than of cautioning readers against the numerous abuses which have been made of it. Aristotle's assertion is merely an inference from the scholastic principle, that "the whole is necessarily prior to its parts," and is distinctly so stated in his own explanatory words, *(τὸ γὰρ ὅλον πρότερον ἀναγκάσιον εἶναι τοῦ μέρους.* Aristot. I. Pol. c. II.) That is to say, prior in idea, not necessarily prior in existence. (For an illustration of this position, see Coleridge's Friend, Sect. II. Ess. X.)

But to turn from the metaphysical grounds, on which we had no intention of dwelling, and to turn to the practice of men and nations, in which the doctrine is recognized, and by which it is supported. When a strange country, an unknown island for instance, is discovered for the first time, in whose name does the discoverer take possession of it? In his own name, or in that of his king, queen, prince or country? Surely in the name of the latter. When you turn to the uncivilized, and comparatively unoccupied regions of the earth, to whom do they belong? To individuals, or to nations? Certainly to the latter. Who regulates the law of the transfer of lands, the conditions under which they are held, the limitations under which they may be demised? The individual owner, or the state? It is still the latter. And this could not be the case unless the state had a right of property, prior in idea, to himself and those under whom he holds. So we might go on multiplying instances, if it were necessary. But we have not space sufficient for complete proof, and the above is sufficient for elucidation.

We would ask those who may be still unconvinced, to consider the story of the Soissons Vase, the division of the spoil among the Greeks before Troy. Hom. II. I. The Roman doctrine of the emanation of the right of property from the state. Niebuhr. Rom. Hist. I. p. 228 and 276., and the change of the Saxon tenures into the feudal, under William the Conqueror, or, indeed, the whole doctrine of feuds.

enacted by nations; but it is only on the principle of might makes right, and is wholly at variance with the fundamental doctrine of property.

In laying down this principle much has been left unexplained from want of room; there are many views which might seem to militate against it, and which would demand elucidation in a professed treatise on Political Economy. But, at present, we are obliged to forego any further remarks upon the doctrine; we are not very attentive to the harmony of composition, but it is necessary to preserve some proportion between the collateral and the main topics. Hence, we have not alluded to those cases in which land is purchased and held with a view, not to culture, but to speculation. That property of this kind is legitimate, is recognized by the ordinary proceedings of men, and it may be philosophically maintained, because it is founded upon the probability, amounting almost to certainty, of human labor being mixed with it, and upon a knowledge of the transactions and the tendencies of men in society. In like manner, other difficulties might be explained, which we are compelled by our limits to pass by.

Under the principle laid down above, the Indian right of property is very weak; they have lawful possession, as against Europeans and those of European origin. Yet, as they obtained their title by conquest, we might claim by the same right as theirs; it is only applying the rule, "he who lives by the sword shall die by the sword."* But, let us concede that their present possession is perfectly legitimate; they have but little more on which to build their title. Except in a few scattered spots, they have not cultivated the ground; they have not mixed their labor with the soil; it has not been rendered fit for the purposes of human society by the sweat of their brows. Indeed, where they have cultivated most, it has been with no prospect or intention of permanent improvement. Like the ancient Germans,† it has been merely a tenure by occupation, terminating with each harvest. They are here to-day, there to-morrow,—there is neither descent nor alienation of lands among them. By the tacit confession

* That the present Indian tribes were not the aboriginal inhabitants of the country, but obtained it by conquest, see Dr. W. C. Taylor's *Nat. Hist. Soc.* vol. I. c. 11. and particularly p. 222. This is a very weak work, but it is a valuable repertory of facts.

† "*Arva per annos mutant, et superest ager.*" Tac. *Germ.* c. 26. The same was the case with the lesser nations of Africa. Herder. *Phil. Hist.* B. VIII. c. 3. p. 207. Ed. 1800. 4to.

of their own acts, they consider their title as merely a temporary one. There can be, therefore, no individual right to exclusive and continued possession among them.

Is the case more strongly in their favor if they are considered, in the aggregate, as a nation? It certainly is; but still their title remains a very weak one, and, to elucidate this point, we will suppose a case. A tribe of one hundred Indians claims a territory of ten miles square,—this is a low calculation; the Shawnees, even in the settlements to which they have been removed, have two hundred and ninety square miles for every hundred inhabitants, and the Kickapoos three hundred and forty.* In the ten miles square, which the supposed tribe possesses, there will be a hundred square miles, or sixty-four thousand acres, of which it is not probable that ten have ever been cultivated. But let ten acres have been cultivated by them,—in this they have an absolute and incontestible right, both of possession and of property, provided they do nothing indicative of any intention to resign their vantage ground. But here, as everywhere else, the rule of Sallust applies, "*Imperium (dominium) facile his artibus retinetur, quibus initio partum est.*" If the habits of the tribe remain the same, it is not probable that they will cultivate more than a hundred acres in the course of a century. Yet, make the supposition. The tribe, then, has mixed its labor with ten acres, in these it has an absolute and perfect property: there is a prospect of its mixing its labor with a hundred acres, in the course of a like number of years, in these it has an absolute and undoubted right of undisturbed possession, and an exclusive, though only inchoate right of property. But, in the remaining sixty-three thousand nine hundred acres, they would have nothing more than the right of present possession, if their existence was limited to one century. If, then, we extend our calculations to a longer period, we may make the hypothesis that in time one thousand acres would receive from the hands of the tribe a portion of human labor. As there is now a presumption of their making use of so much of the land, their title to present undisturbed possession of it is undeniable. But there still remains sixty-three thousand acres to which they have a very doubtful and imperfect right, arising from occupancy alone, and founded in the policy of nations, not the laws of nature. To say that

* Report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, &c. p. 383, and Report of Richard W. Cummins, pp. 427-428.

the Indians have acquired any property in these, by using them as a hunting ground, would be almost as unreasonable as to say, that the wild beast is entitled to the exclusive possession of the forest he has prowled over, or the bird to the prairie over which it has flown.

In the purchase of these sixty-three thousand, the elements to be regarded are, firstly, a premium for peaceable possession; secondly, the value of the Indian claim, by occupancy, which is a very slight one; and, thirdly, the value of the game of which the tribe would be deprived, calculated as for the present worth of an annuity. Now, the value of the game will be exceedingly trifling, as they have no exclusive right to it, unless their title to the lands by occupancy would debar others from coming within their limits. Yet, the property in game is so exceedingly weak, that, in most civilized countries, where all other things have a known owner, it is left wholly unrecognized by the laws. However, as the game is of more value to the Indian, than it can be to one habituated to depend for his support on the increase of cattle and the produce of the earth, we must allow a somewhat higher value to it in the former case. Yet, so much only is to be paid for as they might reasonably expect to kill for use; all the beasts and birds within the range of their territory are not to be purchased, but merely the uncertain chance of their being killed by Indian arrows. Moreover, the price to be paid is the value of the game anterior to any exertions made for its acquisition. When all these things are connected together, it will appear that this third item cannot be worth any large amount, although it is probably the most important of the three. But, taken altogether, the three elements of the calculation specified above will demand a very small sum to satisfy any just appraisal of them.

But, as the Indian, by a purchase of this nature, would be compelled to change his mode of life, we must conceive the probability of his becoming civilized, before we apply the principles laid down above. A new element is, therefore, at this stage of our calculations, to be taken notice of, and, notwithstanding his right to the land, or the greater portion of it be so limited, we must take care that enough be left him to live comfortably, not luxuriously upon, as a civilized tiller of the soil. In determining this proportion many things would have to be considered, which it would

be tedious to discuss now ; but, we may say, in accordance with our late hypothesis, that, perhaps, it would be just to leave at least one hundred acres to each member of the tribe, or not to deprive them of more than fifty-four thousand or fifty thousand acres. And this, because there are two questions involved in our proceeding, viz. what is the right of the Indian ? and, what is our duty towards him ?

In reasoning, as we have done above, that the right, which the Indians have in the lands they occupied at the coming of the white men, is not a complete and permanent one, let us not be supposed insensible to the condition to which they may be reduced, by a rigid enforcement of our principles, nor as arguing in support of any thing which is in itself a great hardship. Even under our calculation, which is, as we have said, a very low one, ten thousand acres would be left to the tribe, a hundred of which, properly cultivated, would be more than sufficient to support the present race, and would be enough to maintain the next generation. For it is proved, in England and Holland, that one acre is quite enough for a family. A small compensation, then, to the Indians, for their remaining acres, would sustain them till they might become habituated to their new mode of life, or would, at any rate, allow time for it. Therefore, one thousand dollars, or two cents per acre, might be a liberal purchase. We have already shown, how small, in reality, is the claim which the Indian is legitimately entitled to sell.* The only point requisite to be determined is, that the uncivilized occupants be not rashly compelled to change their habits, nor deprived of those lands, to which they have only an imperfect title, wantonly, or out of mere caprice ; but that it be done, solely with the certainty that the interests of the hu-

* In the case which we have supposed, as the basis of our calculations, we have purposely selected the lowest possible estimate. The Federal Government has never yet, in its dealings with the Indians, reduced them within as narrow limits as the present. The lands left to the Shawnees are, as we have mentioned above, at the rate of two hundred and ninety square miles, or 185,600 acres, to every hundred inhabitants, and, in addition to this, an investment in their favor of \$4,000 for the same number, besides an appropriation of \$7,280, for the benefit of the whole tribe, in one year. The Winnebagoes have an investment, for their benefit, of \$1,100,000, or \$2,500 for each century of their tribe. We have not the means of determining how much land has been purchased from them, or how much has been still allowed them. But it will be evident, from these instances, that the calculation which we have made in the text, must be taken, not as an illustration of the conduct of the Government, but as a strict elucidation of the principles laid down.

man race will thus be advanced, by extending civilization, and providing for the necessities of a greater number of individuals. The Indian claim by occupancy is good, as against such as would make no further use of the land than themselves; as against civilized races, designing to cultivate it, and likely, in a very short time, to effect their intention, it is very slight, and ought not to be regarded further than our reasoning would suggest.

This may seem a hard judgment; true it is, that the results may prove it to be a melancholy one; but yet, to us, it seems just, however much we may find occasion to regret its truth. If the Indians do suffer from the relations in which they stand to the civilized races of the earth, and their numbers rapidly diminish with the lands they are deprived of, while their greatness and their glory are alike upon the wane, we may pity the vessel of clay, but must recognize the operation of a universal law of nature. The wild flowers vanish from our fields, and the weeds are plucked up from our gardens, as cultivation improves: but, in their place, we get a better growth. Foxes, and bears, and wolves, and all wilder animals, even those which are of gentle nature, are gradually extirpated, while those capable of being tamed are carefully housed and preserved, and all means taken to increase their numbers. And the consequences of this law are beneficial; the flowers of the garden are more beautiful, fragrant and useful than those of the field; they may not be equally tempting to the botanist, but they are more serviceable to mankind. Our best grains, and our best fruits are purely artificial, being such an improvement upon the wild state, that, in many instances, their originals are not recognized. For all the beasts of the forest that we lose, we gain more than an equivalent, in the increase of those of a domestic nature. And though the analogy is not so strict between these things and savage tribes, as to authorize the wanton extirpation of the latter, yet, when the permanent interests of civilized nations conflict with the merely present interests of the Indians, the latter are not to be permitted to obstruct the extension of the former, when no question of moral propriety is involved. It is for the welfare of mankind that all the world should become civilized; this is absolutely necessary, to support the rapidly increasing population of the earth; hence, the Indians must either submit to change their mode of life, or must give place to more important races.

By narrowing their territories, they are themselves put in a better condition for civilization: in the only condition, indeed, in which civilization can be possible for them. Their wide and unprofitable wildernesses tend only to produce a useless, indolent and roving life. The tribe of one hundred men is much more likely to become civilized when confined within straiter limits, than when roaming with all their wild license and unrestrained habits over 64,000 acres. Therefore, the purchase of Indian lands is so far from being an act of injustice, because the price given would be only nominal if offered to a white owner, that it may be even generous towards their savage possessors, and may tend materially to the permanent advantage of the latter, as well as to the general interests of mankind.

Let us now abandon altogether the case supposed; the North-American Indians, in their Western abodes, possess more territory than the sixty-four thousand acres which we assigned to the hundred Indians of one tribe. They have land enough for their present sustenance and their future development, if they become civilized, while their territory is still sufficiently extensive to suffer them to wean themselves gradually from their former habits; and the sums allowed by government for the lands which have been taken from them, will contribute largely to their support, during such time as may be supposed long enough for the change to be effectuated. If, in this time, they cannot alter their condition and live as civilized men, they must pay the penalty entailed upon them by their nature, and must give way to other races. Every thing that justice and honesty required has been done for them, and if they are incapable of transmutation, the earthen vessel must necessarily be broken when it clashes against the vessel of iron. This is the general law of humanity; and under this law has the world been peopled, and civilization carried forward.

We have, therefore, no fault to find with the Federal Government, for their conduct towards the Indian tribes in the purchase of their lands. It is not extortion, it is not oppression, it is not injustice. It was designed for the interests of both parties, and with a correct appreciation of the claims and rights of both. If more disaster has apparently flowed from it than good, which, however, we think doubtful, we must not suffer idle and unreflecting sympathies to blind our reason, but, instead of a vain and sweeping censure of the

past, springing out of ignorance or obstinacy, we should endeavor to effect the improvement of the system, and to ensure the amelioration of the Indians themselves. But it is much easier and more consonant to a lazy disposition to find fault, than to suggest or to carry into effective operation the means for the accomplishment of a good end. The causes of failure, whether this failure is likely to be partial or total, lie much deeper than such reprehension supposes; if our own opinions be correct, they are, indeed, ineradicable, for we conceive them to exist in the nature of the Indian.

We have dwelt long upon this point, because it is an important one, and has not hitherto been fully vindicated, so far as we are aware; yet it is one of the ordinary points of assault, whenever the relations between the Federal Government and the Indian tribes are spoken of. And there are, perhaps, but few instances, in which so much unfounded and spurious philanthropy has been wasted, or in which so much empty declamation and inflated philosophy have been used, as in the present. Moreover, when about to speak of the actual condition and prospective fate of the Indians, it seemed appropriate to inquire into the justice of those measures, by which they have been compelled to abandon their ancestral forests, and to remove to their present settlements; to renounce the life of the hunter, and adopt, in a greater or less degree, that of the husbandman. We proceed, then, to examine what their condition is, and what may be anticipated from the efforts of the government for their comfort and improvement.

By the purchase of Indian lands, and the removal of Indian tribes, nearly all that remain of this once widely extended people are to be found in the Western territories. In these new abodes, their situation is materially changed from what it was wont to be at the time when their hunting grounds extended from the rocks of Labrador to the shores of the Pacific. Their numbers are lamentably diminished; the census of the Indians west of the Mississippi, and between that river and the Rocky Mountains, represents them to be under 280,000.* Among the largest of these tribes, are the Sioux, 25,000; the Camanches, 19,200; the Pagans, 30,000; the Appachees, 20,280; and the Eutaws, 19,200,—all of them classed by Mr. Crawford, in his Tabular Statement,

* For these statements, see Tabular View, etc., pp. 363-5.

among the indigenous inhabitants of the West. Among those which have been removed thither, the most numerous are, the Cherokees, 26,911; the Creeks, 25,338; and the Choctaws, 18,500. After these, the largest tribe of transplanted Indians is that of the Chickasaws, 5,010. The numbers of the rest are for the most part small, ranging from 175 to something over 3,000. In addition to the scantiness of their numbers, we perceive the melancholy truth that many of the tribes, especially the smaller ones, are diminishing in their strange abodes; and, indeed, the reports of most of the agents lead us to expect, that this is likely to be generally the case among them. We wish we could believe otherwise, but we very much fear that the evidence of its probability will be but too convincing. We shall have occasion to investigate this point, when we speak of the apparent destinies of the Indians.

Of the several tribes, the highest place must be assigned to "the Cherokees, Choctaws, Chickasaws, Creeks, Seminoles, Osages, Quapaws, Senecas and Shawnees, constituting as they do," says Col. Wm. Armstrong, "not only the most numerous and warlike, but at the same time the most intelligent of all our Indian tribes." We are fortunate in having a long and very able Report from Col. Armstrong, on these Indians; and from him we design quoting freely, in giving an account of their condition. Of the Choctaws, he speaks in the following favorable language:

"The Choctaws have long since acquired for themselves, not only from the government of the United States, but from the citizens with whom they have intercourse, a name for honesty and fidelity, at least not surpassed by any of our Indian tribes. They have, by a steady attention to their own business since they emigrated to their present homes, greatly increased in wealth. They have not been unmindful, at the same time, of educating the rising generation; and they have, by these means, added to the general intelligence and standing of the nation. This favorable change is indicated more clearly on Red River, than with that portion of the nation on the Arkansas. *The wealth and intelligence of the nation is confined mainly to the two districts on Red River.*

"The Choctaws may be considered as an agricultural and stock-raising people; farms on Red River will compare with many in the States. They have great advantages over other tribes, as a portion of their country is located in the cotton region. The past year they cultivated this valuable staple to a considerable extent. They have eight or ten cotton gins, and shipped between seven and eight hundred bales of cotton. This year some wealthy Choctaws and Chickasaws, who reside in the immediate vicinity of Fort Towson, have

turned their attention more to planting corn. This change took place in consequence of the low price of cotton, and an additional market for corn at Fort Towson, by the arrival of a portion of the dragoons on the Red River frontier. The corn required by contracts is about twenty thousand bushels, which will be supplied within fifteen or twenty miles of Fort Towson, by Choctaws and Chickasaws. Many of the Choctaws live in comfortable houses; and, with very few exceptions, even the poorer class have good substantial log cabins. They own large stocks of cattle, horses, hogs, and sheep. This constitutes the wealth of those who may be termed the poorer class. It is rare, indeed, to find a family that have not a good supply of stock. The richer class, in addition to stock, own, many of them, a number of slaves; these are engaged generally in cultivating cotton. Heretofore, the Choctaws have been able to find a market for their surplus stock and grain from other emigrants; this they will not be able to do longer, as the emigration of Indians is over. The consequence must be, that the price of stock of all kinds, as well as grain, must be very low. The manufacture of salt is carried on at two points in the Choctaw nation. The works owned by Col. David Folsom, a Choctaw of respectability and energy, are perhaps the most extensive. About twenty bushels a day are manufactured—a supply equal to the demand, which, no doubt, will be increased as the article is wanted."

It must be matter of sincere gratification to every one, to find these Indians making such rapid advances in the West. But, as yet, we have not considered half of these evidences of amelioration among the Choctaws.

They have "four blacksmiths, two of whom are native Choctaws; and all the strikers, or assistants, are youths selected from the nation, who, in a short time, will be able to render essential service." "It is expected, however, that the new school which is soon to go into operation, will be able to furnish the nation with different mechanics, as it is proposed to introduce this system in addition to teaching letters." They have a mill-wright,—at a quiet, orderly village, called Docksville, they have five stores, three of which are owned in part by Choctaws. There is also a resident physician, "a good tavern, blacksmith's shop, wagon-maker and wheel-right," at this village. They have here a church and a temperance society, the requisitions of which seem to have been better attended to than among their white brethren of the United States.

"The Choctaws," proceeds Colonel Armstrong, "are governed by written laws and a constitution: elections are held annually for members to the general council. The nation is divided into four districts, (one being the Chickasaw;) each district elects, by the qualified voters, a Chief, who holds his office for four years, and is eligible for two terms. These chiefs receive a salary from the United States of two hundred and fifty dollars each, per annum, by treaty stipulation. The general council convenes on the first Monday in October, consisting of forty members; a speaker and clerk is elected; the speaker is addressed as is customary in legislative bodies, and the whole bu-

business of the council is conducted with the greatest decorum. Each chief delivers a message in person to the council, recommending such laws as he may deem conducive to the interest of the people.

"As there is but one representative body, all laws that are passed by the council are submitted to the chiefs; if approved, the same becomes a law,—if not, the bill is returned to the council, and if passed by two-thirds becomes a law. The council-house is a large and commodious building, with committee-rooms, also seats for spectators. The building was erected under treaty stipulation. Much interest is manifested by the people on electing councillors, and also when they meet together. They usually remain in session from ten to fifteen days, and are paid a per diem pay of two dollars. Judges are nominated by the chief of the district, and receive a small compensation. Trial by jury is guaranteed in all capital offences. There is no law enforcing the collection of debts.

"From this sketch it will be seen that the Choctaws have materially bettered their condition by an exchange of country. They are fast approximating to our own laws and institutions; they feel a deep interest in the prosperity and success of our people, as well as the perpetuity of our government. They have school funds sufficient to educate a large portion of their people, besides annuities from the United States; and, also, an investment of half a million of dollars, at five per cent., in bonds of the State of Alabama, for the benefit of the whole people. They have other sources of wealth, described in a former part of this Report. Their laws are generally respected, and, when violated, punishment is inflicted. It is very rare that acts of violence take place between themselves. Every individual feels safe in his own property. Travellers pass through the nation with as much safety as they do in any country. I consider the location of the Choctaws as one of the greatest safe-guards and protections to our own citizens, against the wild or less friendly tribes."

We can add nothing to Col. Armstrong's words; the description is as full and complete as we could desire; and, no doubt, it is no less accurate than satisfactory. The Chickasaws inhabit the fourth district of the Choctaw nation; unite with them in their government; partake of all their privileges, and are separated from them only by having their fund managed independently of them. From a variety of causes, they are not at present in as good a condition as the Choctaws, though it is probable that they will soon be on a level with them. The Cherokees are said to be the most intelligent of all the tribes, but their advance has been retarded by feelings of party animosity among themselves. They have a regular government, consisting of a chief and assistant chief, and two houses of representatives. They have judges, sheriffs, clerks, and all the usual officers of the court; "debts are collected in the usual way, by issuing executions. Letters of administration are also granted on estates of deceased

persons in the nation ; and, indeed, all the forms and regulations usually observed in our own States. The Cherokees, in their government, as a people, are in advance of any of their red brethren."

The condition of the Creeks is by no means equal to that of the Choctaws, Chickasaws and Cherokees ; they give strong evidences, however, of prospective improvement, and in the last year made "a surplus of from thirty to forty thousand bushels of corn." They plant rice, which "is said to grow well." But, in all respects, they are inferior to the above-mentioned tribes. They work for the most part "town-fields in common,"—they have only commenced to make laws ; and still live under the government of their chiefs, who dictate the laws to them. The Seminoles are as yet unsettled in the West,—nothing positive can be asserted of them, but there is little encouragement for hope. The Osages still, for the most part, live by the chase, commit thefts on adjacent tribes, and have not as yet commenced the work of improvement. Of these Indians, Col. Armstrong remarks, "To change the habits of a people accustomed to such a life, to make a support for themselves by their own labor, will indeed be difficult." The Senecas, mixed Senecas and Shawnees, and Quapaws, are only small bands, in no promising condition. They must either be swallowed up by the larger nations, or they will be swept away.

So far we have quoted entirely from Col. Armstrong's very satisfactory Report ;* more minute information on the Chickasaws may be obtained from the Report of Col. A. M. M. Upshaw, (29) ; on the Cherokees, from that of Gov. P. M. Butler, (26) ; on the Creeks, from those of James Logan, (27.) and J. L. Dawson, (28) ; on the Osages, from that of R. A. Callaway, (30) ; on the Quapaws, etc., from that of John B. Luce, (31.) Col. Armstrong has given a very fair summary of all of these : it is not, therefore, necessary to make any extracts from them. But, several of these writers, Gov. Butler among the number, write in much less sanguine terms of their condition and probable improvement.

Very favorable accounts are given of the Shawnees, Delawares, Ottawas, and other tribes, but none of them have made as decided progress towards civilization as those specified above. From the statements, however, which we have quoted or referred to, we may augur well of the Indians

* No. 25—pp. 437-446.

that have been mentioned ; but, as yet, we have considered only the bright side of the picture. All the tribes are not in the same pleasing condition. Very different sounds greet us from other quarters. The Chippewas

"Appear to have retrograded rather than advanced, in many particulars. Little of the intermediate country between them and the Sioux, to which they dare resort, is adapted to agriculture, and their support is drawn principally from the chase and fishing—both sufficiently precarious."*

Of the Winnebagoes, the Rev. D. Lowry remarks:

"Scenes of wretchedness, bloodshed and murder, are transpiring so frequently in their drunken frolics, that they have ceased to be objects of wonder and attention. Thirty-nine are known by myself to have perished in this way, within the last year. Sometimes two and three have been stabbed to death during the same night."†

They seem to have rather degenerated than improved, and have devoted, as yet, but little attention to agriculture, or any of the arts of civilized life: although the Report of John Thomas, miller and farmer, would enhance the value of his own services by exaggerating what has been done among them.‡ Of the Sacs and Foxes, Gov. Chambers, of Iowa, observes:

"The farm established for their benefit, near the agency, has been well conducted, and will contribute this year very considerably to their support; but the principal object of its establishment (to show them practically the advantage of cultivating the earth, and induce them to adopt it as a means of supporting themselves,) has totally failed. The lands enclosed for them at their villages, and put in a state for cultivation, have been neglected, or consigned to the hands of white men, on such terms as they have chosen to offer. Their hunts have recently been very unsuccessful, and almost their only means of support have been the annuities paid them by the government, which, their wasteful habits, and the cupidity of the whites, who follow and surround them as soon as they receive their money, and as long as it lasts, render of but very limited advantage to them."§

According to the same Report:

"The Sioux, remote as some of them are from the settlements, find the means of indulging the proneness of the savages to adopt the vices of civilized man in preference to his virtues."

* D. P. Bushnell—No. 14—p. 405.

† No. 15—p. 409. Mr. Lowry's Report is confirmed by that of Governor Chambers.

‡ No. 16—p. 412. These Farmers seek their own interest more than the truth.

§ No. 17—p. 414-15.

"These Indians," says Mr. Amos J. Bruce,* "are already destitute of clothing; many of their children are entirely naked. In this cold climate, any person, even when well clothed, is in danger of freezing in crossing from one island of woods to another, in winter. Naked as they are, and must be, unless the traders furnish them with more goods than there is a prospect of their being able to pay for, it is impossible they should move from one camping place to another without freezing," etc.

"The operations of the missionaries among the Indians of this agency, I regret to say, hitherto have been attended with but little success. *It would seem next to impossible to persuade savages to abandon their superstitions, and conform themselves to the customs and habits of civilized life.*"

The condition of the rest of the Sioux is no better :

"I would respectfully press upon your excellency," says the same Report, "and through the government, the suffering condition of the Sioux of the Upper St. Peter's, and especially those in the immediate vicinity of Lac qui Parle. In consequence of the almost total failure of their corn crops the present season, many of them say they must die of starvation the ensuing winter; and, if they are not aided by the United States, I see not how it can be otherwise."

The large tribe of the Assiniboines, and that of the Mandans, are in an equally deplorable state.

"It has been ascertained," says Major D. D. Mitchell, "from sources entitled to the utmost credence, that upwards of *five hundred men*, belonging to these prairie tribes, have been killed, during the last two years, in drunken broils; while the survivors—men, women and children—are reduced to the lowest depths of poverty and degradation."† "The Kansas Indians are located on the Kansas River, about eighty miles from its mouth."—Richard W. Cummins continues: "I regret that I have to say that they are making little or no exertion to better their condition."‡—They have raised but little grain this year, not enough to subsist them; their only dependence for a subsistence is on the buffalo, and what few deer and turkeys they can kill: they follow the chase."

The accounts of the Otoes and Missouriias, and the Omahas, are still more unfavorable; with regard to the Pawnees, no definite conclusions can be drawn from the data before us.§ It is needless to continue any further this catalogue of wretchedness, degradation and crime: enough of misery has been exhibited for the purposes of our inquiry; too much, perhaps, to allow of our any longer regarding the permanent

* No. 19—p. 422. Mr. Bruce is speaking only of the Sioux, about Lac Traverse.

† No. 20—p. 426. ; No. 21—p. 429.

‡ Daniel Miller's Report—No. 22—pp. 430-3.

amelioration of the Indian tribes as any thing more than a melancholy and desperate problem.

Between the advances of the Choctaws and the degradation of the Sioux there is a wide intervening space. They form the two extremes of the present condition of the Indian tribes. This great diversity, however, allows greater latitude for our hopes ; but, when we consider the diminishing numbers of the Indian population, we find a lamentable agreement in all the Reports, and under all the various stages of advancement to which the several tribes may have attained. The Delawares, the Peorias and Kaskaskias, and the Stockbridges and Munsees, and Delawares and Munsees, seem to have increased since their removal ; but there may be inaccuracies in former calculations, or even in the present. These are, however, the only tribes whose numbers have multiplied in their Western settlements, as appears from the tabular statement annexed to Mr. Crawford's Report.* Many of them seem, from this statement, to continue the same, several of them to have sensibly diminished. On turning, however, to the Reports, we receive but too strong evidence of their rapid decrease. After giving the population of eighteen tribes, (the Poncas, Yanctons, Tetons, Ogellalas, Sowans, Yanctionas, Mandans, Arickarees, Gros Ventres, Assiniboines, Crees, Crows, Cheyennes, Blackfoot, Arspahas, Gros Ventres of the Prairie, Snakes, and Flatheads, in all 61,700 souls,) Maj. Mitchell proceeds :†

"The scanty population, shown in the foregoing table, occupy nearly the whole of that immense region lying West of the border tribes, bounded by the Arkansas on the South, the dividing highlands between the Missouri and waters of Hudson's Bay on the North, and the Rocky Mountains on the West. It is evident, from the ruins of villages scattered along the banks of the Missouri and its tributary streams, that these desolate plains once teemed with myriads of human beings. We have the authority of an intelligent British trader, who crossed over to the Missouri in the winter of 1783, for saying, that the population, even at that recent date, was perhaps a hundred fold greater than at present. The Mandans, he estimated at 25,000 fighting men, and the Assiniboines at 40,000. A reference to the table† will show the wonderful destruction of human life, which war and pestilence have produced, in this region, in less than a century. The small pox, which was brought over from the Northern Mexican provinces, about the year 1786, almost depopulated the country. There are many old Indians now living who bear its marks, and re-

* pp. 383-5.

† Report No. 20, pp. 425-6.

: The Mandans at present number 300: the Assiniboines, 7000.

tain a vivid recollection of its horrible ravages. Again, in 1838, the same disease swept off at least one-half of the prairie tribes; hence the scanty population, which seems almost lost in the vast expanse of prairie by which they are surrounded, &c.”

Gov. Chambers speaks of the decline of the Sacs and Foxes and the Winnebagoes in equally strong terms :

“It is painful to be compelled to say, that the best and most untiring efforts of these valuable officers, (Capt. Beach and the Rev. Mr. Lowry,) to arrest the downward tendency of the tribes under their care, have been unavailing, and must, in my opinion, continue to be so, until a removal of these Indians from their present locations can be effected, so as to place them exclusively within the reach and influence of the laws of Congress regulating trade and intercourse with the Indian tribes; for these tribes (like all others among whom the habits of civilized life have made but little or no progress) are found to be rapidly wasting away, in an intimate intercourse with that portion of our white population, who follow and keep as near them as they can, for the vile purpose of profiting by their inordinate fondness for intoxicating drinks.”*

By continuing our extracts, we might prove the fearful decrease of other tribes. Their diminution is attributed by the writers of these Reports, to various causes: in some instances, to the small pox and other diseases; in some, it is the use of ardent spirits, which have already occasioned the most melancholy disasters among them; in others, it is the proximity of the whites; in others, it is their own rapid demoralization. All of these are shown to have exercised very pernicious and extensive influence upon various tribes. There is scarcely a single Report which does not bear testimony to the ravages which are to be attributed to the use of intoxicating liquors, and the strenuous exertions of the Federal Government and its officers to check their introduction,† though only partially successful, prove the extent of the injury produced by this cause alone. The diminution arising from the proximity of the whites, is asseverated in the strongest language in several of these documents. Mr. Crawford says :

“In the attainment of all or any of these great objects of human life (viz. an advance in morals, civilization and Christianity) the red man is obstructed, and his course retrograde, instead of onward, when he is surrounded by or in the immediate neighborhood of our race. Duty to them, and policy in reference to our own interests and citizens, happily combine in the removal of the Indian tribes from our

* No. 17, p. 414.

† Doc. Nos. 90, 91, 92, 93—pp. 521-8.

midst, to a district of country where we can protect them, and are bound to do all that human agency can effect in shielding them from the contaminating influence of the pale man, which, like impure air, unseen but most sadly felt, infuse themselves into and among them.”*

“An over free intercourse with the whites,” says Mr. Bushnell, “is fraught with so many evils to the unsophisticated Indian, that he must be secured against it, or his destruction is inevitable. To this cause may be attributed the extinction of some of the most powerful tribes of this continent; and we see whole tribes, now, in the receipt of large annuities from the Government, and enjoying advantages which an equal number of whites hardly any where possess, gradually declining in numbers, and daily becoming more licentious, though not less barbarous and miserable, under the same destructive influence. Here is the greatest evil they are subjected to. *The remedy is, perhaps, easier to hope for than expect.*”†

Another cause assigned for the decrease of their numbers, is their rapid demoralization. We have already noticed the destruction produced by ardent spirits, we now have to consider that produced by the disregard of chastity among their women. The number of children born, is every year less and less; by Mr. Lowry this is accounted for by the depravity of the females. Whether it be truly assignable to this cause, principally or alone, we shall not stop to inquire, it does not alter the nature of our inquiry, and we will presume it for the present. It is an acknowledged fact, and is, perhaps, the strongest evidence of the speedy extinction of the Indian tribes Mr. Lowry says of the Winnebagoes :

“The small number of children belonging to this tribe of Indians is worthy of remark—only about one to each woman—a fact still more to be wondered at, when it is recollected that the females marry at a very early period. The cause, however, is traceable at once to that disregard of matrimonial obligation, which prevails among these people, to the consequent disease of mothers, and uniform parental neglect occasioned by intemperance.”‡

“A census of the Sacs and Foxes,” says Gov. Chambers, “taken by the agent, on the 19th inst. (September, 1842,) shows that the tribe consists of 1,146 males and 1,202 females, total, 2,348—of whom only 498 are under ten years of age.”§

The small proportion of children to adults, varying, of course, in different tribes, seems to be general amongst them; but it must be admitted, that the materials for forming a definite conclusion as to the rate of diminution, are not so full and satisfactory as we could desire. We would suggest to

* p. 372.

† No. 15, p. 409.

‡ No. 14, p. 406.

§ No. 17, p. 415.

those who have an opportunity of making such inquiries, the importance of keeping a record of the number of children born in the several tribes, or at any rate of the proportion existing between children and adults in different years. This would afford the most direct means of determining the probable increase, or the future extinction of the tribes. We may, however, even from the imperfect evidence of the above statements, conclude, that from the action of many combined causes, some of them ineradicable, the Indians are rapidly melting away from the earth. And, in connection with this remark, we would call attention to Mr. Lowry's words:

"I will only add, that what we do for the aborigines of the country must be done quickly. They are rapidly melting away. The causes which operate in their destruction are every day increasing. In a few years, the commercial cities of our people will border the Pacific, as they now line the Atlantic; and, over the whole land, from sea to sea, will be scattered towns, villages and the various improvements of civilized man. Where will be the home of the present wandering children of the forest? Must they still be *peeled, pelted, down trodden* (the italics are not ours) and neglected? Or shall they occupy a proud position by the side of the white man, possessed, like him, of all the religious and domestic blessings of civilized life?"*

Mr. Lowry's question is all that now remains for us to consider, in the present article; he, himself, evidently thinks that with proper care and attention, on the part of the Federal Government, the answer may be in the affirmative. Mr. Crawford expresses a like opinion, but it is uttered with doubting hope, and seems to spring from a sanguine desire, rather than from any well-settled conviction; it is evident, that, with him, "the wish is father to the thought." But we will quote his own words, for it is pleasant to dwell upon an opinion favorable to the Indians, expressed with such earnestness and warmth, and heartfelt interest in their welfare, as the following remarks of Mr. Crawford:

"I annex the Reports of the different superintendents, agents and sub-agents, that have been received. These annual communications of the actual state, progress and prospects of the various Indian tribes, whose interests we directly supervise, furnish a body of authentic information of the greatest importance. It is with great

* No. 15, p. 411.

† No. 15, p. 410. "The general and popular cry now is, let them alone—you cannot succeed—let them alone. Those who join in this cry forget that their ancestors, at one time, ate acorns and worshipped devils." See p. 411 also.

pleasure I am enabled to say, that they afford, generally, better ground than I have before seen for the hope that our efforts to improve the moral nature, and mend the habits of the red man, will ultimately receive their best reward in success—not full and absolute in the day, perhaps, of any of us who are now charged with their interests; nor can it be uniform, for the advancement of our own race is altogether unequal, and has been slow,—but we can have, and I think it is not presumptuous to say we will (*shall?*) have, such success as shall cheer the laborers in this good work, with the settled conviction that perseverance is all that is necessary to its perfect accomplishment,—to convert the wild and ignorant into the civilized and educated, and make them all they are capable of becoming. For myself, a glimmering of hope has been sufficient: and, although, at times it has been almost extinguished, yet it has again revived; and now, that it is brighter than in the times past, I urge all connected with the service to confident hope, and renewed effort. Happen what may, we shall then have performed our duty.”*

It is with pain that we feel ourselves obliged to withhold our assent from these views, so honestly and warmly expressed; we hope, indeed, that the future may prove them true, but we cannot constrain our opinions so far as to anticipate it. Yet, we must acknowledge, that Mr. Crawford's acquaintance with the manners and character of the Indians is much more accurate and extensive than our own, although we ourselves have had many warm friends among Indian nations, and have had very fair opportunities of studying them in their own settlements. Still, there is a probability that his opinions may be correct, and that ours may be erroneous, and we trust that it may be so. But we cannot, by any violence, alter our own belief, which, moreover, receives painful confirmation from the opinions expressed by Maj. D. D. Mitchell, Superintendent of Indian Affairs:

“No advances whatever,” says he, “have been made towards civilization amongst the tribes on the Upper Mississippi; and so long as they continue the wandering life in which they so much delight, all efforts directed to that object will prove to be only a useless waste of time and money. While there remains such a vast extent of territory, covered over with innumerable herds of buffalo and other game, there seems but little prospect of their condition being materially changed. Generations will, perhaps, pass away before this territory becomes much more circumscribed; for if we draw a line, running North and South, so as to cross the Missouri about the mouth of the Vermilion river, we shall designate the limits beyond which civilized men are never likely to settle. At this point, the Creator seems to have said to the tides of emigration that are annually rolling towards the West, ‘Thus far shalt thou go and no farther.’ At all events, if

* p. 379.

they go beyond this, they will never stop on the East side of the Rocky Mountains. The utter destitution of timber, the sterility of sandy soil, together with the coldness and dryness of the climate, furnish obstacles which not even 'Yankee enterprise' is likely to overcome. A beneficent Creator seems to have intended this dreary region as an asylum for the Indians, when the force of circumstances shall have driven them from the last acre of the fertile soil which they once possessed. Here, no inducements are offered to the ever restless Saxon breed to erect their tents. Should the buffalo and other game, in course of time, disappear from the prairies, there are a few rich little valleys on the banks of small streams, affording timber sufficient to furnish huts and fuel for the few wanderers whom necessity will compel to seek other means of subsistence. Should this period ever arrive, a few domestic cattle might be introduced into the country, and the Indians would readily become wandering herdsmen—the Tartars of America. Their peculiar habits and inclinations form them for such pursuits. *They never can be made agriculturists or mechanics. The time may arrive when the whole of the Western Indians will be forced to seek a resting place in this great American desert; and this, in all probability, will form a new era in the history of this singular and ill-fated race. They will remain a wandering, half-civilized, though happy people. 'Their flocks and herds will cover a thousand hills,' and furnish beef and mutton for a portion of the dense population of whites that will swarm in the more fertile sections of the great valley of the Mississippi.*"*

Notwithstanding the unpoetic termination of this extract, there is much matter for deep interest and melancholy foreboding contained in it. But if our inferences were built up, solely upon the statements and opinions which we have found in these public documents, relating to Indian Affairs, we might still endeavor to persuade ourselves that the writers, whom we have quoted, might have been misled or mistaken; or that the data are, as yet, insufficient for the formation of a correct and definite judgment; or that too short a period of time has elapsed, fairly to test the experiment of Indian civilization; or that the condition of the Choctaws, Chickasaws, and Cherokees, proves the possibility and gives evidence of the probability of ultimate success in the attempt, which has been made or is making for their improvement; or that the Federal Government has not yet done all that it might do, or is bound to do, to assist their efforts after civilization. But it is not so. We regret that none of these loopholes are left for us to escape from our fears. Without any knowledge of the actual condition of the Indian tribes, we should have inferred the impossibility of preserving and civ-

* Report, No. 20, pp. 426-7.

ilixing the race ; and the details, which we have just been considering, afford melancholy strength to the reasoning by which we had deduced our conclusions. The exposition of these reasons must be confined within very narrow limits, for we have already extended our remarks too far. To condense our views more effectually, we shall reduce them to a few propositions.

I. We have no knowledge of among whom civilization was or has been spontaneous ; but, in all cases, it has been introduced from without.

We might establish the truth of this proposition by a simple reference to Herder and Niebuhr ; but, as the many ridiculous fancies in Herder's *Philosophy of History*, and the total absence of any thing like sound judgment, render the work unworthy of trust ; and, as Niebuhr's remark* may be said to be an obiter dictum, or extra-judicial opinion, we prefer asking those who doubt its truth, to turn their glance backwards over the whole stream of history, and to consider whether there has been a single exception to the rule. Every nation, of which we have any accurate knowledge, will be found to attribute its first rudiments of civilization to some foreign source ; the Hindoos refer their cultivation to the incarnate Brahma, at his last Avatar ; the Peruvian legends tell how a god and a goddess appeared unexpectedly by the margin of a beautiful lake, and taught the arts by which man is weaned from a savage life ; the Romans had their story of the sons of Mars from Alba Longa ; and the Latins, the advent of Æneas and his followers from Troy ; the Scandinavian nations, rude as they were, attributed the advances they had made to Odin and the Asæ. There may be but little actual truth contained in these national traditions, but they clearly recognize the certainty, that their first attempts at improvement were prompted by foreign influence, and the introduction of a foreign race. Of course, we do not mean to assert that no nation has spontaneously increased its civilization and refinement, but only that none

* There is so much truth, and so much that is applicable to the present inquiry, in Niebuhr's remark, that we will quote it in a note,—“this, however, these observing philosophers have overlooked, that not a single instance can be shown of a really savage people passing spontaneously into civilization, and that, where it has been forced upon them from without, the physical decay of the race has ensued ; as in the case of the Natticks, the Guarinis, the missions in New California and those at the Cape.” *Rom. Hist.* vol. I. p. 64. Am. Ed.

has alone commenced and accomplished it. It may, indeed, be alleged, that human civilization must at one time have had a beginning; and that, consequently, it must have been spontaneous among the first civilized or half-civilized race; but this is an inference which we are, by no means, permitted to draw. The origin of human civilization, like all the other sources of the world's history, is completely hidden, but conjecture must not be lightly introduced to fill up the void. We cannot legitimately go back to periods anterior to all tradition,—indulge in all the fallacious caprices of the imagination, and then adopt such of these as please us, as the incontrovertible deductions of reason. The origin of the world, of man, and of society, is a sealed page in human history. But, granting even that, in the first instance, spontaneous civilization did occur,* we have no right to expect it again, as we know that it has never occurred among the thousand tribes and races, with which the traditions of the past have made us acquainted. It is sufficient for our purpose, that we certainly know this. By this positive knowledge we are compelled to abide; and we can only endeavor to determine the laws under which the introduction of a civilized people among barbarous tribes has been accomplished. Hence flow our other propositions.

II. The civilization of a barbarous race can be effected only by changing its character.

This is almost a truism. It must be evident to every one, that the Tartar must divest himself of his Tartar habits and feelings, before he can become civilized: that a nomade race must become settled; that cannibals must renounce their bloody customs, and, as a matter of necessity, lay aside those feelings which had given birth to them. This change of character is so great, that it must be a change of the genetic nature of the savage.

III. The genetic character of barbarians can be changed only genetically, or by intermarriage.

This has been universally the law under which civilization has been introduced among all the nations of the earth; there has been no exception to weaken the strength of the assertion. We thus perceive that spontaneous civilization

* This doctrine of spontaneous civilization originally, if maintained at all, is founded on the false assumption, that the original state of man was the savage state; but this has been denied by all late writers on the subject. The point is considered, *S. Q. R.*, No. VI., Art. I., p. 268.

is impossible among savages ; that the character of the race must be changed ; that this change can only be effected genetically. Let us consider, then, the effect of the settlement of a civilized race in the midst of barbarous tribes. This is the subject of our fourth proposition.

IV. Wherever a civilized people has settled within the limits of a savage race, the latter has been wholly extinguished, or become absorbed by admixture with the new comers ; or it has lost its national identity, by being reduced to a state of hopeless servitude.

We might have made this proposition more general, by stating that these results invariably follow the establishment of a conquering or dominant people ; and as a civilized race, settling among savages, is necessarily such, it might have been included under the more comprehensive assertion. But, as we were desirous of limiting our attention to the one case of the settlement of civilized races among savages, the adoption of the less general proposition enables us to exclude much irrelevant reasoning, and more misplaced cavillation. The story of the Pelasgians will furnish a full elucidation of our maxim in its three members. In the Doric States of the Peloponnese, it was wholly annihilated, unless the Spartan Helots belonged to this race, as may possibly have been the case. In the south of Italy, under the name of *Oenobrians*, they were reduced by the Italiot Greeks to a state of wretched slavery.* In Attica, after mixing with Hellenic races, they rose to the unrivalled splendor of Athenian greatness. The same was the case with the ancient peoples of Britain. They were partly annihilated, partly reduced to the condition of feudal serfs, from which condition, by constant intermixture, they gradually rose, and in some few instances there was an immediate amalgamation. But the rapidity with which their extinction as a pure race was accomplished, may be estimated, from the impossibility of determining what portion of the race that defeated and rebelled against *Cæsar*,† was existent in the time of Richard I. It is needless to refer to the Gauls in France,‡ or to Basque and other nations in Spain. Yet, all of these, even in the period of their utmost known barbarity, were civilized in

* Niebuhr—*Rom. Hist.*, vol. i., p. 21. Am. Ed.

† See Rapin's *Hist. of England*, vol. i.

‡ The reduction of the Gauls to servitude, and their gradual liberation, is well expounded by Dumas, in his "*Gaule and France*."

comparison with the state of the North-American Indians ; and if this amalgamation were necessary with them, much more must it be so with the latter.

Our fifth proposition, which is necessary for the application of what has hitherto been said, to the purposes of our general inquiry, is one which will require neither proof nor elucidation, as it is necessarily admitted in all philosophical reasoning. It is this :

V. What has always occurred hitherto in any class of circumstances, may be regarded as the general law for those circumstances, and may be anticipated in all similar cases in future.

This brings the Indian tribes directly within the scope of our argument, which will now stand thus : as spontaneous civilization is impossible for the Indians, they must either become extinct, or be amalgamated by intermarriage with the white races, or be reduced to a state of servitude, and thus ascend through a long and painful ordeal to an altered, but higher, form of existence. Which of these destinies awaits them ? Certainly, not slavery. To any one who has the slightest knowledge of the lofty pride, the stern, unbending, indomitable spirit of freedom, in an Indian breast, it will be apparent that this supposition is impossible. However, in this, we are not left to inference. The total annihilation, in the time of Las Casas, of the West-Indian tribes, which the Spaniards endeavored to bring into bondage, completely establishes the impossibility of their passing through this state. Slavery would be to them annihilation. But, it cannot be for one moment imagined, that the idea of making slaves of the Indians would, at any time, or under any circumstances, be entertained by the Federal Government, or by the people of the United States.

Are the Indians likely to become civilized by an amalgamation of races ? The improbability of any such admixture becoming general may be asserted, from the fact that it has not yet been consummated,—from the present condition of the tribes,—and from the daily diminution of those resources which might tempt the cupidity of the whites. That such a fusion of races would render them capable of civilization, if not attended with serious evils in the commencement, is proved by the men of eminence—the Rosses, Ridges and Ocoolas—whom they have had among themselves, and by the many illustrious citizens of the United

States, who have been proud of tracing back their lineage to an Indian source. But there is no prospect of any general intermarriage between themselves and the whites; and, without it, there remains for the Indian nothing but gradual decline and ultimate extinction. This fate may overtake him with greater or less celerity: a few years makes but slight difference in the long succession of ages,—but, according to our apprehension, his destiny is fixed. Nor can the apparent and temporary advancement of a few tribes, in any degree shake our convictions. There is much in their history and present condition, which still requires explanation; but when we consider the state of the Indian nations generally, there is every thing to confirm our most gloomy forebodings.

In ancient times, the Pelasgians were regarded as the most unfortunate of all the races of men; and the unending calamities which they experienced, led their successors to believe that, for some unknown crime, they had been pursued by the unmitigated wrath of the offended deities. They are found in the earliest periods to which our histories extend, in a state of hopeless ruin, degradation and decay;* and, in the age of Alexander, so few traces of their greatness were discernible, that their former existence as a nation was doubted and denied. Every where we can discover the footprints which they have left, but nowhere can we obtain any knowledge of themselves. All forms of wretchedness and disaster seem to have been poured out upon them: in one place, they were extirpated, in another reduced to bondage; here, destroyed by the convulsions of nature,—there, driven out by foreign arms from their old settlements, to make way for new comers; in all places, a race proscribed and persecuted among men.† Plague and famine, disaster and disease, foreign war and domestic discord, massacre and subjugation, the storms of heaven and the powers of the earth, all expended their fury upon them. We question the past, but it is mute: they were, and they were not. From the legends of old tradition, from the uncertain imagination of early history, we can learn nothing of them but their rapid and melancholy decline. A race, which had planted one foot upon Asia Minor, and the other on the Trans-Alpine limits of Gaul,—whose sovereignty had been extended over the beautiful countries that lie between, and the countless Isles of the

* Niebuhr—*Rom. Hist.*, vol. i., p. 22. Dionys. Halicarn. *ibi cit.*

† Michelet—*Hist. de la Rep. Romaine*, *Introd. chap. iii.*

Grecian seas,—had passed away before the foundations of Rome were laid, and has left us no records of its glory, but only the sad traditions of its decay. The fragments of the story of the Pelasgians make up the most melancholy, and not the least interesting chapter of ancient history. But the present furnishes a more mournful spectacle than the past. The fate of the Pelasgians is that which we may anticipate for the North-American Indians. What, in the former instance, is known to us by dim legends and uncertain speculations, is in the latter enacted before our eyes, and the changes are rendered palpable to our own vision. We have no longer to listen to the sombre and half-believed tale of former misfortune, achieved by supernatural influences; we see before us present misery, and the causes which are surely consummating the ruin are obvious and ever acting. We have to trust to no hearsay assurances,—the proof is thrust into our hands. We are not told of the disasters of strangers, but are saddened by the visible degradation and decline of thousands within our own borders. The tragedy is acted at our door; we cannot escape the agony of the spectacle. The present hour has but one oracle for the Indians,—it is wo! wo! The same evil destiny which haunted the Pelasgians is sucking the life-blood of the Indians: their whole career, too, so far as our certain information extends, has been one of progressive paralysis and extinction. The countenance of the red man, his manners, and his language, all seem to give a sad presentiment of his fate. The deep gloom which is impressed upon his noble but impassive features,—the quiet dignity of his address, manifesting the conscious pride of adversity, and the soft, subdued, but thrilling tones of his eloquence, combine to mark a race upon whom the Angel of Death has set his seal. Even his religion is breathed forth in the deep but haughty accents of despair: it is to Areskoni, the god of war and destruction, the evil spirit of his simple mythology, to whom his orisons are principally directed. The brightest prospect for the Brave is death; the only termination for the race is an early and a silent grave. Such, however, are merely the thick but pregnant fancies of the hour,—the reality is sterner still. Like the old Pelasgian race, the Indian stretched his dominion over a vast portion of a great continent: like the Pelasgian, he has been exposed to all misfortunes, and has withered and waned away under every affliction which could befall him. The Euro-

pean conqueror came among the myriads of the Indian tribes,—he made slaves of their thousands. All perished. The European settler occupied their lands; the stream, that was thus dammed up, flooded its banks, and spread desolation where had been beauty and verdure before. The Puritan and the Cavalier, in the north and in the south, attacked them with the sword; the Quaker, in an intermediate region, by gifts and treaties, attempted the accomplishment of his objects,—but peace was scarcely less pernicious than war. They were thus driven from hunting-ground to hunting-ground, but there was no resting place for them. Wherever the march of the white man followed them, the wings of Destruction waved over their retreating steps, and rained down perdition upon them. If they escaped the sword, they must encounter the fearful ravages of the fire-water; if they abstained from intoxicating drinks,—a thing which it is hardly in the nature of an Indian to do,—famine met them in the path, and what famine had left unscathed, fell a prey to the small-pox or some other of the fell diseases which their white brethren had introduced among them. Turn where they will, the fiery sword is whirling around them, and all entrance into their expected or imagined Paradise is forbidden. For them, there is no land of promise,—no Canaan, flowing with rivers of milk and honey,—but black and bitter desolation awaits them. The pestilence is in their houses and about their tents, and there is none to stand between the living and the dead to stay the plague. Every step they take leads them nearer, and still more near, to the verge of the abyss: the clouds which gather around their path, become more dense and dark as they advance, and portend nothing but ultimate annihilation. At the present time, a few tribes have shot forth leaves and blossoms; but it is a hot-bed vegetation,—the colors, though beautiful, are not fixed, and the flower promises no fruit. They have been moulded by the superintendence of government officers,—their principal chiefs have been of mixed breed, and their cultivation has been encouraged or supported by government annuities. A nursling which requires such tendance, will never shoot up into a strong and healthy tree,—the blossoms will wither upon the stem, and the only evidence of themselves which they will leave behind, will be the dead and faded leaves upon the ground. The other tribes are fast verging to destitution and utter extinction. The higher

qualities of the Indian are rapidly disappearing under the operation of a hundred blighting influences. Every thing indicates coming annihilation. The numbers of their tribes are daily diminishing by want, riot, drunkenness and disease; the race seems to have lost its power of renovating itself; and each generation is likely to find its census but half that of its precursor. If their horoscope promises only degradation, death without progeny will forbid its perpetuity. The buffalo and other game of the Western prairies are vanishing; the sustenance and the occupation of the Indian are alike departing. But nature is still more fearfully and hopelessly arraying her powers against them: streams and lakes are drying up,* and the fish which, as a last resource, might have provided a scanty sustenance for an expiring generation,—this, too, small as it be, has their pitiless destiny snatched from their grasp. Verily, the fiction of Tantalus becomes true of a race. Regions of country, where, formerly, all was healthy, are now productive of endemic diseases. May we not apply to the Indian what was said of the Jews?—"Now, learn a parable of the fig-tree: when his branch is yet tender, and putteth forth leaves, ye know that summer is nigh: so likewise ye, when ye shall see all these things, know that it is near, even at the doors." Whatever the career and the fortunes of the Pelasgian may have been, the fate of the Indian is infinitely more wretched. To us, his destiny appears irrevocably sealed: he is incapable of civilization: he must wane away and be extinguished at last. It is with pain we record such convictions; we wish we could think otherwise; but belief is not to be constrained by desire.

But, if we are convinced of the certainty of these gloomy results, this should not paralyse our exertions in behalf of our unfortunate red brethren. "The general and popular cry now is," says Mr. Lowry, "let them alone: you cannot

* "For the last few years, the waters in all the prairies north-west of Traverse des Sioux, have been rapidly diminishing. Where, a few years since, were beautiful lakes, several miles in circumference, now not a drop of water can be found. Even streams dignified with the name of river, in which the Indian was accustomed to paddle his canoe, have entirely disappeared; and where the trader dreaded to pass, because it was difficult and sometimes dangerous or impracticable to transport his goods dry in carts, he now searches in vain for water to quench the thirst of himself and horse.

"The musk-rat ponds have of course dried up, and the musk-rats that were in them have perished, or gone nobody knows where."—Pub. Doc., pp. 421—2.

succeed—let them alone.” We, too, say, “you cannot succeed,” but we do not therefore add, “let them alone.” If any one, in reading the views which we have expressed, feels half the anguish of spirit which we have felt in recording them, the desertion of the Indian tribes, in their hour of death and agony, will be the last thought that will enter into his mind, or that he will suspect us of entertaining. When consumption has seized upon some loved form, and day after day witnesseth the progress to the tomb, we do not renounce all attentions and endeavors for the restoration of health, because of the certainty of death; much rather do we then redouble our efforts, call in the aid of new physicians, do all we may to smooth the couch of the dying,—and without hope, use every means which hope could suggest, to alleviate the pain, or retard the ravages of the disease. Nay, the film of death hath closed over the eyes of the departed, and the grave has received the hallowed dust consigned to it, before we desist from our well-meant attentions, though we have long known them to be unavailing. And is the life of a single individual to be thus diligently and anxiously tended, and the existence of whole nations to be recklessly and ruthlessly neglected in its downward career? If we do believe that the Indians must perish, our belief, however well-founded, remains only a speculative truth. We can lay claim to no omniscience,—we have no infallible knowledge of futurity,—no insight into the dim womb of the possible,—we know not what miracles may, in the providence of God, be performed,—what undiscovered laws may be brought into action for their conservation. And, ignorant as we are, in these respects, it would be criminal, in a matter of such importance, to act upon any “foregone conclusions.” If we do conceive that the time may not be far distant, when the Indian race will be extinct; and the future generations may listen, by the banks of some bright river, still preserving by its Indian name a faint reminiscence of the Indians who roved by its waters, to the dim and half-forgotten legends of earlier centuries; let it be our endeavor that the tradition of their decline may be linked with the story of the white man’s exertions, to prevent their annihilation, and to raise them to the enjoyment of the rights, the privileges, and the blessings of that civilization of which we are proud. If we have compelled them thus early to solve the desperate and fearful problem of change or destruction, let it be said

that we did all that man could do to hinder and to retard decline.

We close this painful inquiry. The snow melts not more certainly before the meridian sun, than the savage races of the earth before the advancing tides of civilization. The Indian tribes are passing away like a dream before our eyes. In another century, the wildernesses of the West may be strangers to the voice of the Indian: the echo of his war-cry may have died away,—and the memory of his existence may be preserved only in the traditions and the history of his despoilers.*

ART. IV.—RELATIONS OF THE ANCIENT WORLD.

1. *Historical Researches into the Politics, Intercourse and Trade of the principal Nations of Antiquity.* By A. H. L. HEEREN, Professor of History in the University of Göttingen. Translated from the German.

I. *Asiatic Nations.* 3 vols. 8vo. Oxford, 1833. Vol. 1, Persians. 2, Babylonians, Phœnicians, and Scythians. 3, Indians.

II. *African Nations.* 2 vols. 8vo. Oxford, 1832. Vol. 1, Carthaginians and Ethiopians. 2, Egyptians.

2. *Sketch of the Politics of Ancient Greece.* By the same. Oxford.

3. *Manual of Ancient History.* By the same. 2d edition, 8vo. Oxford, 1833.

OF the numerous German scholars, who have devoted themselves with distinguished success to historical criticism, few have been more extensively useful than Professor Heeren. The works, whose names head this article, have been translated into several different languages, and the *Manual of Ancient History* has gone through six editions in Germany, two in France, two in England, and one in our own country. Nor is this popularity undeserved; the lucid style

* The last accounts from the Indian territory, which have been given in the newspapers, since this article was written, strengthen the views which we have expressed as to the rapid decline of the Indian races. It is useless quoting these newspaper statements here, as we have no means of determining how far they may be true.

in which the subject is treated, eminently qualifies these works for the use of colleges, and as introductions to the study of antiquity, and while the interest is strong enough to attract the general reader, the ripe scholar will find many new and profound views. Even in history, where the author aims to keep himself as much in the background as possible, we may discern something of the writer's character, and Heeren's general style shows that he enjoys that calm tranquillity of conscience to which his amiable and beneficent life has entitled him.

The professor's object in the works before us, (except the Manual,) is rather to exhibit the general state and character of the ancient system of culture, than to give a detail of history. This he attempts to do by illustrating two of the most important relations under which the national character can appear, political constitution and commercial intercourse. Among the Eastern writers on classical history, scarcely a word is to be found on the subject of ancient trade. They seem to imagine that nothing is of the least consequence but the series and chronological connexion of events. The origins of these events they do not attempt to give, otherwise than by assigning some trivial circumstance as the *cause* of a great national revolution. Thus, Bishop Sherlock seriously attributes the downfall of the Hebrew kingdom to the introduction of horses into Palestine! These historians do sometimes have a chapter on the constitution of the state; but when the student comes to examine it, he gains about as much information as he would from learning that the English government was a limited monarchy, managed by king, lords and commons. Heeren treats history in an altogether different spirit. He sees that *particular* facts are chiefly valuable as throwing light on the character of the nation, and the manner in which that character was developed. He considers a nation as an individual, the events of whose life are interesting as the outward signs of the world within, of the nature of his soul, the principles which govern it, and the results to which they lead. In this peculiar mode of viewing history lies the great excellency of the German writers. We design making some general remarks on the relations of the ancient world, illustrating the subject by quotations from our author. We hope thus to be able to show what an extensive and fertile field he has chosen for his labors, and how rich a harvest he has reaped.

Glimmering, through the farthest antiquity, we behold Egypt already powerful in riches and in learning. The oldest written records of the human race, the Mosaic books, represent her as a great kingdom of immense wealth, having large armies of chariots and horsemen, and magicians whose power evidences a considerable degree of science. The discussion of the state of knowledge in ancient Egypt has been made to turn on the question, how far did Greece receive her civilization from the valley of the Nile? A question which has been warmly disputed, and where both parties seem to have gone into extremes. That there was intercourse between the two countries at a very early period, is indisputable. But we are inclined to think that this only acted as a stimulus to the seeds already laying dormant in the Grecian character. The numerous traditions, to say nothing of the resemblances in the mythologies of the two nations, sufficiently prove that the Egyptians are to be counted among the exciting causes of the rise of Grecian civilization. Yet two nations could hardly have been more totally different in their habits of feeling and thinking, than the former, perfect slaves to old custom, and the latter, who were ever lovers of novelty. It is in those Greek tribes who remained most faithful to the manners of antiquity, as the Dorians, that we find most resemblance to the "dwellers about the pyramids," and even here the likeness is slight; while the Athenians, who had all that restless appetite for change that characterizes a democracy, were the very antipodes to the Egyptians. Moreover, in the old mythology we find that the gods were still, in part, the symbols of the powers of nature and of the elements, thus betraying their oriental origin, while in later times, in the palmiest days of Hellas, they became ideals of man. Thus, when Herodotus says (II. 53) that "Hesiod and Homer invented for the Greeks their theogony, gave the gods their epithets, fixed their rank and occupations, and described their forms," he does not mean that these poets *created* the national religion, but that Homer, by his great genius, was the chief agent in the revolution which made the gods like men, and therefore *moral persons*. This subject is explained by our author, in his happiest style, in the chapter on the original sources of the Grecian culture, in the "Politics of Ancient Greece." We should not have made this digression from Egypt, but that as some authors, in their eagerness to vindicate the originality of the Greek genius, have gone so

far as to deny that the Egyptians had any real learning, we judged it proper to place the connexion between the two nations in its true light. The pyramids and the colossal temples of Thebes are eloquent witnesses of the science of their builders, and all tradition concurs in the same testimony.

What was the peculiar character of the Egyptian people? What excellence was it that led them to a greatness that, even at this distance of time, and amid all its obscurity, still strikes the mind with wonder? What was the fault that made their fall and subsequent state as mean and inglorious as their former condition had been exalted and magnificent? These questions are still as much unanswered, as they were two hundred ago; and the writer on Egypt should take for his motto, what Sir Thomas Browne has so finely said in his "Essay on Mummies:—"

"Time sadly overcometh all things, and is now dominant, and sitteth on a Sphinx, and looketh unto Memphis and old Thebes: while his sister, Oblivion, reclineth semisomnous on a pyramid, gloriously triumphing, making puzzles of Titanian erections, and turning old glories into dreams. History sinketh beneath her cloud. The traveller, as he paceth amazedly through those deserts, asketh of her who builded them, and she mumbleth something, but what it is, he heareth not."

The discovery of hieroglyphics, the most wonderful discovery of a wonderful age, has thrown great light on Egyptian chronology, and has supplied us with perfect lists of many of the dynasties of the Pharaohs. It has incited the learned to new and more careful examination of all the notices of Egypt in the Greek and Latin writings, and to investigate the monuments with redoubled zeal. The result is, that many points, which were before perfect enigmas, are now either explained, or in a fair way to be so; and, what is better, we are far more intimately acquainted with the domestic life and manners of the ancient Egyptians. The monuments are completely covered with designs from their history or religious ceremonies, beautifully and accurately chiselled in the solid stone, which have defied the attacks of the Persian, the Arab, and the Turk, and by aid of a climate, at once dry and unchanging, resisted time itself. In these sculptures, we see the monarch in his war chariot, leading his host to battle, the desperate contest between the Egyptians and the shepherd tribes of barbarians, the storming of forts, the triumphal processions of victory, and the religious rites of thanksgiving. In the catacombs, near Thebes, we find

the most minute paintings of the employments of Egyptian life, whose colors are as fresh and bright, after the lapse of three thousand years, or more, as when they first came from the pencil of the limner. Heeren says—

"These ornaments are composed partly of painted reliefs, and partly of mere paintings in fresco. The representations on the walls are always pictures, enclosed by straight lines, in which the reliefs are filled with the most astonishing skill. In many of them, the complete figures are only two inches high; and the hieroglyphics which accompany them, only four lines. The subjects consist of various affairs of common life; sometimes proper in-door business, such as the weighing of goods; a feast, at which is seen the master of the house, his wife and guests, with a richly spread table; a dance; there are also hunting pieces; the labors of the husbandman, the vintage; the navigation of the Nile; musical instruments, the harp, the lute, flutes; wild and domestic animals, etc. The ceilings have no ornaments in sculpture, but are merely painted in fresco; they are the more worthy of attention, as the Egyptian artist has here abandoned himself to his fancy, as the moderns do in arabesque work. All this splendid workmanship must have been executed with an artificial light, and could only have been seen by the same means." *African Nations*, vol. II. p. 258.*

The mass of facts, relative to Egyptian antiquities, has been thus largely swelled, but, as yet, we are far from knowing who and what the Egyptian people were; how they felt, thought and lived. We are deficient exactly in that knowledge which is most valuable. It becomes important, then, to determine the causes of the slow progress in this branch of historical investigation.

We must admit, on the threshold, that a history for which we have so little contemporary authority, and which is in great part derived from monumental records, is intrinsically difficult. But this difficulty might, we believe, have been overcome, but for these three causes:—1. It has been the great object with all the writers on this subject, to determine the Egyptian chronology, the lists of their kings, and the

* The American student labors under a great dearth of books on this subject. We are surprised that there has been no republication of Wilkinson's interesting and instructive work on the manners and customs of the ancient Egyptians. The most accessible and best account of the system and discovery of the hieroglyphics is Dr. Browne's article in the *Edinburgh Review*, No. 89. Klaproth and others have attempted to discredit the results of Champollion's investigations; yet, so far as proper names are concerned, and therefore the regal dynasties, they seem certain. Heeren is a believer in the system, but says, (p. 15, preface,) "Nothing is built upon M. Champollion's interpretations. Some of the results are merely brought forward as confirmations of points already ascertained."

events of their history. We know but few of the latter, and even these cannot be understood for want of a more intimate knowledge of the people and the institutions whom they concern. For the former, even if we had a perfect list of the Pharaohs, with the number of years that each reigned, how far would this be from an answer to the questions we proposed, how unsatisfactory and unmeaning? As we before remarked, the Germans are, in general, less subject than the English to the imputation of attending to the anatomy of history, to the exclusion of its physiology; but even they seem possessed with some strange fatality when they enter this land of riddles. They are involved in the labyrinth, and are but going deeper and deeper into its mazes, when they believe themselves unravelling its paths. 2. It is the general custom with historians to go down the stream of time, to begin with the most remote antiquity, and trace the gradual progress of the nation. This method has its advantages, and is well enough where the general outlines of the history are already determined. But when, as in the present case, the very foundations have yet to be laid, when we must examine and prove every step as we go, it will not answer. We must here call to mind the very first principle of all philosophic investigation, to proceed from the known to the unknown, and selecting some period of which we have a certain account, must, from this, slowly and cautiously work our way back. The whole will thus rest on a sure beginning, and nothing will be represented as more certain than it really is. Of all the historians in our knowledge, Niebuhr has conformed to this method the most perfectly, and this has no doubt been the great instrument with which his genius has achieved such a monument of philosophy in his Roman History. All future investigators, of difficult and obscure points in history, will find a model in his section on the consular military tribunate, (vol. II.) a most masterly specimen of the application of the Baconian method to historical criticism. All the writers on Egypt have handled the subject, as if it was just as well known as the history of Greece or of Rome; as if it belonged to *history* at all, and not rather to the province of *criticism*. The pilot must determine his landmarks, before he can take the vessel into harbor. This is perhaps the principal defect in Heeren's writings. The Germans, as we before hinted, are, in general, rather *historical critics* than *historians*, and the method we

have indicated is peculiarly necessary for criticism, whose office is to investigate, determine and discover. Heeren has done all that could be done on the old plan; he has brought some new facts to view, and placed the old in new lights, and has even at times enhanced the value of his labors by a resort to the *inductive* method. Yet he has, on the whole, pursued the old course, and has, accordingly, been least successful in those portions of history that were most involved and obscure. His volume on Egypt is interesting, and has many new and important views, and is less filled with arbitrary hypothesis, and more with facts, than most other works on the subject. Notwithstanding this, he has failed in giving a true and clear idea of the Egyptian people and history, because he neglected the only key that can unlock their secrets. 3. As a last reason for the slow progress of this study, it may be remarked, that it seems the chosen land for all manner of monstrous and improbable notions. The most sober and judicious writers, when they enter this country of dreams, seem to lose all command over their imaginations, and mounting some hobby-horse, ride full tilt, overleaping pyramids and sphinxes, colossi and temples, and by the most arbitrary constructions, turn all facts into supports for their own fancies. This is the necessary consequence of the error we have just noticed, the attempt to write history without previous criticism to found it on. Even Heeren seems to have entered upon the subject with some pre-conceived notions, which, instead of analytically investigating, he undertakes synthetically to demonstrate. It is an invidious task to point out the faults of a good book; it is so much easier to show a defect than to provide a remedy. Yet, it must be remembered, that it is the reviewer's office to discriminate, and the first step towards discovery is to show what is wanted.

In studying Egyptian history, we should select some period, such as that of the visit of Herodotus, for which we have contemporary authority, as a starting point. Carefully collating all the ancient authors, as well as the modern accounts of the monuments, we should compare this with other periods, before and after, in a three-fold manner: first, as to the sciences, arts, manners and customs; secondly, as to the political and religious systems; and, lastly, as to the relations of the whole to the Egyptian mind. We must notice also the physical circumstances under which this people

lived, as the geography and natural history of their country. By such a comparison we should obtain results of the greatest possible certainty, and we could determine the *law* that regulated the progress and development of the nation, and the *idea* of its character. Our method would only require of chronology, to determine the order of succession in the events of the history. Under this head, the only disputed point in Egyptian chronology is the order of time in which the invasion of the Hyksos or shepherd kings, the Exodus of the Hebrews, and the reign of Sesostris occurred. The synchronisms, on which chronology is founded, might occasionally be useful, and these are exactly the most certain parts of that science, being the known points whence it diverges into the unknown. The rest of Egyptian chronology is enveloped in the deepest obscurity, nor can we believe that it would be of much use, even if known. Long lists of monarchs, with numbers attached to their names, are but poor substitutes for true history. The only parts of the hieroglyphic system that our method would rest on, are what is more easy and certain of interpretation than even the phonetic names and legends of the kings; we refer to the sculptured historical and religious bas-reliefs, and, yet more, the painted images of domestic life.

Heeren rightly avoids the narrow scepticism that would doubt the existence of Sesostris. The discoveries of Champollion no longer permit any hesitation on this point. But it is probable that the works of many different sovereigns are ascribed to him, for in all old histories, we find that some favorite popular hero concentrates in himself the glories of many reigns. The vast conquests which distinguished those ages, which were repeated at the overthrow of the Roman empire, and of which we may form some idea even from the events of our own century, were so rapid and so overwhelming in their character, that Sesostris may perhaps deserve all his fame as a warrior. But the great civil works that are ascribed to him, and of which we may find an account in Herodotus, his land system, his system of internal improvements, and his public buildings, seem rather to have been the work of a succession of monarchs than of any one. The early history of all nations is composed in great part of popular legends and ballads. Such are the Homeric poems, and the school of poets who flourished when they were composed. Such is the poem of the Cid, and the numerous his-

torical ballads of Spain, and such is the Nibelungenlied in Germany. Niebuhr has shown how large a portion of the early Roman history is derived from such sources, and we cannot doubt that there were such lays among the Egyptians. But as the fragments of Egyptian history, which have descended to us through Herodotus and Diodorus, came from the priests, they must be chiefly composed of sacerdotal legends, drawn from the scriptures and monuments, and mingled with religious and scientific myths. Occasionally, however, the popular legends may have found their way to the historians, and if we meet with them any where, it is in the account of Rameses the Great, or Seostris, the hero of Egypt. Heeren does not appear to have studied the subject in this light; perhaps it was not strictly called for by the plan of his work.

Our author has satisfactorily confuted the vulgar notion, that the Egyptians were of the negro race. This is abundantly disproved by the bas-reliefs on the Theban temples, and by the representations on the obelisks. Here the king and all his attendants, whether priests or warriors, rather approach the Grecian than the African in the profile. But yet farther, the paintings in the catacombs place it beyond a doubt that the color of the superior classes, at least, was a brownish red. Here, too, are paintings of negroes in chains, thus contrasting the black slave with his brown master. We may add to this, that there are two papyrus documents, of the age of the Ptolemies, containing commercial contracts, in which the buyer and seller are particularly described, as to color, and shape of the face and nose; and these confirm the sculptures and paintings. Also, Ammianus Marcellinus says that the Egyptians were brown, *subfusculi*. The only difficulty is that Herodotus incidentally speaks of the Egyptians as *μελάγχρους και ούλοτριχες* (ii. 104.) Commonly translated "black-skinned and woolly-haired." But Heeren observes that *μελάγχρους* properly means "swarthy," while *ούλοτριχες* is "curly-haired," and, moreover, the expression applies rather to the body of the people than to the upper classes.

This last remark leads farther than Heeren seems to have been aware of. Niebuhr somewhere says, that the *tribes* of antiquity, where any thing can be discerned of difference of rights or of character, were founded on immigration or conquest, and that genealogical tribes, in their strictest form, were castes; a remark pregnant with the richest conclusions.

We have, for our own part, little doubt that the castes of Egypt were founded in this way. The earliest inhabitants of the country may have been of the negro race; while a tribe, more civilized, settled amongst them, whether descending the Nile with commerce and the rights of Jupiter Ammon, as Heeren thinks, or appearing as conquerors, as did the shepherd kings and the Persians in after times. In the institution of castes, the two races were united into one nation, where the upper classes had curly hair and a brown skin, while the lower were negroes.

There is another point of the greatest interest, which Heeren has omitted to notice. We allude to the connexion between the Hindoos and Egyptians. There was the most remarkable resemblance between these nations in their architecture, in the character of their learning, and in their political and religious systems. The story of the Indian sepoys, who, while marching through Egypt to join Lord Hutchinson, during the French invasion, recognized one of their own temples in the majestic ruins of Denderah, and halted to worship their native gods, is too well known to need repetition. Both nations esteem the cow sacred; and while the Brahmins taught the transmigration of the soul, the Egyptian priests held that the immortal part of man passed at death into the body of some animal, and having gone through all the creatures of the earth, the sea, and the air, finally returned to the human body after a cycle of three thousand years. (Herod. ii., 123.) At the annual festival of Ares in Papremis, some of the priests, attended by a tumultuous assemblage, all armed with clubs, took their station after nightfall to guard the entrance to the temple. Meantime, the gilded image of the god, drawn in his four-wheeled chariot by other priests with a like company, demands admittance to his shrine. A violent combat ensues, in which, says Herodotus, (ii., 63,) many heads are broken and many die of their wounds. Does not this bear a singular resemblance to the Hindoo festival at Juggernaut? These circumstances naturally lead us to inquire into the causes of such an analogy. Were the Egyptians and Hindoos originally of the same race? Or, is this similarity to be accounted for by a close commercial intercourse alone? These questions have yet to be satisfactorily answered. They open a wide and promising field to the philologist, who must study

Hindoo and Egyptian history in connexion, as they will mutually throw light on each other.

If we may venture to offer a few conjectures of our own as to the character of the Egyptian institutions, we would remark, that a far more intimate connexion existed between the religious and political constitutions in the ancient world than we have any example of in our own times. Where this legal and expressed union between church and state, that is, between the engine by which religion is maintained, and the machine which enforces the law, is very close, it will always happen that the one institution will become in great part merged in the other. Thus, in Greece and Rome, the church was completely lost in the state, while in Egypt, just the contrary condition of things existed. Yet, though the priest had the real, the monarch had the nominal authority; for it will be found that when the former becomes the magistrate, his caste has a strong tendency to divide into parts, which grow continually farther apart,—the one devoted chiefly to religion, the other to law,—the one to the church, the other to the state. This risk of internal dissension, superadded to the necessity of allowing the warrior-caste a representative of their power, and a share in the executive if not legislative functions of government, explains the fact that the priest-caste elected the king from the warrior. Where the church thus swallows up the state, it becomes necessary for its ministers to support their authority by the pretext of divine inspiration, unless in the rare case where they are greatly superior to the rest of the community in physical force. Hence arises a theocratic government by oracles. If the religion, or rather this pretence to direct communion with heaven, be false, the priest must restrict knowledge and science to his own order, so as to prevent the detection of his fraud. So it was in ancient Egypt, and so did the priests in the middle ages, when the Roman church supported its attempt to merge the states of Europe into itself, and to assume political power, by boldly asserting its own infallibility. Far otherwise is it, where the theocracy is founded on a true religion,—where it is really and truly a *theocracy*. Thus, the Levites in Palestine were the sole keepers of the oracles of Jehovah, but by no means were they the holders up of a monopoly of knowledge, or of any other of those good things which a merciful God has given to all men equally.

The reader will understand how it was that the priest originally gained the predominance, if he will refer to Heeren's account of the "relation in which commerce stood to religion in these regions." (*African Nations*, vol. i., p. 448.) He will there see that in these inhospitable countries, where the rich caravans had to journey hundreds of miles amid nomade tribes of robbers, nothing could protect the commercial mart but the sanctities of religion; that the sanctuary and the trading station grew up together, and that Egyptian commerce extended with the worship of Jupiter Ammon. Thus all the peaceful part of the community, and, above all, the wealth and commerce of the country, were interested in upholding the power of the priest, and the sacredness of his religion.

Nothing is so well fitted to teach what the Egyptian nation in truth was, as their temples. The same idea of immense *power* predominates in both. The stupendous masses of stone, and the vast extent of these buildings, serve to strike the mind with silent awe, while all around bespeaks enormous strength, and all is calculated to endure unchanged, a wonder to all succeeding time. But this grandeur, while it is sublime, is gloomy; and in these "Titanian erections," the expression of tremendous power is purchased by the exclusion of the free and the beautiful. It was thus that the Egyptian state crushed every thing like freedom, and its product, the luxuriant variety and rich development of individual character, in its effort for the consolidated strength of a giant. It was thus that, by the institution of castes, the people attained that excellence in single arts, that patient accuracy, and that prodigality of labor, which is displayed in their sculptured monuments, while they maintained their manners and institutions immutable amid the flux of empires around them. A restless desire to realize that idea of power which he unceasingly worshipped, prompted the Egyptian to seek for it various expressions, first, in the different forms of his gods, and then in the colossal structures of his temples, in vast forests of sky-pointing obelisks, and in long avenues of mysterious sphinxes. Such was the Egyptian nation; a nation in some things most admirable, in all most grand and awful.

The immutability of the Asiatic and African character, is no where more strongly exhibited than in their commerce. Heeren's researches show how exactly it was conducted in

former times as it is now, by a system of caravans, and in many cases the very same routes were pursued. As we said above, in countries where the dominion of law is so feeble, commerce must take shelter under the sanctities of religion, and the staple for trade always grew up with the sanctuary. Such was the origin of the temple of Jupiter Ammon in Siwah, and of many other celebrated places. We find in the neighborhood of every great commercial people, a number of pastoral tribes without fixed residences, and living in tents, but possessed of numerous flocks of horses and camels. These are employed in the carrying trade, so unsuitable to the inhabitants of great cities, and yet so absolutely necessary to their wealth. Nor did the same tribe carry the rich bales of merchandise through the whole route. One caravan would take them to some intermediate depôt or mart, where they would be readily purchased to be further transported by other tribes, till they reached their ultimate destination. A number of merchants would of course be attracted to every such staple, and this influx of strangers and of wealth, would gradually give rise to a flourishing commercial town, which might in time become a great city. Thus we see that the splendid Palmyra sprung up in the heart of the wilderness. Then, as now, would the caravan driver pursue his way across the trackless desert, refreshing himself in the green oasis during the noon-tide heats, and guiding his course by the stars at night, amusing his rest by tales, and solacing his journey by songs in chorus with his companions. Heeren remarks that the discovery of America, and of the passage round the Cape of Good Hope, has completely changed the course of commerce. The trade that was before conducted by land, now goes by sea. The great marts of Asia have since that period gone down; "the flourishing countries on the banks of the Euphrates and Indus, are now converted into deserts, where the ruins of what were once royal cities are the only records of their former magnificence." (*Asiatic Nat.*, vol. i., p. 35.)

What were the articles of this commerce? Whence came the immense quantity of gold which seems to have been in the great kingdoms of the East? We have the express evidence of the ancients for the gold in Lydia and in Great and Little Bucharía. In the eastern branch of the Altaic range of mountains in Siberia, are found numerous "ancient mines, where mining operations appear to have been carried on at

a very remote period." If to this fact we add that the northern tribes, as the Massagetæ, had vessels of gold, and Herodotus' legend of the one-eyed Arimaspi, who steal gold from griffins, and dwell far north, we may conclude that much gold came by an indirect trade from Siberia. In the words of our author, "the utmost regions of the east even then contributed their supplies of gold to the general commerce of the world." Homer mentions—

"—Alyba remote, whence comes the silver ore,"—*Il.* ii., 856.

In the region of the Caucasus. But this metal principally came from the south of Spain, whence it was brought by the Phœnicians. Emeralds, (*smaragdus*), onyx-stones, and sapphires, (*lapis lazuli*), were known to the ancients. Ceylon contributed her pearls to the western world, and the Phœnicians had a pearl fishery in the Bahrein Isles in the Persian Gulf, (*Mare Erythæum*.) The *sindones byssinæ* of the Persians were of cotton, as were the cerements of the Egyptian mummies. After much controversy, it seems established that, in very remote times, there was a trade in silk with the distant Serica, or China. The Median dresses, which the Greeks talk of, were silken. Babylonia and Phœnicia were the great wool manufactories. The wool from Central Asia, near Cashmere, was in the highest esteem. This, when carried to Miletus, "was confounded with the native fleeces of the place, whence the Grecians came to account the Milesian wool the finest." Cinnamon came from India, while frankincense was brought from Arabia and Africa. Central Africa furnished slaves, as it still does after the lapse of two thousand years; thence too came ivory, and the desert is filled with rock salt, so necessary in that climate. Immense quantities of gold, precious stones and spices, were exposed in the markets of Meroë and Thebes. There is a remarkable story in Herodotus, (ii., 32,) of five young men of the Nasamones, (a Libyan tribe of the Cyrenaica,) who, incited by the love of adventure, determined to explore the desert. Furnished with provisions, they passed through the inhabited country, and the region of wild beasts; then, taking across the desert westward, they travelled many days, till they came in sight of a group of trees; but, going up to pluck the fruit, they were seized by some men who were below the middle stature, and of a different language. These people, after carrying them across vast marshes, came to a city,

where all the men were of the like small size, and *black*. Near the city was a river that flowed from west to east, and in it were crocodiles. Now, Heeren shows that this stream could have been no other than the Joliba of Park, the Quorra of the Landers, the celebrated Niger. The Nasamones were a tribe regularly engaged in the caravan trade, and the expedition was one of commerce. There was then a regular trade across the desert; yet not so regular as our author seems to think, or surely Herodotus would have known something more of it than this wild legend.

Heeren shows wonderful skill in tracing the routes of the ancient commerce. We may particularly refer to his account of the caravan routes from Phœnicia, and across the north of Africa and the desert, as admirable specimens of their kind. His constant habit of comparing the accounts of the ancient and modern travellers, is peculiarly commendable; it leads to many interesting views, and almost always confirms the testimony of the ancient historian. We are inclined to consider the account of ancient commerce as the most masterly portion of his works.

The chief trade in those ages was by land; yet we are not to imagine that the sea-trade was neglected. On the contrary, it was very extensive, and in the earlier times was chiefly conducted by the Phœnicians, the Carthaginians and the Grecian colonies.

The elevated wilds of Mesopotamia were, as far back as history reaches, covered by a number of wandering tribes, who lived very much as the Arabs do now. Occasionally, some chief, like Abraham, would descend into the fertile valleys and plains of the sea-coast. Hence sprung the numerous towns on the Mediterranean shore of Syria. The inhabitants of these cities, receiving the merchandise of the east through their brethren, who still wandered over Mesopotamia and Arabia, and supplied with timber for ship-building from the extensive forests on their mountains, would go on trading voyages along the coasts of the Mediterranean. Returning with other wares in exchange, they would sell them to the caravans to be distributed through Asia. The valley of Cœlo-Syria, drained by the Leontos, and running down between Libanus and Anti-Libanus, is amongst the most fertile in the world. At its outlet stands Tyre, situated at first partly on the main-land, partly on an island, though after the siege by Nebuchadnezzar, the town on the

continent went down. Though herself a colony of Sidon, she was the queen of Phœnicia. Aradus or Arrath, Byblus with the temple of Adonis, Berytus, Sareptha, and others, were all great in commerce and in wealth. These cities were distinguished for their manufactures, Tyrian purple and Sidonian garments, "broidered work and fine linen." These were the money with which they bought the goods of the whole world, and thus, like England in our own time, Phœnicia became the great mart for the commerce of all nations. It was necessary to settle trading stations in all the countries that their vessels visited, which, like the depôts of the caravan trade, were distinguished by temples of the national god, and became oftentimes great commercial staples, and cities. Such was the origin of Miletus, of Syracuse and of Carthage. Various causes, and especially the distance from the mother country, conspired to render the Phœnician colonies independent states. Their vessels sailed to Britain for tin; and amber is mentioned in Homer. Can they thus early have found their way to the Baltic? or was it transmitted through the rude tribes along the Northern Ocean to Gaul and Britain? These adventurous traders coasted down Africa as far as the Hesperides, and King Necho of Egypt even employed them to circumnavigate the continent itself, though this anticipation of the discovery of the passage around the Cape of Good Hope, does not seem to have led to any practical result. All the south of Spain, the land of Tarshish, was filled with their colonies, and nearer home we find their settlements in the Sporades and Cyclades, in Rhodes and in Cyprus. There are traces of them in Asia Minor, in Thrace, and on the shores of the Euxine, though here they were soon expelled by the Grecian colonies. It is difficult to distinguish the Carthaginian and Phœnician colonies in Sicily.

These "men of Tyre" traded also to the land of Ophir, the rich countries on the African, Arabian and Indian coasts. During the reign of Solomon, when that monarch was in possession of the ports of Eloth and Ezion Gebir on the Red Sea, they traded directly with the south of Arabia and Ethiopia, where they not only obtained the native riches of the country, but met with the precious wares of India. Before and after this period, this trade was conducted through the Idumæans or Edomites, which made the staple of that people a great and splendid city. Such was the origin of Petra,

whose ruins are so well known in this country from the interesting descriptions of Stephens. Palestine was the granary of Phœnicia. In the words of the prophet, "Judah and the land of Israel traded with thee. Corn of minnith, honey of raisins, oil and balm, gave they to thee for thy wares." (Ezekiel, xxvii., 17, Michaelis' trans.) This explains the remarkable fact, that while the Jews were in perpetual warfare with all their other neighbors, they maintained friendly relations with the cities of Phœnicia. The caravans passed across the desert to Babylon. It was the custom for these expeditions to collect at some distance from the chief city, and the place of rendezvous generally became an opulent town. Thus, the Phœnician caravans collected at Baalbec, and thence passed to Vologesias near Babylon. The reader will find in the 27th chapter of Ezekiel, an account of Phœnician commerce, well fitted to impress him with its greatness. Our author remarks on the Phœnician towns,

"Forming, as it were, one unbroken city, extending along the whole line of coast and over the islands; and which, with the harbors and seaports, and the numerous fleets lying within them, must have afforded altogether a spectacle scarcely to be equalled in the world, and must have excited in the stranger who visited them, the highest idea of the opulence, the power and the enterprising spirit of the inhabitants." *Asiatic Nations*, vol. ii., p. 9.

It was the custom in these countries to mingle the great religious festivals with immense trading fairs, just as the religious sanctuary and the commercial staple were joined for mutual support and protection. So, even now, the vast caravans to Mecca are as much companies of merchants going to a fair, as of pilgrims journeying to a shrine. In Egypt they had six great national festivals. We have always been particularly struck with the description of one which Heeren does not notice,—the "feast of lamps." What a spectacle must it have been to the traveller, who, ascending the Nile on this night, its banks covered with majestic temples and splendid cities, while on its surface innumerable boats were quickly passing to and fro, beheld the whole land illuminated, and shining with star-like lights, as far as the eye could reach, and heard on every side the sounds of music and rejoicing!

Our limits preclude more than a reference to the vast commerce of the Grecian colonies in Asia Minor, in Italy and Sicily, in the Cyrenaica and on the Black Sea. The latter

were originally stations for the fur trade, for fish and for slaves. Such was the origin of Byzantium itself, the future mistress of the world. Miletus was especially distinguished for the fleets collected in its harbors, the various merchandise exposed in its bazaars, and the number of cities to which it gave birth.

We furnish this imperfect abstract of Heeren's excellent account of ancient commerce to give the reader some idea of its extent and importance. It is true that it had not reached that gigantic scale on which it now proceeds; yet it was fully sufficient to have bound the various parts of the world into one system and one community of interests, had trade *alone* been able to effect this great end. We are aware that it is fashionable to say that commerce is the great engine which can alone unite nations, and which has produced that political system in modern Europe, where one state cannot suffer or flourish without affecting the whole. But the experience of antiquity disproves this notion. Commerce was then great and wide-spread; yet there were few relations between the different countries but those of war, and peace was by no means secured by the interests of trade. *Hostis* and *peregrinus*, enemy and stranger, were synonymous terms. It is the peculiar glory of modern times to have brought the ends of the earth together, and to have linked the nations of the world in one brotherhood, by the common ties of *literature* and *religion*. Far more noble, far more permanent and powerful, is the union founded on the sympathies of the mind and heart, whose organ is the work of genius, and whose engine the press, than that connexion, which, based on the mere physical necessities and animal cravings of the body, is valuable only as *introductory* to the other, and as its *complement*. What was it that made the Greeks so glorious? that transmitted their names to all after ages with imperishable renown, as the models in all the noblest creations of the human mind? Was it not that their union into a nation was founded, not on similarity of government, not on a nominal combination into one great empire, not on the intercourse of commerce, but on a community of property in the genius of Homer, and a generous rivalry in poetry and philosophy?

In the introduction to the volumes on Asia, as also in the beginning of the "Politics of Greece," the reader will find an interesting discussion of the causes of the inferiority of

the Eastern to the European nations, and of the "melancholy fact that the mind of man has been most degenerate in the fairest and richest portions of the globe." Our author ascribes this mainly and ultimately to polygamy. But why, we may ask, was this institution more universal and more permanent in Asia than in Europe? In fact this constant effort to ascend from effect to cause in history is interminable, and it is difficult to see how we are any nearer the great first cause in saying that Asiatic degeneracy is owing to polygamy, than when we say that it is caused by despotism. Here, again, we must take pattern after Niebuhr, and instead of asking the cause of this or that institution or fact, we should inquire *what* was the institution or fact? what its essential nature, what its relations to the national character and feelings, and what to abstract truth generally?

The history of the ancient world naturally divides itself into four great periods. The first is distinguished by the successive rise and fall of the great empires of the East, the Assyrian, the Babylonian, and the Median, and it is the flourishing period of Egyptian arts and power. The West was occupied with the ceaseless migrations of barbarous tribes, though, towards the latter part of the age, the rudiments of Roman and Carthaginian power were laid, and the states of Greece began to emerge from their obscurity. Through the medium of the Phoenicians and the flourishing Greek cities of Ionia, the East lent the lights of its science to the West. The second period begins with Cyrus, and the rapid and enormous growth of the Persian empire, which, like Jonah's gourd vine, grew in a night so that the birds of heaven might lodge therein, but withered in a single noon. The whole period is marked by the contest between Greece and Persia, which ended in the ruin of both, and the production of the Macedonian empire, just as the struggle in the West between the Sicilian Greeks and the Carthaginians ended in the submission of both to Rome.

The third period was signalized by a trial of power between East and West. The latter prevailed, and the Roman eagles ruled the world. The fourth and last period embraces the decline and fall of their domination.

Asia has always been remarkable for the sudden formation of great empires by the irruption of some mountain horde of barbarians, who, descending into the plains, would establish themselves as conquerors in provinces and cities already en-

ervated by luxury and debased by its attendant vices. The Persians were originally pastoral tribes in the mountains of Persis, the modern Farsistan, and appear to have possessed that dauntless spirit, and high-toned love of independence, which usually mark the natives of such regions. There was much that was good and admirable in their national character, as it originally was at the beginning of their career and under Cyrus. There was a tone of moral elevation, and there was an air of proud grandeur about them, like the lofty columns of their own noble Persepolis, that particularly attracts our affections. Their religion, that of fire-worshippers, was one of remarkably pure principles. We can only pity their fate; for what had they to oppose to the thousand temptations offered by the wealth and refinement of their conquered subjects? They were, after all, but barbarians; they had no mental cultivation, and Jehovah was not their God. Ormuzd and Ahriman contended for the mastery, but Ahriman prevailed, and won them to himself. They formed a vast unwieldy empire, whose parts were only cemented by commerce, and over which the "great king" had but little real control. The monarch was in constant fear of the revolt of some wealthy satrap, and the satrap was only restrained by want of power in his extortions in the province. In many parts of the empire we find independent states, *imperia in imperio*, whose only mark of allegiance was the occasional payment of some inconsiderable tribute. Thus, in Pontus, which was afterwards distinguished as the kingdom of the great Mithridates, there seems to have been a race of kings during the whole duration of the Persian empire, who paid some tribute, but, at times, even asserted their independence. Heeren mentions the remarkable fact that the "great monarch" himself, when he went in the spring to Ecbatana, from his winter residence at Susa, was obliged to pay the rude tribes, who held the mountains between, for a free passage.

When the Persians had subdued all Asia beneath their power under Cyrus, and when Cambyses had added Egypt to their dominion, they prepared to enter Europe. The tide of empire had hitherto been rolling westward; it was first to be stopped in Greece. Of all the battles on record, none perhaps was so important in its consequences, as that which was fought on Marathon. It was the contest between barbarism and letters, between physical force, surrounded by pomp and wealth, and mental power, inspired by the noble

spirit of a sublime patriotism. The contest was renewed at Salamis and on the plains of Platea. The true civilization was still triumphant, and at the same time a similar contest was conducted with like issue between the Sicilian Greeks and the Carthaginians, the latter the allies of Xerxes, and Asiatic in their descent. The struggle was productive of the best consequences. It called into life and action all that was great and noble in the Grecian people, and, by arousing the energies of the different states, and directing their efforts to one common purpose of defence, tended to unite them into one nation. The heroism of Leonidas and his devoted companions, was an inspiring example for after times to emulate. Soon after this it was that Pericles electrified the Athenians with his eloquence; that Herodotus read his tales of wonder and of strange lands, his annals of the national glory, to a crowd burning with eager curiosity, and stirred with the fire of patriotic pride. Pindar struck his lyre to sublime strains, while Phidias expressed in marble the awful majesty of the Homeric Jove. Euripides and Sophocles and Æschylus, men whose very names make the heart exult in exclaiming, "I too am a man!" lived and wrote beneath the azure sky of Attica. But, alas! all that is good must die! the beautiful cannot endure! In the same war, which brought forth such a harvest of greatness, were sowed the seeds of the future rivalry between Athens and Lacedemon, a rivalry which resulted in the most melancholy of all wars, the Peloponnesian. In this struggle, Athens represented the Ionic, and Sparta the Doric race. The importance of the distinction between these races, and the necessity of keeping it in view for a right understanding of Greek history, has been frequently observed, but we do not remember to have seen it any where applied to determine the true significance of this war. Heeren, indeed, says that it was caused by the original difference of race; but he does not seem to have known that it was symbolic of the contest between the conservative and progressive principles in human nature.

These principles are represented in mankind at large, by age and youth. In Britain, the parties of tory and whig are founded on this distinction. In our own country, the federal union on the one hand, and the states on the other are the extremes. In almost every Greek state, the *demus*, or commons, and the *eupatridæ*, or aristocracy, impersonated these antagonist powers. In the whole nation, contemplated

as one state, the Dorians or Lacedemonians were the conservatives, the Athenians or Ionians the progressives. Müller, who is most partial to the former, illustrates this difference in character by remarking on the Dorian's love for the customs of his forefathers, the old ancestral spirit which animated his institutions, and the elevated lyric strains in which his feelings were expressed. The Ionian, merrier and more versatile, was open to improvement, while he was greedy of novelty and devoted to change. He expressed himself in the "plastic epos of reality,"* and brought the details of domestic life and home-feelings, dignified in the persons of gods and heroes, on the tragic stage. Heeren, who prefers the Athenians, says,—

"This public spirit, animating every citizen, expanded the blossoms of genius; no broad line of distinction was anxiously drawn between public and private life; whatever great, whatever noble, was produced by Athens, sprung up verdant and robust out of this harmony, this buxom vigor of the state. Far different was the case with Sparta; there rude customs and laws arrested the development of genius; there men were taught to die for the land of their forefathers, while at Athens they learned to live for it." *Manual* p. 186.

Each character has its peculiar excellencies, and the vices of either can only be avoided by a union of the two. The difficult problem is to effect this combination. No government, which truly deserves the name of state, can exist except by the compromise between these principles of permanence and of progress. Wherever they are left to meet in open warfare, the result must equally be anarchy and ruin, whichever conquers. Thus, in Greece, where the conservative principle prevailed in the persons of the Lacedemonians, the consequences were as awful for public and private virtue, as in the French revolution, where the principle of progress gained the victory. From the very beginning of the Peloponnesian war, we feel that, let it end as it may, misfortune must come; that it is a hopeless struggle. It is a great tragedy, where the actors seem driven on by an inexorable destiny to their own destruction. Nothing can save where fate itself impels. Nemesis herself presides over the battle, while her attendant Erinnyes madden the combatants and mingle in the carnage. Was it the presentiment of the future fortunes of their country that led the poets so often to draw the terribly grand picture of a fate-driven family, whether in the

* Wachler, *Handbuch*, &c.

hapless house of the Atridæ, or in the sons of Œdipus, who *must* stain their fratricidal hands in each other's blood?

Providence thus furnished the world with an awful lesson of the consequences of opposing these principles, and this appears to have been the meaning and final cause of this war. Indeed, as Coleridge says, Greece seems to have "existed in the disposition of Providence, as a proclaimer of ideal truths." (Literary Remains, i. 152.) We remarked above that the single states in Greece attempted to affect the union of these opposites, by embodying the one in the *demos*, and the other in the aristocracy. The various ways in which these orders might be organized, the various degrees in which the one or the other might preponderate, were exhibited in the variety of constitutions which appeared in the numerous independent polities of Greece. The country was a perfect school of politics, and it was to study these possible differences, and their results, that the *decemvirs* came from Rome, where the *plebs* corresponded to the Greek *demos*, the *patres* to the *eupatridæ*. Heeren's Manual is a valuable and almost indispensable guide to the student in the study of the political history and constitution of these different states.

The contest between Greece and Persia resulted in the formation of the Macedonian empire, as we have before remarked. The Macedonians were akin to the Greeks, but partook some of the peculiarities of the Asiatic character. Their parallel may probably be found in the barbarous tribes who overran Europe at the fall of Rome. Raised to their greatness by the arms and policy of Philip, their chief glory died with Alexander. The Persian empire was rotten to the core; like the apple of Sodom, it was fair and beautiful to the sight, but dust and ashes to the touch. It accordingly fell an easy prey to the genius of the great captain, and it was the suddenness of this vast extension of dominion that made his empire fall so speedily into great fragments, when his guiding mind was gone. Far different was it with the Roman empire, whose progress was slow and difficult. But it was the sturdy oak, whose timber was hardening into iron strength, to resist the storms of centuries, and which would ultimately overshadow the earth.

The account of Roman history, in the "Manual," is, perhaps, the least valuable portion of our author's labors. His attention seems to have been chiefly directed to the Eastern nations and to the Greeks. To this comparative neglect of

the study of the Roman institutions, we are willing to attribute the unjust spirit of depreciation in which he seems to regard the great Niebuhr. We must hope that envy was not his prompter. Despite all his admitted merits, as a learned historian, and a lover of truth, it would take many Heeren to make one Niebuhr. The latter deserves to be ranked among the greatest of the great men that the nineteenth century has produced. His vast learning, instead of encumbering, but adorns his mind; what was originally acquired, appears to have taken root in the soil and become native growth. His genius, ever opening new and comprehensive views, is only equalled by his love of truth, while his sound critical judgment is combined with the deepest knowledge of human nature. He saw plainly that this was a science the historian must come prepared with, not as a scholar to learn. For no more can we know man in the aggregate, unless we first know him in the individual, than we can know others, unless we beforehand know ourselves. The benefits of Niebuhr's labors will be felt more and more every day, not only in the department of Roman history, but in the study of history generally. He effected such a revolution in the philosophy of history, as Bacon did in the philosophy of physics.

Nothing can be more unjust than Heeren's charge, that the Roman constitution, according to Niebuhr's idea, was "contrary to all analogy." So far from this, it was before a perfect anomaly, a monster, utterly unlike any thing else, either in ancient or modern times. Niebuhr has vindicated it from this misunderstanding, and shown its perfect consonance to the spirit of antiquity. Those who are acquainted with Beaufort's sceptical arguments on Roman history, and who remember the fact that Ferguson has passed over the first two hundred and forty-five years of the city, under the kings, as belonging to the region of fable, will see that Niebuhr, in vindicating portions of this period, from doubt, but ill deserves our author's accusation "of endeavoring to overthrow all that has hitherto been admitted."

Heeren's account of the early history of Rome is full of error; he does not appear to have been aware of the true distinction between the patricians and plebeians, as two orders in the state; the superior rights of the former, founded on military supremacy in the remotest times, while equal or superior in numbers to the latter, who were so far from being

a mere mob, as in the after days of the republic, that they included as ancient and noble families as the patricians themselves. Nor does he seem to know the difference between the various *comitia*. He entirely mistakes or neglects to explain the true character of the decemviral legislation, its effects, and the causes of its failure. As this is one of the most important eras in Roman history, we purpose making some remarks in explanation of its nature, drawing our facts from Niebuhr's dissertations.

It will be necessary to premise a little in relation to the earlier history of the constitution. The whole power rested originally with the patrician order, which the elder Romans designated by the term *populus*, in contradistinction to the *plebs* or commons. This order was divided into three genealogical tribes, founded originally on difference of descent, and differing considerably in their political rights, a difference which grew fainter and fainter with the progress of the nation. These tribes were again divided into thirty curies, whose assembly was the *comitia curiata*, the peculiar meeting of the patrician order. The senate was composed of the chief men of these curies; its members were at first determined by family descent, then by election by their respective curies, and finally, in later times, by appointment of the consul or censor, or by right of having held a curule office. The plebs was divided into thirty local tribes, extending a considerable way into the country, whose peculiar court was the *comitia tributa*. This had no share in the rights of legislation, which rested solely with the senate and curies. The *clientes* and *æarii* formed a still lower class, and, contrary to the vulgar notion, were *not* plebeians, and had few political rights till the time of the decemvirs.

King Servius, seeing that the growing power and numbers of the plebeians merited some share in the government, and yet unwilling to place the two orders in direct opposition by thus suddenly granting the one a veto on the proceedings of the other, divided the whole nation into classes, according to their wealth, and these classes into centuries or votes. The assembly of these centuries, the *comitia centuriata*, was admitted to a considerable share in legislation, but it was a timocratical institution, where the decided preponderance was given to wealth, and which was based on the idea of property. The centuries were also a military body, where, for the plebeians at least, every man's civil rights and military

burdens were directly proportioned. But the patricians soon gained the complete control of these *comitia*, and the commons were vexed by galling oppressions. This ended, after many struggles, in their demanding and obtaining that some of the peculiar magistrates of their order should be declared magistrates of the *whole nation*, and vindicators of their especial rights. These were the tribunes of the people.

But the state continued to be convulsed by internal dissension, though it waxed in power and strength. The plebeians were daily increasing in numbers and respectability, while the patrician order, like every closed corporation, was fast dwindling away. This condition of things could not long endure. The plebs would have, by force, if not granted peaceably, that part in power which its importance deserved. Accordingly, at the latest hour, in the year 300, after an obstinate struggle, a law was passed for the creation of a board of ten, who should devise a plan to unite the two orders, and place them as nearly as possible on a footing, (*τὴν πόλιν ἰσότητι κοίτῃσθαι*, Zonaras, vii., 48.) Heretofore, the *populus* and *plebs* had been two distinct communities, each having its own courts, and its own laws, though united into an intimate federation, where the one had superior civil rights to the other. There was no right of intermarriage (*connubium*) between the orders, nor did the right of transferring land, "whether by sale or assignment," (*commercium*.) from a member of one order to a member of the other, exist but in a very restricted form. The principle with which the decemviral board commenced, was to unite all the Romans,—that is, all who had a place in the classes,—into one civic body, where the patricians should assume the form of a very numerous nobility. Thus, every Roman would be a *plebeian*, but every plebeian would not be a patrician. This was a noble thought, and the starting point for any wholesome and permanent reform. Had this idea been strictly carried out, the Roman republic might easily, by its very *vis vite*, have thrown off those diseases which soon began to prey upon its vitals, and wear out its life. But party spirit and short-sighted selfishness allured the legislators from their original track. Let us observe in which of their measures they conformed to the first idea, and in which they violated it.

The Servian constitution had already united the Romans into one body by the classes and centuries. But this plan

was suited to other times, and to a different proportion between the numbers of the two orders. It no longer answered, for an *equal* union was required, and the classes were any thing else ; a *complete* union was required, but in these comitia, the patricians were included in six separate centuries, (the *sex suffragia*.) Wise legislators will always prefer to remodel an old institution rather than to create a new. In this case, the union could be thus effected, either by enrolling the plebeians in the patrician tribes, or the patres in the plebeian tribes. The former could not be done, for the patrician tribes were *tribes of houses*, founded on descent, and it would moreover have violated the idea of preserving the *populus* as a nobility. The course adopted, therefore, was to distribute the patricians as plebeians among the local tribes. The *populus* is to be continued as a separate estate and a nobility, therefore the comitia curiata is preserved, while, as all the members of this nobility are to be equal, the old patrician tribes, with the distinctions between their rights, are abolished. The clients and the ærarians, who were now numerous, were enrolled in the tribes. According to the Roman principle, they were subjected to military service in return for their civic franchise. The consulate, which was founded on a great inequality between the rights of the orders, was abolished, and a board of five patricians and five plebeians substituted in its place. The consulate had embraced the offices of military imperator, prætor and censor. Had the legislators been faithful to their leading idea, they would have divided these functions into separate offices, where the consuls might have been commanders of the army, and chief executive officers. Thus, there would have been two consuls, two prætors and two censors ; in each case, one a plebeian, the other a patrician. The quæstorship would have been shared between the orders in like manner. But, the patricians hoped one day to restore the consulate in all its pristine power, and to enjoy it exclusively. Such was their blind expectation ; for, when it actually was revived, it was shorn of its almost regal authority, and shared with the despised plebeians. Accordingly, the whole government was entrusted to ten magistrates, each having a different charge, though they were united into one board. Two exercised quæstorian functions, one patrician and one plebeian ; two acted as *custodes urbis*, one of each order, uniting in themselves the powers of prætor and censor ; while the other

six, half from the nobles, half from the commons, took command of the armies. Thus, while the individuals were more irresponsible, they were, as a body, even more despotic than the consuls. The various officers no longer acted as mutual checks, but only served, from their union into one board, to multiply each other's power. When the plebeians shared half the offices, it was but fair that their special magistracy, the tribunate, should be abolished. This would have been a wholesome step, had the government been constituted as the principle of its reform required. But, as things stood, the tribunate should have been preserved, and shared between the two orders, to serve as a guardian of liberty and a watch on the irresponsible and despotic decemvirs. But the legislators were to commit a yet greater error, and yet more openly to desert their principle.

Since all who had held curule offices were entitled to seats in the senate, it would happen that, at the end of every five years, (which was probably the term of the decemviral office,) five plebeians would enter that body. Besides, the one plebeian censor, (the plebeian *custos urbis*,) made it probable that some non-patrician citizens would be enrolled as senators, merely from their standing and character. Thus, while the tribes were of the nation, and the curies of the nobility only, the senate was so ordered as to be gradually transformed into a representation of the whole people. It was plain that the tribes, the senate and the curies, should have been the joint legislature, even though the elections still rested with the centuries. Yet, in defiance of experience and of natural justice, the legislators yielded to patrician selfishness, and ordered that the assemblies of the tribes should be utterly disused, and that all legislative power should be entrusted to the *comitia centuriata*, where the patricians were almost omnipotent, in conjunction with the senate and curies. This provision was too unjust to endure long; but the happy hour for change was passed, and though reform came, it came too late. The state might flourish externally, but the canker-worm was eating away its root.

The Roman nation was eminently fitted by its character for the great destiny which it fulfilled. A love of individual freedom gave birth to a haughty pride of independence, which was yet tempered by a love of home, and sense of national glory, strong enough to unite them into a nation. The aristocracy formed a conservative check on the pro-

gress, which was stimulated by the restless spirit of democracy. The elements in their descent were shown in the union of the hardy bravery of the Cascan mountaineer, with the religious honesty and the *disciplina tetrica et tristis* of the old Sabine, while the arts, the ceremonies, and the divination of Etruria were grafted on the Pelasgic love of agriculture. The necessity of avoiding internal feuds, while their situation was so exposed to enemies on every side, forced the fathers gradually to admit the plebeians to their just rights and share in government. The Romans learned a hardy practical spirit from their early difficulties, just as an individual, who, in the beginning of life, meets with many hard rubs, and has to shift for himself, gains great powers of action and a thrifty spirit. Rome laid the very foundations of her greatness in the colonies, where she joined her own citizens to those of the conquered state, in the relation of a patrician order to a *plebs* or *demus*, and modelling the whole after her own constitution, admitted them to her civic franchise. Her conquests thus became integral parts of her empire, and the very life of its power, instead of weights on its progress. The interdependence of civil rights and military duties, as above explained, was the basis of the power and success of her armies.

Had the Romans, as they conquered Italy, extended their civic franchise, and divided the country into geographical divisions or local tribes, (as they probably would have been led to do, had the decemviral legislation been consistent with its own leading idea,) then, since but few citizens from any one division could have attended the great comitia of the tribes at Rome, something like a representative system would have grown up, and the great discovery of modern times would have been anticipated. This might have been the means of saving the republic from the destruction that awaited it.

The downfall of the state is ascribed by Roman writers to the tide of corruption that set in when their ancestors quitted Italy in quest of new realms to conquer. This may be explained, by observing that the greatness of Rome was founded in the circumstance that she was originally a *township* of farmers; but when Italy was conquered without a correspondent extension of the franchise, she became a *town*, and Italy a subject. It is impossible for any city, however large, to be powerful enough to maintain a *real* dominion

over the world; and, yet more, the Romans lost the character of free land-holders, and assumed the traits that distinguish the inhabitants of a populous city. The extension of their empire greatly enlarged their commerce; but as their exclusive love for agriculture had always led them to treat this calling as a low trade, fit only for clients and freedmen, it had none of those improving influences it might otherwise have exerted. On the contrary, it became, in connexion with a city life, the source of that great *corruption* which all the Latin authors are so loud in lamenting.

But, it is not enough merely to assign the political or social institutions which are connected with a nation's fall. The deeper question is, of what state of mind and heart are these institutions the signs? What character is it that shows itself under these forms? If we consider the Romans under this light, we should say that their great fault was, that they were practical without being theoretical; that the active, energetic spirit, for which they were distinguished beyond all other nations, was not based on comprehensive intuition and philosophic insight. They cultivated the powers of the will to the neglect of the intellectual being; and, to express the whole in one sentence, they were far more eminent for talents than genius. By talents, we devise the means for the attainment of given ends; hence, talents belong to the executive, practical part of man, and it is through them that the will acts. Genius, on the other hand, is speculative; it determines what our ends *ought* to be, and therefore its operations should precede all action. In the healthy mind, the will is in accordance with its dictates; or, to employ a useful distinction of the German metaphysicians, and one which is now becoming more and more familiar to English literature, we might say, that the will coincides with and submits to the reason, and manifests itself through the understanding. But the man who cultivates his active at the expense of his mental nature, the so-called practical man, merely pursues such objects as his passions or his circumstances may happen to present. These are for the most part valuable, not in themselves, but only as means to obtain other objects, that really are *ends*. Therefore, their pursuit is right only within certain limits, to transcend which is sinful. Of such objects, the one which most naturally attracts the practical man is empire. The love of authority and power is common to every human breast, and whoever de-

votes himself to the culture of the will, is in danger of coming to love that will merely for the will's sake, the very essence of tyranny and sin. This was the error of the Romans; they sought for empire, not as a means of benefiting others and improving themselves, but as an *end*, which was to be followed at all hazards, and without any restrictions. Blindly did this strong-willed nation rush upon their own destruction, for the attainment of this object became the instrument of their ruin, and the seeds of decay were fostered and nourished by the enormous growth of their empire.

But did the Romans really neglect speculative, meditative genius? were they deaf to

The prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come? *

Look to their literature for the proof. By their own confession—by the almost unanimous voice of all modern critics—their poetry and philosophy were borrowed and imported from Greece. In all that pertains to the higher culture of the mind, they were deficient in originality. We do not mean to deny that such men as Cicero, or Virgil, or Horace, had original minds. None admire and reverence their genius more heartily than we do. But, we say that these men belong, with the difference of language, rather to the Greek school of writers than the Roman, and that their peculiar vein of originality was that of their individual minds. For, no spirit of father-land, no nationality, breathes in the nobler branches of Latin literature. To find this spirit, we must look to those writings which are more directly related to the active business of life, as their history, their oratory, and their satiric verse.

The austereness, the stern severity, and unbending pride, which are so very remarkable in the old Roman character, were indeed national and original traits, and, as such, meet with our admiration and sympathy. Yet, they were virtues exaggerated into faults; they indicated a mind unequally and imperfectly developed. They sprang from that indomitable pride of will, that stubborn *wilfulness*, that had made Lucifer himself fall. It was this that we see under various forms, more or less praiseworthy, in the elder Brutus, sacrificing his sons with unflinching constancy to the welfare of his country; in Mucius, burning off his right hand in the

* Shakespeare.

camp of Porsenna ; in the unnatural cruelty of Manlius, decapitating his brave son for a violation of military routine ; in Regulus, returning with faith inviolate to death amongst his enemies ; and in the spirit of despotic and rigorous authority that pervaded the domestic relations of the ancient Romans. How could it be otherwise, when the will does not seek an accordance with the reason,—when the whole soul does not strive after a harmony of its parts,—when the very law of its existence is discord ? The necessary product of the effort for harmony, would have been the development of the imagination, and this would have given birth to a national poetry, which the Romans, as it was, never had.

Of what use are the lessons of the past, if we do not apply them to the present ? Americans ! you are distinguished for your practical spirit ; practise, then, on the wisdom of antiquity. You are disposed to neglect literature, and in the fever of action, to disregard meditation. Take warning in the Romans, or their fate will be for you the hand-writing on the wall,—the Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin, of your fortunes.

ART. V.—*The Dream of a Day, and other Poems.* By JAMES G. PERCIVAL. New-Haven : S. Babcock. 1843.

It would be difficult to find a subject, which has provoked more speculation in the literary world, than the character and prospects of American poetry. The claims of some of our poets to distinction, have been urged with a great deal of justice, and have not been denied in the land of Spencer, Shakspeare and Milton. The names of a few American bards, may already be regarded as classic in the English language. Poetry, however, has not been with us a plant cultivated in the literary hot-house, and watered from the founts of classic lore. It has not been trained, from its earliest development, to creep over the trellis-works of art, designed by the genius of former days. It has rather been the wild flower, springing up in the wood, now upon the margin of the stream, and now from the crevice of the rock,—as Nature may have scattered, hither and thither, the seeds ;—

shooting up boldly into the air, or clinging to the neighboring trunks, as the sun or the storm may have invited it upward, or forced it to seek for sturdier support. Not the less beautiful, however, have been its tints; not the less sweet its perfume! Like the blossoms which adorn our own broad forests, it has derived its sustenance from the bosom of Nature,—and blooms with a beauty, and dispenses a fragrance, which are all its own.

Hence it is that American poetry is almost entirely lyrical. We cannot point to our national epics, which stand in the world of literature, like the stately column, or the majestic pyramid, in the world of art. Poetry, with us, has been the expression, not of studied forms of beauty, which have grown beneath time-hallowed models,—which have been forced upward and outward, until they have occupied a certain definite space, and assumed a certain standard appearance;—but it has served as the embodiment of those transient emotions of the soul, which are lighted and extinguished in an instant;—whose own intensity soon wears them out, but which, though short-lived as the flash of the lightning, yet, like the lightning, are the most brilliant and most dazzling of flames. Of all the various kinds of poetry, we prefer the lyric. The poetic emotion, when fully felt, is too intense, too overwhelming to be long endured. It has, therefore, required the most stupendous genius to produce a readable epic. A long-drawn poem will become tedious; and hence it has been said that even Homer nods. Of all composition, poetry calls for the greatest compression of thought and feeling. Passion, the very soul of poetry, is far from being wordy. Lord Byron has given, in the following lines, a description as just as it is glowing, of the passion, the inspiration, of poetry:

“Could I embody, and unbosom now,
That which is most within me,—could I wreak
My thoughts upon expression, and thus throw
Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings, strong or weak,
All that I would have sought, and all I seek,
Bear, know, feel, and yet breathe,—into *one* word,
And that one word were Lightning, I would speak.”

The noble poet, in his own writings, has illustrated the truth of the remarks we have made,—and, in some of his smaller lyrics, has poured out more passion, fire, *poetry*,—more condensed vehemence of thought and power of expres-

sion,—than in his longer and more elaborate poems, great as they are. Where in Childe Harold, where in Don Juan, where in any of his more comprehensive writings, do you find so much beauty of thought and expression, as are condensed in the few lines addressed to Thyrsa, commencing

“Without a stone to mark the spot,
And say what truth might well have said?”

We know not how it may be with others, but we have perused this piece again and again, committed it to memory, repeated it over and over, and have learned to admire, nay, *to feel an affection for its gifted author*, which would never have been inspired to so great an extent by his more extended effusions. The same remark will apply to other smaller compositions of the same distinguished writer. Nay, we would be willing to have the principle applied to the writings of all the eminent English poets, with the exception, perhaps, of Milton, Spencer, and Shakspeare; and were we called upon to strike from the English language one of the three great species of its poetry,—the Epic, the Dramatic, or the Lyric,—it certainly would not be the last. We believe that there is more of the genuine inspiration of the muse contained in the lyrics which have proceeded from the pens of Gray, of Burns, of Campbell, of Moore, and of numberless others of English bards, more or less known to fame, than is contained in all of the massive epics which have given celebrity to the English tongue. There is more of nature in the lyric,—more of art in the epic. The lyric comes like the sunshine or shower of a summer's day; with all the resplendent lustre of the one, or all the terrible grandeur of the other. The sunshine of the epic is prolonged until its strains the vision,—or its gloom is continued until the spirit wearies of the darkness.

There are many obvious reasons to account for the fact that lyric poetry has alone been cultivated, to any great extent, in this country. In the first place, our poets have not had the time to devote to elaborate works. Poetry, with them, has been more a pastime than a regular occupation. Amid the busy avocations of life, some incident has occurred to awake a harmony in their souls. The passion, to give it a shape,—“a local habitation and a name,”—has been aroused in their bosoms; the moment of leisure comes, and a tender, passionate or patriotic lyric has been offered to the world.

The history of most of our eminent poets would be but the history of men of business, or men of the world. It has not been for them to wander through the ruins of Rome, to muse over the grave of Virgil, to gaze upon the classic Mediterranean, studded with its diamond-like islands, hallowed by a thousand traditions of hoar antiquity. Their muse has never caught inspiration from the clear blue of the Italian skies, nor from the sound of the Ægean wave as it beats upon the shores of rock-ribbed Attica, or of far-famed Marathon. The mount of Parnassus, the grove of Academus, and the spring of Helien, exist alone for them upon the map, which they pored over in their school-boy days. They have not been able, like Tully of old, in the study of oratory, to devote years to the cultivation of the art of poetry. They have not been men who have secluded themselves from the busy world, in the cloisters of a university, surrounded by the musty tomes, which have been collecting for ages, with nothing to do but to study the models before them, and fashion into approved shapes, the crude imaginings of their own brains. On the contrary, they have been men engaged in the active profession and pursuits of life; some, occupied in the daily routine of merchandize, familiar with the day book and the ledger, busily employed in supplying, with the necessities and luxuries of life, a vast and growing population; others, immersed, hand and soul, in the bitter strife of the political world, zealous and unsparing partizans, unravelling the secrets of government, and entering, with eloquent tongues, or with pens dipped in gall and wormwood, into the fierce contentions of opposing parties: and others still, toiling along the dreary road of professional life, familiar with the mysteries of preparing a writ, or compounding a pill. The fact of it is, that there are causes at work in this country which prevent a man from becoming the mere poet. Sufficient wealth has not yet been amassed, to support such a class idle in the community. Nay, more, the state of the country calls for the active exertions of all of its citizens. A vast territory is yet unreduced from the wilderness. Immense natural resources are yet undeveloped. The country is yet fresh from the hand of its Maker. Our government is new, is based upon novel principles, and its destiny is full of the profoundest interest to the sensitive mind. The word, with our people, is action, action, action. The morning of our national existence has but a little while broken in unri-

valled glory ;—the time for idling, for slumbering, for dreaming, has not yet come. We are now enacting what poets shall hereafter sing of. We leave much of this for the evening of our being. Ambition, avarice, necessity, more than all, a sense of duty, and frequently of self-respect, call the poet forth from his study, from the world of imagination into the world of reality,—to mingle, to converse, and to deal with, not the creatures of a beautiful dream, not the shapes which have started into life, from the *penetralia* of his own excited imagination, but with men and women, of flesh and blood and bone, whose favor must be won by other means than the poet's song, and who, not unfrequently, entertain a species of contempt (however unmerited) for the literary idler. In a country where labor meets its reward, where energy leads on to fortune, where the avenues to wealth, to influence, to fame are open to all, and where talents, bestowed by the hand of nature, are not oppressed by the arbitrary distinctions of hereditary aristocracy, few men are willing to sacrifice, for a reputation which brings them no great degree of honor, and but a trifling profit on this side the grave, the immediate advantages resulting from an active employment of their talents and energies.

Moreover, the taste of the public calls for the lyric in preference to the epic. This taste has been fostered by the very causes to which we have alluded. Men have not the time to bestow upon reading lengthy compositions. This is shown in the other branches of literature as well as in poetry. Our age is undeniably a reading age, and the American people a reading people ; but it is not long and tedious dissertations that they seek and devour. They become disgusted with thoughts that are spun out beyond endurance, as if the author was writing against space. They call for a condensation of ideas ; they would have them compressed into the smallest possible space, into a single word if possible, and *flashed* like lightning upon the mind. The day, when a work of a number of volumes would be purchased and read, is passed in most other countries, and has never arrived in this. The author must take a great deal for granted. He must recollect that he lives in an intelligent age, and is writing for the benefit of men, who can catch at many of his thoughts without his expressing them. Dr. Johnson said that it was his habit and delight, to *tear the lights and lives* out of the books which he read ; in this country, authors should be

careful to present nothing but the lights and the lives of the book in their brains to the public. They must perform the operation of tearing them out for the benefit of their readers.

We do not conceive, with many others who have investigated this subject, that these facts serve to show that the taste of the people of our country is depraved, or that their information is trifling and superficial. On the contrary, their information is great, from these very reasons. We venture to say, that it would be difficult to find a people in the world, so generally enlightened upon most subjects as the Americans. All that they desire is, that the wheat should be winnowed from the chaff, before it is presented to them as food for the intellect. Dr. Johnson was the most generally informed of all the distinguished men of his day, and yet he says of himself, that he never had read a book through. One of the first lessons which should be taught to the young American mind should be to compress its thoughts. We have libraries enough, at this late day, to supply the patient reader with constant employment. The country is filled with orators, of greater or less distinction, who can express their thought to the people; and that once formidable weapon, the pen, is now wielded by a numberless host all over the land. The day when the public was dependant for intellectual instruction, or literary amusement, upon a few choice spirits is forever past. Books are abundant all over the civilized world, and, if a writer would wish to be read, in this country at least, he must not be prolix.

Hence, we say that the taste of the people calls for lyrical poetry. The man of business retires to his home in the evening, and loves to refresh his spirit with the brief effusions which kindles, for a time, loftier emotions in his soul. The lyric deals with the every day emotions of life. Feelings engendered by the sunshine or storms, which brighten or darken *individual* existence, find their expression in lyrical poetry. Of all poetic composition it may be regarded, perhaps, as the most *egotistical*. In that respect, according to the views of a French philosopher, who has written upon America, (De Tocqueville,) it suits our national character. The nature of our institutions tends, to a great extent, to isolate man. It would be a delightful task to trace, although but in speculation, the influence of our government, in developing individual character, in shaping individual mind, in fashioning forms of expression, and in giving new features

to literature, or modifying its old. That it does effect, to a greater or less extent, every realm of the literary world, we do not doubt for a moment; and, strange as it may seem, we believe that it moulds the character of the American poet, that it shapes and colors his thoughts, that it controls his emotions, for HE, HE TOO IS AN AMERICAN CITIZEN!

We say that the nature of our institutions tends to isolate man. While they throw political power into the hands of the mass, while the sceptre of dominion is wielded by the millions, the thousand attractions which would draw to respective centres of wealth, of power, of distinction, in the old world, the tribe of parasites, or the galaxy of genius, are banished entirely. A hereditary aristocracy, while from the bottom of our hearts we detest it, develops some of the noblest emotions of the soul. There is something lofty in the character of the feudal lord. Towards him are drawn out the affections of his tenantry, and from him is diffused the sun-lights of kindness, of sympathy, of protection. He looks behind him into the past, and traces down, from remotest antiquity, an unbroken chain of illustrious ancestry. Every emotion of pride, of honor, of chivalry, is aroused in his bosom, to preserve unsullied the escutcheon of his family. The armorial bearings, upon his castle walls, have a voice for him that speaks of the past, and he feels that he is bound to the dead by the almost adamant chain of hereditary pride. Their names are, to him, an invaluable legacy, their characters his most precious wealth, for him have they lived, with them he communes by day and by night, and, although the transmigration of souls be an empty dream, yet, the circumstances of his birth, his station in society, the family property which he possesses, under the law of entailment,—all tend to give him the character and feelings, as well as the name and the influence of his forefathers.

So, again, he looks before him into the future, and the noblest affections of his soul are drawn forth to the children of his flesh, who shall hereafter succeed him,—who shall bear his name and his title,—who shall be the lords of his castle hall,—who shall possess his ample domains,—and, above all, who shall look back to *him*, as he looks back to his ancestry before him, with a lofty pride and an almost romantic affection. He feels, to a great extent, identified with them. He feels as if their eyes were already upon him. He is anxious to preserve for them wealth, and power, and fame.

Thus are his thoughts and his feelings drawn away from himself, both to the past and to the future. And, not only so, but they are also diffused over the lower classes which are dependent upon him. Hence it is that the English nobility are so distinguished for hospitality, and a lofty generosity. They are free from the petty selfishness which makes man his own contemptible idol, and causes him to move awkwardly among his fellows. Dr. Johnson has said, that any affection, although it be but for a dog, which draws a man away from *himself*, tends to elevate him on the scale of intelligent being.

While, however, the selfish feelings of a hereditary aristocracy are not gathered into a narrow centre, yet are they far from being destroyed. That selfishness is diffused over a broader surface, and, while it becomes far less *contemptible*, it grows to be far more oppressive, intolerant and dangerous. It becomes the selfishness of a family, which has been growing for ages, which has been consecrated by time, and to which the individual will be readily immolated. It is a selfishness arrayed in gorgeous colors, accompanied by lofty emotions, but treading with elephantine step upon *masses* of human beings. The rational mind will perceive at once, that such a state of society as this, is well fitted to produce the epic or dramatic poetry, in which the characters and achievements of heroes are to be celebrated; family feuds, rivalries, jealousies, and conflicts to be depicted, and in which numbers of actors are called upon the stage, of various stations in society, from the monarch to the vassal, each performing his appropriate functions, and all bound together, from the largest to the smallest link of the chain, by laws, which, though hallowed by time, were originally based upon oppression. Here families are forced into the front,—leading individuals can be made prominent, with all their glittering badges of hereditary distinctions, while the mass of the human family, with their hopes, their aspirations, their pleasures and sufferings, form but the dark and the unobserved back-ground of the picture. Here are the best of materials for the epic or dramatic poet. In such a state of society, too, the mind and heart of the poet naturally conform themselves to the condition of things. The world of imagination is, of necessity, affected by the world of reality. From his earliest boyhood, he sees around him the pomp and display of hereditary aristocracy. His education impresses upon his

mind an admiration for the names, the lineage, the power of families. His thoughts wander back to the past and away to the future; and when he takes up his pen to write, he will naturally conceive himself in the position of some existing lord, whose name is his envy, whose greatness his admiration. Such a state of mind is not suited for lyric composition; and such a state of society cannot exist under institutions.

Here all family distinctions are abolished; the law which binds a title and a fortune to *one* of a family does not exist; no respect is reflected from the great and illustrious of the past, upon the weak and contemptible of the present; a man traces not back his family genealogy with the hope of rendering himself greater or more respectable, nor does he look forward to his children, in the distant future, with the belief that his glory will be supported by them, or that *his* name will be an incentive to great things in them. He is thus cut off from the past and the future, and his thoughts and affections are concentrated on the present. He looks for honor as a gratification for himself, and not for honor to sustain a family name, or to be of service to his children when he is dead. This is a great step towards individual selfishness.

Yet, more, the distinctions in society, of lord and vassal, do not here exist, and the sympathies which they tend to enkindle, are not drawn into action. Every man, here, is equal to his neighbor. The ballot-box, under a free government, is the greatest of levellers. No man, in this country, is entirely dependant upon another. No man's father, in this country, has been entirely dependant upon another man's father. All such connections as these have been wholly annihilated. The consequence is, that all of those ties, which bind individuals personally together, under aristocratic institutions, are done away with here; the tendrils of affection which there would fasten upon the dead, and the living, and even the yet unborn, are broken loose here, and man naturally becomes individually selfish. He becomes selfish in *little* but not in *great* things. While himself is the object of many of his secret thoughts and emotions, yet the world at large is not cut off from his sympathies. While he loves himself, he does not despise the rest of his race. While his affections are not often drawn forth to a few *individuals* among men, yet he gives forth his sympathies most lavishly to the masses of his fellows. Though in the secret recesses

of his heart, his ideas are apt to cluster around self, yet, in action, he becomes a *philanthropist*.

The poet, born and bred in such a state of society as this, will be apt to cultivate lyric composition; nay, he will be forced to cultivate it, or none at all. He cannot here be supplied with character and incident for the epic or the drama. Men move too much in masses here. He has not here the distinctions and discords of families to celebrate. His own character, too, will partake of the national character of the American. An American citizen, he will realize from his own feelings, that the heart, here, is selfish in its poetry, that it does not readily confide its emotions to others, that it thirsts not for the labored composition which presents groups of actors to the reader, but that it covets the poetry which embodies the secret emotions of the individual soul, which draws its inspiration from nature, as seen by the individual eye, as loved by the individual heart; in which ambition, and passion, and patriotism, and philanthropy, all become the emotions of one.

We thus may readily account for the fact, that American poetry, is made up of what are generally termed fugitive pieces; but they are not *fugitive* pieces. They embody thoughts which have been condensing themselves for years, and emotions which are the concentrated essence of all poetry. We are not over anxious that the taste of our people, or our poets, should undergo change in this respect. It is most questionable whether any change would be for the better. We doubt whether Bryant, or Longfellow, or Halleck, or Percival, would have produced half of the genuine poetry which they have produced, would have exerted half the influence over the literary world which they have exerted, would have won for themselves half of the fame, or gratitude, which they are now entitled to from the American public, had they diffused the poetry, which is now comprised in their exquisite lyrics, over the broader field of an epic.

The remark is not unfrequently made, that a want of poetic taste and genius is shown to exist in America, by the fact that we never have produced any great national poem, and that our poetry consists entirely of fugitive pieces. Now we are willing to have our poets compared with their contemporaries in England or any other country. We are anxious that their volumes of fugitive pieces should be carefully examined, that they should be compared with the more

extended and elaborate compositions of foreign bards, that both should be melted down in the crucible of intelligent criticism, and that we should then determine, whether there is not as much, if not *more*, of the spirit of poetry in the former than the latter. We point with emotions of heartfelt pride to some of our poets; and, when we consider all the disadvantages under which they have labored, we feel that we can say to them, "well done, good and faithful servants." Nay, farther, we feel convinced that there is a taste, and a growing taste, in America for poetry; and that the honor, perhaps the rewards, which justly belong to the poet, will soon, very soon be given to him, by an admiring public. We very much question whether the taste for poetry does not exist to as great, if not a greater extent, among us, than among any other people of the earth. It is perfectly idle to argue that the poetic emotion does not exist in every human bosom, to a greater or less amount, and is not to be found in all ages and among all people. To search into the nature and influence of that emotion,—to trace its varied developments and forms of expression,—to study its influence upon individuals and nations,—opens a fertile field for the most interesting investigation. Although our remarks have already been somewhat extended, we cannot refrain from touching slightly upon it. The subject challenges attention, and is intimately connected with the character and prospects of American poetry.

We repeat, that it is idle to argue that the poetic emotion does not exist, to a greater or less extent, in every human bosom. The taste for poetry is far more common than is generally supposed. Perhaps we may venture to say, that the *talent* for poetry is a component part of every mind. The poetic art is based upon a master passion of the human soul, which is one of its prominent features; without which it would lose its symmetry of form, and much of its grace, power and efficiency. Herein poetry is closely allied to the other arts. It is a plant sprouting from the same germ, for all of them are based upon the same original passion. We allude to the love of ideal beauty, whether as beheld in forms originally borrowed from the external world, or as starting up into life from the mysterious workings of the mind itself. It is that incessant longing of creative genius, to impress this ideal beauty upon *matter*, which has given birth to the Fine Arts. For this, the poet, the painter, the sculptor, toils,—to

make visible to the eye of *sense*, what has only been revealed to the eye of the *spirit*,—"to give to airy nothings a local habitation and a name," and to compel thousands to pay involuntary homage to the lovely creations of a single imagination.

This love of the beautiful exists in every soul, and makes itself apparent by different manifestations. It is ever struggling for expression, and will move earth and air "to testify its hidden residence." At every period in life, and in every nation, it will find some medium of utterance. Its first developments are seen in earliest childhood. The infant, gazing into a candle, or listening with amazement to the ticking of a watch, has already surrendered his spirit to the delicious charms of poetic reverie. Imagination is already at work. Fancy, born before reason, is alive in the soul of the little dreamer, and conjures a world of ideal visions into being from the unsolved mysteries of light and sound. Childhood is the sweet spring-time of art, when imagination throws over real things an unreal coloring, gives names to forms, and they assume the character it wishes;—when science has not yet divested the flower of its poetry, by tearing asunder its petals and pistils, and assigning it a name, a species, and a genus; when, at the bidding of Fancy, the stick becomes a horse, the rude outlines traced upon the sand a picture, and the simplest things in nature are clothed with fanciful attributes. The boy feels a pleasure stirring in his soul, as he bounds through the forest. The greenness of spring, the iris tints of autumn, the snows of winter, all have charms for him. Were he called upon to analyze his feelings, he might understand them not. He has not yet learned to distinguish happiness from misery,—the causes of the one, from the causes of the other. Alas! when this spring-time of life has flown,—when Reason, the younger, yet by far the more masculine sister of Fancy, has been born, then it is that he examines the *cause* of emotions which are withered forever, and the heart, mourning over their loss, endeavors to renew their existence for a time, by giving expression to the images they have left upon the soul. Fancy, yielding control of the present, recurs to the "golden hills" of her dominion in the past, repaints them in hues of light to the spirit,—brilliant, from the contrast they bear to the cold realities of life,—melancholy, because they are vanished forever. Such are "the memories of the past—sweet yet mournful to the

soul?" Such is the perennial fountain from which the poet drinks his sweetest inspiration!

Thus, in early childhood, the love of the beautiful is freshest in the spirit, finds an easy expression, and already pays its devotions at the shrine of art. The same is true of the infancy of nations. The love of the beautiful exists in the soul of the rudest savage, and struggles for utterance. In accordance with its promptings, he fashions out of the clay which he digs from the earth, or paints with the juice of a berry, plucked from the forest, a rude figure;—and in this humble relic, has left embodied behind him the same glowing idea of beauty in his soul,—the same restless desire to impress upon matter that burning conception of his mind,—the same god-like passion to *create*,—which gave immortality to the chisel of Praxiteles, or the pencil of Apelles. Amid the silence of the wilderness, he rears a temple to the god of the storm; rough and devoid of proportion is the pile which he raises, yet is it the outward expression of the same religious emotion which Ictinus rendered eternal, when he built the marble temple of Minerva upon the Acropolis of Athens. In the untutored cadence of his song,—in the harsh noise which he makes by rattling together the pebbles collected from the strand,—he endeavors to express that passion enkindled in his soul, by listening to the roar of the ocean, the murmur of the winds through the forest, the song of the matin-bird, the voice of the tempest, the thousand sweet or terrible harmonies of nature;—the same emotion, which the classic Greek embodied in his graceful conception of the god Apollo striking his lyre, and which has poured into the modern ears such diversified strains of delicious melody. In painting his face and limbs with fanciful colors,—in hanging rings from his ears and his nose,—he is still endeavoring to embody in himself that ideal of beautiful perfection, which inspired a George Brummel, as he tortured his cravat into a graceful tie, and a Count D'Orsay, as he gave to his hat a fashionable set before the most polished of Parisian mirrors.

These first rude attempts of the barbarian to impress upon *matter*, the various forms of beauty which float before his imagination, like the efforts of the child in his early sports, are the *infancy of art*. Here are the first buddings of painting, music, sculpture, architecture. Gradually, as civilization advances, the soul, which had caught its only ideas of beauty from external creation, begins to examine itself, to

trace the beautiful in thought and feeling, to seek out the connection between the outer and the inner world, to dive into the mysteries of its own creation, endowments, nature, destiny,—and from this inexhaustible soil, the two noblest of the arts, poetry and oratory, have sprung into life and beauty and fragrance. Still, however, the *passion* which produces all of these arts is essentially the same.

We propose to offer a few remarks upon the intimate connection between the arts. We believe, perhaps erroneously, that mistaken opinions are frequently formed in relation to the distinctions existing between them, the differences of taste from which they derive their origin, and the effects they are calculated to produce. We consider this matter as having an important bearing upon the ideas generally entertained of the developments of a taste for poetry in America. It opens a fertile field for inquiry ; one, to which we cannot hope, in a short article, to do full justice.

We say that the fine arts derive their vitality from the same passion of the human soul,—the love of ideal beauty. They are all, to a great extent, the outward expression of the same identical emotions. They are different mediums of conveying the same thoughts, images, feelings, from mind to mind, from fancy to fancy, from heart to heart. The genius which produces them, though differing greatly in the mechanical execution (if we may so term it) through which it acts, is originally fed from the same fount of inspiration. We consider the old maxim as founded in error, which asserts that "*Poeta nascitur, Orator fit.*" It is difficult to discern the ground of distinction between the two. The poet, with his verse and his imagery,—the orator, with his words, his tones and his action,—the painter, with his brush, his canvass and his colors,—the musician, with his brilliant bars or pathetic cadences,—are *all* endeavoring to secure the same grand object of art,—to convey an emotion, an idea, an image, from their own minds and hearts, to the minds and hearts of others. The genius which enables them to do this is, to a greater or less extent, common to them all, is the gift of nature, and may therefore be said to have been born with them, is the "*divina aura*" of the Roman poet, the love of the beautiful, the breath of our common Maker within us. Were there a term in the English language, conveying the same idea as *eloquence*, but not so immediately derived from the Latin word which signifies to speak, to utter, it might

not be a misapplication of terms to express by it the common medium through which the several arts affect the intellect. History teems with the most beautiful illustrations, to prove that the emotions which inspire at least the four noblest of the arts, and the effects produced by these arts, are essentially the same. It may not be wholly profitless, certainly not uninteresting, to bestow upon one or two of these, which suggest themselves to our memory, a passing notice.

The following (from a number bearing similar testimony in our favor) is the description by a German writer of an Italian painter of some celebrity :

"Fra Giovanni was a Dominican monk, of the monastery of St. Mark, Florence. Even during his life he was called Angelico, and after his death Beato. He painted incessantly, and never for money: painting was with him but *another form of prayer*. His heads are like miniatures for delicacy; they have not much variety, for of passion he knew nothing, and even sorrow lost its sting by the consoling foresight of the blessedness to come. Into the anxieties of life,—into the restless troubles of the world,—into the longing of infinite, unappeased desires,—he had never even looked, far less ventured;—he knew heaven, but not earth! Hence, his pictures are monotonous, and he succeeded best in those of Paradise, the Coronation of the Virgin, and the like."

Here the reflecting mind will perceive at once, that the German philosopher has traced the peculiarities of the painter's *art* to the emotions of the painter's *soul*;—the same emotions which give character to poetry, oratory, music;—and when he asserts that painting was with Fra Giovanni but *another form of prayer*, he has virtually declared that the painter's art is but *another form of language*.

Washington Allston observes, in criticising an imaginary painter, (Monaldi,)—

"If I do not place your form and expression first, 'tis not that I undervalue them; they are both true and elevated; yet with all their grandeur and power, I should still hold you wanting in one essential, had you not thus infused the *human emotion* into the surrounding elements. This is the poetry of the art; the highest Nature. There are hours when Nature may be said to hold intercourse with man, modifying his thoughts and feelings;—when man reacts, and, in his turn, bends her to his will, whether by *words or colors*, he becomes a poet."

La Harpe, the elegant and enlightened French critic, in

speaking of the effect produced upon him by a perusal of the *Illiad*, says :

"The ninth canto appeared to me to excel all which had preceded it. It is that canto—so dramatic—in which Homer, who was a great *orator* as well as a great poet, has furnished us with models of every description of eloquence, in the speeches of Phenix of Ulysses, of Ajax, who endeavored to turn to soften the inexorable Achilles, and in that beautiful reply of the hero's, in which he pours out his whole soul."*

It will be considered, by those who have reflected at all upon the subject, as an useless task, to endeavor to prove from history, that poetry has answered, at various periods of the world, the purposes of oratory. In the earlier epochs of almost every nation, there is reason to believe that poetry was the chief medium of expression. It ruled the assembled councils of chieftains, in it were couched the laws of the state, immense masses of turbulent spirits were soothed or inflamed by its influence ; in times of peace, emotions of patriotism and a love of glory were enkindled in the bosoms of men, by the songs of the poet, recording the fame of illustrious heroes ; and they were thus prepared for deeds of renown upon the bloody field in times of war. The bard, the scald, and the troubadour, were the orators of modern Europe, in the earlier epochs of its history ; possessed the intellectual spring which set in operation the physical powers of nations. We cannot refrain, however, from alluding to one of the most interesting epochs of English history, in which the ancient bards filled a conspicuous place. We allude to the reign of Edward the First. It is related that this tyrant "assembled together the wandering bards of Wales and caused them to be hanged by martial law as stirrers up of sedition ;" and yet there was not an orator to speak a word in their defence ! Was the spirit of eloquence *dead* in the heart of the Briton ? Did he feel no throbbings in his bosom, no burning glow in his soul, as if it had been touched with a live coal from off the altar ? Had he none of those emotions of patriotism, none of that love of the glorious in principle and action, none of that deep sense of indignation under wrongs

* Le neuvième chant me parut, l'emporter sur tout ce qui avait précédé ; c'est ce chant si dramatique, ou Homère, aussi grand orateur que grand poète a donné des modèles de tous les genres d'éloquence, dans les discours de Phénix, d'Ulysse, d'Ajax, qui tour à tour s'efforcent de braver l'inexorable Achille, et dans cette belle réponse du héros, où il déploie son âme toute entière." La Harpe, Cours de Littérature, Tome I. p. 61.

which are the heart, the veins, the life-blood of eloquence? The very fact, that the despot found it necessary to hang the wandering bards of Wales in order to render firm his own oppressive dominion proves that these lofty emotions were alive in the bosoms of the people, and found expression in the song of the minstrel

"In high-born Hoel's harp and soft Llewellyn's lay;"

and doubtless the spirit of the beautiful ode which the sweet genius of Gray has put into the mouth of one of these fated bards, and which will immediately recur to the memory of the reader, inspired the tongue of the minstrel and the souls of his countrymen.

Poetry and eloquence are the most intimately allied to each other of all the arts. Using language as a common medium of expression, if we divest the former of versification, which is the mere mechanism of poetry, it will be difficult to determine in what consists the difference between the two. The same intellectual excitement which gives birth to the higher flights of eloquence, produces poetry; the same emotions, whose expressions will effect an audience to tears, when spoken from the tongue of the orator, couched in the verse of the poet, will find their way to the heart of the reader; in a word, the soul of eloquence is likewise the soul of poetry. That is an error of judgment which considers poetry the child of fancy and feeling, as distinct from reason; and oratory, the fruit of the intellect, unassisted by the imagination and the heart. Both are the vehicles of thought. Both are designed to convey ideas to the mind, emotions to the heart. Poetry summons to her aid the charms of music in verse and in rhyme. In this, at first view, would seem to consist the distinction between the two; and yet, the great master of eloquence, Cicero, strenuously advises that the youthful student of oratory, should pay attention to the principles of music, in order to learn how to harmonize his words, to measure his periods, to modulate his tones so as to produce the happiest effect upon the ears of his audience. The rudest mind will discover the difference between the speaker, whose sentences are rounded so as to convey a musical sound, and the one whose composition is devoid of harmony; and who has perused the works of the distinguished prose writers in the English language, (Irving, for instance,) and has not detected the skill of the artist, almost the rhythm of the poet, in his most beautiful passages? It would appear

as if the livelier emotions of the heart were naturally musical, and had selected words for their expression, whose melody should assist in making the desired impression upon the hearts of others. The speaker may express thought in rude and unmeasured periods; but he no more deserves the name of orator, in the technical term of art, than can the rough mechanic, who rears, with brick and mortar, a common building, pretend to the name and the character of architect. This harmony of sound and proportion, is one of the family features, common to all the arts, a link which binds them together; and he who styled "*architecture, frozen music*," has expressed, in a few words, all that can be said upon the subject. Harmony of feature, in sculpture,—of color, in painting,—of sound, in music,—of proportion, in architecture,—of metre, in poetry and eloquence, is the one pervading principle which imparts to them all their beauty, is the charm which the spirit constantly looks for, and perhaps it would not be too great a flight of the fancy to suppose, that it is this indescribable harmony between thoughts within and things without, which forms the music of heaven.

We have seen that poetry, in the earlier periods of history, answered the purposes of oratory; instances are not wanting, of some of the other arts having produced the same effects. One of the most memorable is to be found in the history of Italy at the commencement of the fourteenth century. In order to excite the passions of the populace against their oppressors, Rienzi caused to be posted in the market-place of Rome, a soul-stirring picture. This picture is described as having represented a tempestuous sea, with five ships floating upon its billows. Four of them are entirely wrecked; while the fifth, which is typical of Rome, is beat about at the mercy of the winds and waves. The painting appears to have produced a prodigious effect; crowds collected in the market-place to examine its appearance, and interpret its meaning; and, strange as it may appear to the utilitarian spirit, of the present day, it was the germ of a mighty revolution, boldly touching springs of untold energy, and setting in motion the whole machinery of human action, with a power and success, that gave immortality to the name of *Rienzi*, and restored, for a bright, though fleeting moment, a portion of its noon-day splendor to the declining sun of imperial Rome.

Who can draw a distinction between the effect of this painting and the effect of an oration, which should have depicted the unhappy condition of Rome ;—her people crushed beneath the foot of oppression,—her councils racked by discordant nobles,—her energies cramped by virtual slavery. And it will strike the reflecting mind at once, that while painting here infringes upon the province of oratory, oratory, on the other hand, continually infringes upon the province of painting. The orator (if we may be allowed the expression) frequently paints with language. Words are his colors, and, unconsciously to himself and his audience, he becomes in soul a painter. Some of the greatest triumphs of the oratorical art have been achieved by this painting with words. The most beautiful passage, perhaps, of the whole oration on the crown,—that masterpiece of Demosthenes—is where he describes the consternation of the Athenians, when they heard that Philip of Macedon was within a few miles of their city, hanging—“ὥς τις νεφέη,”—like a cloud upon the horizon. In a few, bold, quick, life-breathing sentences, he gives, as would a painter, with a few master strokes of his brush, a whole city in confusion.—men, hurrying from the public tables at which the citizens were seated at dinner, tearing down the smaller edifices and casting them into the street, to prevent the passage of the foe,—hurrying to the market place to listen to the advice of their orators,—the orators, trembling, despairing, silent ; and then how nobly is the picture filled up to the fancy, by the rise of the greatest of all of them from his seat, with the fire of genius flashing from his eyes, and rekindling in the souls of his countrymen the fast expiring embers of hope !

The distinction between the fine arts would seem to resolve itself into this, not that they spring from different emotions in the human soul, which is the seat of all art,—not that they produce different sensations in the souls of others, but that they convey ideas to the brain through different senses, some through the nerves of the eye, others through the nerves of the ear. The fine arts are the varied expression of the same identical emotions.

Lord Byron exclaimed,

“Ye stars, which are the poetry of heaven !”

Why the *poetry* of heaven ? The stars have neither language, nor verse, nor rhyme ! Why the *poetry* of heaven ?

Spots of brilliant white upon the dark canvass of the skies, why did he not rather style them the *painting* of heaven? Because these mysterious orbs address the imagination, start its creative powers into life, delight that thirst for ideal beauty which is ever burning in the soul, and, whether they address the *spirit* in *language* or not, effecting, above all other things in creation, the same grand object which poetry above all the other arts, is calculated to effect, they may be justly styled the *poetry* of heaven. The poetry and eloquence of Egypt are in her pyramids! Those wonders of the world, which stretch the imagination back through the lapse of countless centuries, must have been the embodiment of a single daring idea of a single daring soul. The same intellect, educated under different circumstances, might have reared nobler pyramids of fame in the moral world, by leaving behind it an oration, like those of Demosthenes, or an epic like that of Homer; and the effect produced upon the mind, by gazing upon these mysterious relics of antiquity, is the same as the effect which would be produced, by listening to a noble oration, or by perusing a splendid poem, which should bear our spirits far away through the dense fogs that encircle the past, and should feast our enraptured imaginations amid the pomp and magnificence of a vanished empire, unfolding before us ideal visions of grandeur, power, and prosperity, succeeded by pictures of decay, misfortune and misery, which should strain our fancies to an almost painful tension.

We have observed that the love of the beautiful is ever struggling for expression. It is highly interesting to observe the various mediums it has selected for this purpose in various epochs of the world. Perhaps there is no better criterion by which to judge of a nation's progress in civilization and refinement than by the peculiar developments of its taste for the fine arts. In the ruder ages the love of the beautiful seems to have found expression almost entirely in architecture. Emotions of patriotism, of glory, of religion were embodied in the mound of earth and stones, or, in more advanced periods, in temples, columns and pyramids. By architecture was the fame of heroes perpetuated,—the history of nations recorded,—the adoration of fanciful divinities expressed. Then, in the form of idols, roughly fashioned, we have portrayed those inner emotions of love, of awe, of trembling admiration which composed the religion of the

savage. In these behold the birth of sculpture and painting. Then came music, and, shortly after, poetry. Oratory is the product of a more advanced state of civilization. It sprung into existence when governments were formed, when assemblies were to be addressed, when *masses* of men were to be awed, persuaded and controlled. At every period of the world, however, and in every nation, we venture to assert, that the love of the beautiful has found some sort of expression. Either one or the other of the arts has been cultivated,—although it may have reflected the character of a rude age and unpolished people. The love of the beautiful is as natural a passion of the soul, as is sight a natural sense of the body. It is kindred with the other passions of the spirit,—emotions of religion, of sympathy, of sexual love. In fact it enters into and is blended with all of these. It is the gratification of this passion,—by charm of feature, figure or expression,—by the light of the eye or the melody of the voice,—by the harmonizing of an ideal within and a reality without, which forms the nobler element of love. It forces itself into all our ideas of religion. We invariably think of spiritual beings under material forms; expressive of all that lofty beauty which fancy can bestow upon matter. Each one of us has an ideal in his mind of the form and feature of the Saviour of the world. The Italian artist has but placed that ideal on the canvass. Thus was the Grecian mythology a rich field for art. The countless gods and goddesses, the immense number of divinities of heaven, earth and sea—from the thundering Jove of Olympus, down to the Sylph of the grove, or the Naiad of the fountain,—typifying in themselves all the countless emotions of the human soul,—the sublime, the terrible, the tender,—were ready made ideals at the hands of the artist. He had but to reduce them to enduring form or matter, and they became eternal. We say, then, that in the simplest expression of all the loftier passions and purer feelings of the human soul, from adoration for its maker, down to the every day emotions of love, sympathy, etc., whether that expression be in language, or impressed upon forms of matter. Art is already at work,—the love of the beautiful has already found an utterance, whether it be in architecture, music or poetry.

Thus, while the *soul* of art is the same, *circumstances* may cause a difference in its outward developments. A change of *circumstances* may also produce a corresponding change

of art. This may be clearly seen from the history of the world. The immortal epic of Homer is but the expression of the burning passion for glory enkindled in the souls of the Greeks after the downfall of Troy. Inspired from the same fountain of emotion, had circumstances been different, some orator might have poured forth the richest strains of eloquence, some painter might have sketched upon the canvass, a master-piece of genius, or some sculptor might have embodied, for the admiration of posterity, the mighty energies of expression which distinguished the times in one matchless specimen of symmetrical beauty. Poetry, however, at this epoch of Grecian history, was the favorite art.

Fostered, by the prizes offered at the Olympic games, the drama, introduced to the affections of the Greeks by the Athenian *Æschylus*, was, for a long time, the chief expression of that admiration for the glorious, the beautiful, the chaste, the pathetic, for which that lively people were so eminently distinguished. Two centuries, however, had produced an entire change in their tastes, and the people flocked to the public places of Athens, not to listen, as formerly, to the tragedies of *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, *Euripides*, but to drink in the torrent-like eloquence of *Demosthenes*. His illustrious rival, ostracized from Athens, established a school, not for dramatists, but for orators, in the Island of Crete.

The history of Rome,—a city of orators in the days of *Tully* and *Hortensius*, of poets in the days of *Horace* and *Virgil*,—evinces the change which circumstances may produce in the development of art.

Modern Italy, under the auspices of the *Medici* of Florence, and *Leo X.* of Rome, presents a glorious group of poets and painters, but not an orator.

England, down to the middle of the eighteenth century, though fertile in the production of admirable poets, did not give birth to a single individual deserving the name of orator. *Dr. Blair*, in his treatise upon rhetoric, complains, that even at his day, although there was ample field for eloquence, there had not been an orator, deserving the name, produced in England. Hardly, however, had the complaint escaped from his pen, when the world was illuminated by the sudden appearance of a bright constellation of British orators, who never have been, and who, perhaps, never *will* be surpassed; a *Chatham*, whose eloquence may well be compared to a mountain cataract, bearing garlands upon its bosom; a

Sheridan, whose fancy was exhaustless of its bright creations, as is the ocean exhaustless of its pearls ; a Burke, the march of whose imagination was gorgeous as the triumphal procession of a Roman conqueror. Side by side, in Westminster Abbey, among the monuments of distinguished poets, philosophers, heroes, statesmen and artists, the eye of the inquiring stranger, rests upon two distinguished names, which alone might have shed lustre upon the annals of any nation. Rivals in life, ever opposed, like the positive and negative electric fluid, ever repelling yet ever strengthening each other ; over their twin graves, the partizan forgets his prejudices, and the English heart glows with equal affection for the memories of the illustrious rivals, Pitt and Fox.

It is not fair, then, to argue from the fact, that one or more of the fine arts have not been cultivated among a people, that therefore the taste or genius for those arts does not exist in their bosoms. Now is it rational to believe, that poetry, painting and sculpture, are productive of no practical results. They have addressed the mind with a power and effect which eloquence itself has rarely attained,—they have kindled wars,—they have ruled immense and turbulent assemblies,—they have given laws to kingdoms,—they have excited revolutions,—they have elevated monarchs to thrones,—they have overturned time-hallowed dynasties. Long after the voice of the orator is mute, over the dark gaps of centuries, *their* influence has been extended, seen and felt. Because the habits of our lives have led us to look for the expression of those inner aspirations, that love of ideal beauty which live and glow in every soul, is *another* art, let us not decry those which have twined their laurel wreaths around the memories of departed nations. Let us not erroneously conceive that there is a wide distinction between them, and that fascinating art, which rules our public assemblies, which addresses us from the pulpit, which inculcates into our bosoms from the public rostrum, emotions of patriotism, nay, which, in the spirit-stirring tones of Patrick Henry, excited our revolution, and gave us our liberties.

He should meet with rebuke from the thinking who asserts that there is not as ardent a love of the ideal among us, as among the Greeks in the days of Æschylus, the Romans in the days of Macænas, the Italians in the days of Leo X., the French and the English in the reign of Louis XIV. and Queen Anne. Human nature is the same now as it was

then,—the same among us as it was among them. Her laws are immutable in all ages and among all people. Cicero's description of the eternal principles of justice may well be applied to them. "*Nec erit alia lex Romæ, alia Athénis, alia nunc, alia posthuc, sed omnes gentes, et omni tempore, una lex, et sempiterna, et universalis continebit.*" The love of the beautiful is as ardent a passion among us, as among any other people. If it has not displayed itself in the growth of poetry, or painting, or sculpture, or music, it has been shown to the world under other manifestations. By an analysis of their lives and characters we will find that it displays itself even in men who make *utilitarianism* a boast and take especial pride in decrying the fine arts. How shall the utilitarian spirit of the day ask of poetry—"Cui bono?" when that very spirit itself is rearing magnificent edifices, driving splendid equipages, adorning books with glittering edgings and engravings, and making wonderful improvements in the world of fashionable dress, in order to gratify the very passion to which we allude, in its lowest and most degraded form. Now, if it be not the object of the utilitarian to gratify some such taste as this, we would ask what is his object? Why it evidently must be merely to secure enjoyment for his *physical* senses, or he has no object at all in view. He is amassing gold for the sake of gold, and degrading himself to the lowest notch upon the scale of intelligent being!

Let not the poet be discouraged! His is a holy art. The sphere of his influence lies deep in the individual bosom, and he must not expect to find the evidences of the good he has done the world, in the crowded streets or among the denizens of the busy mart. These evidences he may never witness. Poetry runs, like a current, deep beneath the surface of life, and freshens the verdure and nourishes the sweetest bloom of the soul. The day when it influenced *masses* of men is perhaps forever past, but the day, when it shall cease to influence the individual heart, can never be, so long as man is a spiritual being. Poetry may rarely, at this day, arouse crowds like the deep toll of an alarm bell, or like the shrill notes of the clarion of war, but it can never cease to come upon the vexed and wounded soul, like an angel's whisper from the spirit land. How can the poet ever know the positive good he has done society? How can he ever know the pure fountains of delightful meditation, he has struck with his magic wand from the solid rock, to pour

their cooling waters over the parched and arid desert of worldly thought? How count the tears of bitterness he may have dried in the midst of trouble and affliction? How number the hours of solitude he may have beguiled by his sweet, but unobtrusive influence? To do this he must enter the secret closet, the very *penetralia* of private life. He must trace the prints which wandering feet have left deep in the solitude, by the side of the streamlet. Nay, he must look farther than human eyes have ever looked,—he must see into eternity, and learn what *his* influence may have done in elevating, purifying, *spiritualizing*, some happy dweller in the mansions of the blest. And we venture to assert that there are few hearts in this wide world which are not open to the power of poetry in some shape or other. He alone is entirely devoid of the poet's soul, who feels no emotions of awe, in gazing upon the storm-lashed ocean, in listening to the rolling thunder, in watching the silent stars,—whose eyes have never known moisture as he beheld suffering humanity,—who can gaze, with a heart of steel, upon the stillness of death,—who feels no affection for his own helpless offspring,—who, as he drinks in the fire of eloquence dropping from the lips of inspired genius, has never cried out in his soul, like the Roman citizen, kindled by the lightning words of Hortensius, "Ye gods, he is an orator,"—who looks with a bosom

"Cold as a rock on Tornea's hoary brow".

upon the charms of the natural world around him, upon the blossoms of spring, upon the frost-work of winter, upon the purity of childhood, and upon that talisman of matchless beauty impressed upon the sweet visage of woman. There are, indeed, but few hearts which have not within them a chord responsive to the poet's touch; and many, *many* who have never manufactured a jingling rhyme, have uttered that poetry which springs from the soul. Poetry is the sunlight of the intellectual world, and that blindness which perceives it not, is far more to be pitied than physical blindness. The inner light of the soul may confer happiness, even when the rays of the blessed sun are shut out from the eyes; but to the darkened spirit, the present, the future, earth and heaven, existence here and existence hereafter, are indeed a blank. He who, of all men, rose nearest to the essence of a spiritual being thus addresses that mysterious light of the

soul. Milton, in his physical blindness, roamed through a brighter creation than has ever dawned upon the vision of any other man, and the enjoyments of his soul approached nearest to those which form our hopes of heaven.

"Thus with the year
Seasons return ; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine :
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank
Of Nature's works, to me expunged and rased,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out:
So much the rather thou, celestial light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate ;—there plant eyes, all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight !"

That is the sheerest infatuation in the world, which considers poetry as a sort of intellectual gift, bestowed upon a species of wretched individuals, who are fit for nothing else under the sun, but to sing their sorrows in dulcet strains to the world. Poetry is the embodiment of the loftiest passions and mightiest energies of the soul. The genius for poetry is the genius for mighty thoughts ; nay, *it is the genius for mighty deeds in repose* :—and he who passes peacefully through the world, regarded by men as a dreaming enthusiast, if the crisis should occur congenial with his high aspirations, may develop energies and resources which will astonish the world. How much true philosophy is there in the following remarks :

"From that bloody clay, and that inward prayer, COLA DI RIENZI rose a new being. With his young brother died his own youth. But for that event, the future liberator of Rome might have been but a dreamer, a scholar, a poet,—the peaceful rival of Petrarch, a man of thoughts, not deeds. But, from that time, all his faculties, energies, fancies, genius, became concentrated to a single point, and patriotism, before a vision, leaped into the life and vigor of a passion, lastingly kindled, stubbornly hardened, and awfully consecrated by revenge !"

That there exists in America a degree of national fervor and enthusiasm which can nourish poetry or any of the fine arts, must be apparent to the most superficial observer ; and they have naturally found an expression for themselves suit-

ed to time and circumstances. The influence of imagination is as much felt in this country, as in any other on the face of the globe ;—not in architecture, as in ancient Egypt ; not in painting, as in modern Italy ; not in music, as in Switzerland ; not in poetry, as in Germany ; but in *oratory*—the most commanding, and one of the most fascinating of all the arts. Oratory is that channel into which is pouring that genius of our country, which might cause our national glory to live in colors of light upon the glowing canvass, or might wake to the highest harmonies the chords of the American lyre. Ask for our national poets !—we may point to a Patrick Henry of a former, to a Henry Clay of the present day. They but serve to head a long and brilliant list. Ask for the poetry of this country !—seek it in the speeches of these men. In the bold imagery, in the Saxon periods, in the fearless denunciations, in the compressed energy of thought, in the overwhelming declamation, of Patrick Henry, we may see pulsating before us the American heart, glowing with a love of the beautiful, the perfect, the glorious in principle and action ; struggling for freedom in the storm of revolution, throbbing with that high and ennobling sense of contending for the dearest boon of humanity, which seemed to pervade the whole of our scattered people ; catching from bosom to bosom with the rapidity of lightning, gathering new warmth and energy in its progress, until it seemed to transform our wild and gloomy forests into a land of ancient chivalry. Ask for our Milton !—there he is. In the single speech before the House of Burgesses in Virginia, even the superficial eye may discern the same lofty tone of declamation, the same bold assertions embracing in themselves a rapid train of the most cogent logic, the same wonderful compression of thought, the same burning sentences, which are so much admired in the speech of Satan to his followers, in *Paradise Lost*. The same spirit which gave birth to that glowing sentiment of a fallen Archangel :

“Better to rule in hell than serve in heaven !”

might be easily supposed to have compressed a similar world of thought in the memorable sentence : “As for me, give me liberty or give me death !” Milton, born amid the forests of western Virginia, and forced into action by the storm of revolution, might have become a Patrick Henry. Henry, educated in Cambridge, refined by travelling through Italy

and Greece, by studying the ancient classics in the silence of Vallombrosa, where

"Th' Etrurian shades high over-arched embower,"

might have become a John Milton.

The Italian of the fifteenth century fed his spirit with the verses of Petrarch and Ariosto, or kindled into enthusiasm over the paintings of Michael Angelo or Leonardo Da Vinci. The German of the present day is heard along the streets of Vienna, singing the songs of Goethe and Schiller. We, as a nation, are roused to enthusiasm, or melted into tears, by the speeches of a Henry, a Lee, an Otis, a Webster, a Hayne, and a Clay. Germany, with all her poetical genius, with all her admirable thinkers and writers, and, too, with all her unquenchable love of liberty, has never produced an eminent orator. Among the musty tomes, which have lain for years upon the shelves of the German scholar, there is said to exist many a beautiful system of a free government; framed from a study of the annals of the world, harmonious in every feature, but cold and statue-like, for it has never been started by the voice of the orator into life and youth and beauty. In Germany, the love of the beautiful finds its expression almost exclusively in poetry; among us, chiefly in oratory. We say chiefly in oratory, but we firmly believe that there is growing up in America a taste for the balance of the fine arts, and especially for poetry. The amount of verse which is published in our literary periodicals, is truly astonishing; and, although a great proportion of it may be justly regarded as trash, yet it shows the prevalence of a fondness for poetic composition. Volumes of poetry are also in demand. Specimens of American poetry are almost monthly issued from the press. There must be a demand for these books, or they would not be published; a market, or they would not be offered for sale.

Among those, lately issued from the press, is the one whose title graces this article. We trust that it may meet with the success it richly deserves, and a circulation which will encourage its author to bring out another, and another, and yet another volume. Amid the trash which is poured upon the country, in cheap forms, at the present day, it is refreshing to meet with a volume of poetry like this. The name of Dr. Percival has long been familiar to the public, as one of the first of American poets. He has been considered, by

many of the most capable judges, as occupying the highest position. His natural genius is unquestionably equal, if not superior, to that of any other American poet. Were we called upon to point out the man in this country, who might have done most for American literature,—who is possessed, in the highest degree, of that restless, wayward, morbid, yet brilliant genius, which, properly controlled, and placed under suitable circumstances, is capable of the loftiest poetic flights,—that man would be James G. Percival.

The private character of an eminent poet, like that of an eminent politician, seems to be public property. The world has a singular fondness for scrutinizing his thoughts, feelings, actions and associations. Poetry is a species of composition which draws the reader close to the writer, introduces them to a delightful intimacy, makes the poet the bosom friend of his admirers, and renders all that interests him deeply interesting to them. They scrutinize his circumstances in life, and his private character, not for matters of censure and reproach, but because they feel a sympathy for him, share in his joys and sorrows, regard him somewhat in the light of a gifted, wayward, and oftentimes unhappy child, whom they cannot rebuke, even for his faults, so deeply do they love him. Of all characters, that of a gifted poet is the most interesting; and of all our poets, Percival is the best calculated, from his natural temperament and talents, to attract attention and excite interest.

In all the associations of life, he is the poet. It has been said of him, that the child will stop in the street after passing him, and look back at him again, struck by the peculiar expression of his countenance. He carries upon his features the marks of a busy mind and restless heart. He shrinks from close communion with the world. He mingles not, like his brothers among American poets, with the common mass of men. He studies not human nature, as developed in the daily avocations of life; but he studies it as presented to him in ideal forms from the past, or from the depths of his own creative imagination. His world is his library, and his associates the thoughts of his own mind. It has been said of him, that in his early years he loved deeply, devotedly, but unfortunately; and while he whispers, with startling emphasis, "the first love dies never wholly," he has long since learned to look upon all women through one medium,

not the medium of ordinary passion, but the poet's medium of ideal beauty. In his boyhood, he was defrauded of property belonging to him, by a worthless guardian; and this, perhaps, was the first drop of bitterness cast into the cup of his life.

These circumstances have all colored his genius. He is not the true exponent of the human heart. His forms have not about them the natural life and grace which they might have had, if he had studied the models furnished in the school of nature. His creations, while they dazzle the imagination, rarely go to the heart, like those of Bryant or Longfellow. He is not calculated, from this reason, to be a *popular* poet. While the brilliancy of his creations, the gorgeousness of his language, and the exquisite harmony of his varied forms of versification, will always make him a favorite with refined minds, yet he can never become the choice poet with the generality of readers.

The volume before us is the first that has appeared from him for sixteen years. He seemed to have withdrawn himself almost entirely from the public eye. We doubt whether his ambition for distinction, as a poet, is very great. We are inclined to think, that even his own aspirations are *ideal*, rather than the practical promptings of a mind, stimulated to action by mingling among its fellows. His seclusion from the world, while it has served to give him, perhaps, a contempt for fame with men, has not entirely destroyed that aspiration for real distinction, which must be experienced by every gifted mind. May we not gather this belief from the following beautiful poem, which he has placed the second in his volume, and which we extract in full? When we glance at the past course of his life,—when we reflect upon the fact that, years ago, he was pronounced by the first Review then in the country, to be the greatest of American geniuses,—that since that time he has almost entirely withdrawn from the literary world, and that now he once more enters the lists of poetic competition, with men who have been gradually rising higher and higher, until they have left even *him* below them in public estimation,—may we not with reason conclude, that this poem, whether he knew it or not, is colored by the secret emotions and aspirations of his own heart.

GENIUS WAKING.

"Slumber's heavy chain hath bound thee—
Where is now thy fire?
Feeble wings are gathering round thee—
Shall they hover higher?
Can no power, no spell recall thee
From inglorious dreams?
Oh! could glory so appal thee
With his burning beams?

Thine was once the highest pinion
In the midway air;
With a proud and sure dominion,
Thou did'st upward bear—
Like the herald, winged with lightning,
From the Olympian throne,
Ever mounting, ever brightening,
Thou wert there alone.

Where the pillared props of heaven
Glitter with eternal snows,—
Where no darkling clouds are driven,
Where no fountain flows,—
Far above the rolling thunder,
When the surging storm
Rent its sulphury folds asunder,
We beheld thy form.

Oh! what rare and heavenly brightness
Flowed around thy plumes,
As a cascade's foamy whiteness
Lights a cavern's glooms,—
Wheeling through the shadowy ocean,
Like a shape of light,
With serene and placid motion,
Thou wert dazzling bright.

From that cloudless region stooping,
Downward thou did'st rush,
Not with pinion faint and drooping,
But the tempest's gush,—
Up again undaunted soaring,
Thou did'st pierce the cloud,
When the warring winds were roaring
Fearfully and loud.

Where is now that restless longing
After higher things,—
Come they not, like visions, thronging,
On their airy wings,—

Why should not their glow enchant thee
 Upward to their bliss?
 Surely danger cannot daunt thee
 From a heaven like this?

But thou slumberest—faint and quivering
 Hangs thy ruffled wing,
 Like a dove's in winter shivering,
 Or a feebler thing.
 Where is now thy might, or motion,
 Thy imperial flight?
 Where is now thy heart's devotion,
 Where thy spirit's flight?

Hark!—his rustling plumage gathers
 Closer to his side,—
 Close, as when the storm-bird weathers
 Ocean's hurrying tide,—
 Now his nodding beak is steady,
 Wide his burning eye,—
 Now his opening wings are ready,
 And his aim—how high!

Now he curves his neck, and proudly,—
 Now is stretched for flight,—
 Hark! his wings—they thunder loudly,
 And their flash—how bright!
 Onward—onward, over mountain,
 Through the rack and storm,
 Now like sunset over fountain,
 Flits his glancing form.

Glorious bird!—thy dream has left thee,—
 Thou hast reached thy heaven,—
 Lingering slumber hath not rest thee
 Of the glory given,—
 With a bold, a fearless pinion,
 On thy starry road,
 None, to fame's supreme dominion,
 Mightier ever trode.”—p. 20.

We know of nothing, in the whole range of English poetry, which expresses more beautifully than this the morbid apathy, the sudden excitement, the lofty soarings of poetic genius. It is doubtless one of the author's favorite compositions; it must be the expression of some of the common emotions of his heart, for this is not the first time that it has been presented to the public.

The first and largest single poem in the volume before us, entitled “*THE DREAM OF A DAY*,” contains ideas very simi-

lar to those expressed in "GENIUS WAKING." It is a fair specimen, both of the author's faults and excellencies. It is deficient in natural touches. Its brilliancy is unreal, and sometimes almost painful. Very often, there is too much of light for the vision. Yet many of the thoughts are beautiful ; some, sublime. They could flow from no other than a poet's soul. They embody the hopes, the aspirations, the delights of the spirit, which lives within itself, cut off from connection with the world, thirsting after "the pure," "the good and lovely." We doubt not that, like Lord Byron's celebrated dream, it "is not *all* a dream." In it the poet is thus addressed by a mysterious spirit :

"Lone pilgrim through life's gloom," thus spake the shade,
"Hold on with steady will along thy way ;
Thou by a kindly, favoring hand wert made,—
Hard though thy lot, yet thine what can repay
Long years of bitter toil,—the holy aid
Of spirit age is thine, be that thy stay :
Thine to behold the true, to feel the pure,
To know the good and lovely—these endure.

Hold on—thou hast in thee thy best reward ;
Poor are the largest stores of sordid gain,
If from the heaven of thought the soul is barred,—
If the high spirit's bliss is sought in vain ;
Think not thy lonely lot is cold or hard,
The world has never bound thee with its chain ;
Free as the birds of heaven thy heart can soar,—
Thou can'st create new worlds—what would'st thou more ?

The future age will know thee—yea, even now
Hearts beat and tremble at thy bidding,—tears
Flow as thou movest thy wand,—thy word can bow
Even ruder natures,—the dull soul uprears
As thou thy trumpet blast attunest,—thou
Speakest, and each remotest valley hears :—
Thou hast the gift of song—a wealth is thine,
Richer than all the treasures of the mine.

Hold on—glad spirits company thy path—
They minister to thee, though all unseen ;
Even when the tempest lifts its voice in wrath,
Thou joyest in its strength ; the orient sheen
Gladdens thee with its beauty ; winter hath
A holy charm that soothes thee, like the green
Of infant May—all Nature is thy friend,—
All seasons to thy life enchantment lends.

Man, too, thou know'st and feelest—all the springs

That wake his smile and tear, his joy and sorrow,
 All that uplifts him on emotion's wings,
 Each longing for a fair and blest to-morrow,
 Each tone that soothes or saddens, all that rings
 Joyously to him, thou can'st fitly borrow
 From thy own breast, and blend it in a strain,
 To which each human heart beats back again.

Thine the unfettered thought, alone controlled
 By nature's truth ; thine the wide-seeing eye,
 Catching the delicate shades, yet apt to hold
 The whole in its embrace—before it lie
 Pictured in fairest light, as chart unrolled,
 Fields of the present and of destiny :
 The voice of truth amid the senseless throng
 May now be lost ; 'tis heard and felt ere long.

Hold on,—live for the world—live for all time—
 Rise in thy conscious power, but gently bear
 Thy form among thy fellows ; sternly climb
 The spirit's Alpine peaks ; 'mid snow towers there
 Nurse the pure thought, but yet accordant chime
 With lowlier hearts, in valleys green and fair,—
 Sustain thyself—yield to no meaner hand,
 E'en though he rule awhile thy own dear land.

Brief is his power,—oblivion waits the churl,
 Bound to his own poor self ; his form decays,
 But sooner fades his name. Thou shalt unfurl
 Thy standard to the winds of future days,—
 Well may'st thou in thy soul defiance hurl
 On such who would subdue thee ; thou shalt raise
 Thy name, when they are dust, and nothing more ;
 Hold on—in earnest hope still look before.

Nerved to a stern resolve, fulfil thy lot,—
 Reveal the secrets nature has unveiled thee ;
 All higher gifts by toil intense are bought,—
 Has thy firm will in action ever failed thee ?
 Only on distant summits fame is sought,—
 Sorrow and gloom thy nature has entailed thee,
 But bright thy present joys, and brighter far
 The hope that draws thee like a heavenly star.”—p. 16.

This is indeed a noble strain,—tinged at once with the hopes and the melancholy of the poet.

This volume is mostly composed of short pieces, songs and ballads, written after classic measures. There are also imitations of the versification belonging to modern languages, as well as translations. Some of these are admirable, and

none are below a highly respectable standard. They prove the author to be a master of rhythm. He must have devoted a great deal of study to it, and must also be possessed of an ear attuned to melody. Dr. Percival is, perhaps, one of the first scholars of the day; and it may be interesting to readers to know the fact, that he possesses a rare combination of talent. He was distinguished in college, at one and the same time, for poetic and mathematical genius.

In his descriptions of the natural world, he is not as graphic as Bryant. Some, however, of his poems display more of the *painter's* talent than has generally been attributed to him. The beautiful piece entitled "SENECA LAKE," (p. 28,) contains many striking evidences of this :

"I had wandered long,
That bright, fair day; and all the way, my path
Was tended by a warm and soothing air,
That breathed like bliss; and round me all the woods
Opened their yellow buds, and every cottage
Was bowered in blossoms, for the orchard trees
Were all in flower."

Again :

"Thou wert calm,
Even as an infant calm, that gentle evening;
And one would hardly dream thoud'st ever met
And wrestled with the storm. A breath of air
Felt only in its coolness, from the west
Stole over thee, and stirred thy golden mirror
Into long waves, that only showed themselves
In ripples on thy shore—far distant ripples,
Breaking the silence with their quiet kisses,
And softly murmuring peace."

"Far to the south
Thy slumbering waters floated, one long sheet
Of burnished gold—between thy nearer shores
Softly embraced, and melting distantly
Into a yellow haze, embosomed low
Mid shadowy hills, and misty mountains, all
*Covered with showery light, as with a veil
Of airy gauze.* Beautiful were thy shores,
And manifold their outlines, here up-swelling
In bossy green—there hung in slaty cliffs,
*Black as if hewn from jet, and over-topped
With the dark cedar's tufts, or new leaved birch,*
Bright as the wave below."

Really, after reading these passages, and many others like them, in this volume, we almost regret having given the palm

of superiority to Bryant, as the painter of nature. This sort of poetry, however, we are not inclined to consider of the highest order, and our author may base his claims to distinction upon productions of a loftier character. This is *popular* poetry, and "SENECA LAKE" will be admired by ten, where "THE DREAM OF A DAY" is admired by one among readers of poetry. Percival's claim to superiority, even in this kind of composition, could be easily established if he would simply write a little more of it.

If space permitted, we would be happy to give many more extracts from his delightful book. Some of his songs are exquisite, and at times he gives us passages which makes one almost hold his breath. What a poetic picture is the following! How perfectly is the rhythm suited to the thought and to what an intensity is that thought wound up:

"Softly sweet the song is stealing, softly through the night afar;
Faint and low the bell is pealing; dim, through haze, the light of star;
Hushed and still is all around me; cold and still my brooding heart—
Sure some magic spell has bound me—bid, oh! bid the spell depart."
p. 193.

We commend this volume to all lovers of true poetry. We feel that we have not done it full justice in this review. We close with an extract which proves that the poet, though he loves to wander through classic realms, has the soul and feelings of an American. Let it commend him to all who feel an interest in American literature, or a pride in American genius:

"How deep the silence—
Only the rustling boughs, the broken ripple,
The cricket, and the tree-frog, with the tinkle
Of bells in fold and pasture, or a voice
Heard from a distant farm, or hollow bay
Of home-returning hound,—a virgin land
Just rescued from the wilderness, still showing
Wrecks of the giant forest, yet all bright
With a luxuriant culture, springing wheat,
And meadows richly green,—the blessed gift
Of liberty and law. I gazed upon them,
And on the unchanging lake, and felt awhile
Unutterable joy—I loved my land
With more than filial love—it was a joy
That only spake in tears."—p. 30.

- ART. VI.—*Xenophon's Memorabilia of Socrates, with English Notes.* By ALPHEUS S. PACKARD, Prof. of the Greek and Latin Languages and Literature, Bowdoin College. New-York: Gould, Newman & Saxton. 1839.
2. *The Clouds of Aristophanes, with Notes.* By C. C. FELTON, A. M., Eliot Prof. of Greek Literature in Harvard University. Cambridge: J. Owen. 1841.
3. *The Gorgias of Plato, with Notes.* By THEODORE D. WOOLSEY, Prof. of Greek in Yale College. Boston: Jas. Munroe & Co. 1842.

THESE little books are cheering to the eye of the American student. In the dearth of good editions of the classic authors, we hail, with delight, any addition, however small, to our scanty stores, and tender our thanks to the editors for their very valuable and acceptable labors. This is the first time that these old Athenian gentlemen have been introduced to us on our own shores. We trust that they will be graciously received, in the literary circles of our republic, and that the editors and publishers, who have united to present them, in neat and attractive costume, will meet with their deserved reward.

We propose, in this article, to consider the claims of Socrates. We have summoned, before our tribunal, the accused and the accuser, and we invite our readers to take a seat with us, and listen to the defence of the earnest and eloquent advocate. The task of vindicating the memory of their injured master seems to have been entrusted, by his fellow-disciples, to Xenophon, and it could not have fallen into better hands. There is an air of sincerity about the *Memorabilia*, which marks it as the production of a man, who does not seek to varnish over a fictitious tale, and, by studied exaggeration, to extort applause; but to give a living portraiture of Socrates, such as he was, under a deep conviction that to be admired, it is only necessary that he should be known; that his finely proportioned character, like the perfect statues wrought by the chisel of Phidias or Praxiteles, needs only to be unveiled to the gaze of the world, to attract its homage. We value the representations of Plato only so far as he accords with Xenophon. He makes Socrates too frequently the reporter of his own opinions, to render him a trustworthy guide. Xenophon had more of the traits of a Bos-

well about him. Hence, although it would be ridiculous to compare his genius with Plato's, we must acknowledge him to be a better reporter of the Socratic philosophy and a better representative of the Socratic school. Plato was himself a philosopher and the founder of a sect. In him we behold the dialectic skill and practical good sense of Socrates, combined with an imagination of oriental magnificence, and occasionally overpowered by it. The Homer of philosophers, he was a poet as well as a speculatist. It is not surprising, therefore, that the simple instructions of his master were adorned or distorted by the creations of his own prodigal and inexhaustible genius.*

It is fortunate for the fame of the Athenian philosopher that these memoirs, from the pen of his affectionate disciple have come down to us. They form his best defence against the charges of his accusers. They vindicate him alike from the calumnies of Aristophanes, and the more innocent, though scarcely less dangerous, misrepresentations of Plato, and sustain the philosopher in the position to which the impartial judgment of his countrymen finally elevated him, as the martyr of virtue. The history of philosophy records no change so sudden as that which succeeded the death of Socrates. The delirium of the popular mind, during which he perished, had no sooner subsided, than the verdict of condemnation was reversed. Amidst the dazzling pretensions of impudent impostors, and the strife of contending demagogues, the people looked back, with tender regret, to the memory of that hoary-headed old man, who concealed, under an unprepossessing exterior,† a kind and generous heart, whose life had been spent for their benefit, and whom, while

* Xenophon remarks, with respect to Plato's *Apology*, that he had not heard from Socrates, nor would he commit to writing any such things. *Xen. Epist. 5.* Cicero refers to Plato in *Acad. I. 4*, as *varius, multiplex et copiosus*; and observes, again, *Leporem Socraticum subtilitatemque sermonis cum obscuritate Pythagoræ et cum illa plurimarum artium gravitate contexuit. De Rep. I. 10.* We shall have occasion to refer to some other passages in another place.

† Socrates, like Pope, Boerhaave, and many others, to whom nature has not been sparing in intellectual graces, was not remarkable for his personal attractions. He had an enormous mouth, with thick lips, prominent eyes and a turned up nose. Poor Benoit, a scholar of the seventeenth century, complains that his lot was, in one respect, worse than Socrates', for he had a wife, with whom compared, Xantippe was an angel, "*per annos quadragenta-septem*," is his doleful account in his memoirs, "*miserum conjugem omnibus diris affecit.*" For the character of Socrates' better half, see *Xen. Conviv. II. 10.*

employed in his unostentatious avocation of instructing the ignorant, and reclaiming the vicious, they had seen in the streets, the agora and the shops, summer and winter, morning, noon and night, barefoot, a coarse blanket his only covering. Instead of being denounced as the corrupter, he was hailed as the benefactor of his race; and the storm, in which he had been swept away, was roused against his enemies. Some fell victims to the fury of the multitude, others fled the city, and others perished by violent hands, or wasted in hopeless exile. This returning tide of feeling in his countrymen was only the beginning of his fame, the types of that veneration by which his name would be borne to the most distant nations and down to the remotest posterity. The wise and the good of all civilized lands have combined to honor him. Virtue has lingered fondly around his shrine, and genius has adorned it with her choicest offerings—from the immortal trilogy of Plato, to the *Mort de Socrates* of La Martine—so that by the general voice of mankind,

“Poor Socrates,

“By what he taught and suffered for so doing,

“For truth’s sake suffering death unjust, lives now

“Equal in fame to proudest conquerors.”

The birth of Socrates, A. C. 470, marks an era in the history of our race. He is “a personage,” says M. Cousin, “eminently historical. He represents, indeed, an idea which is of the highest elevation, the idea of philosophy; that is to say, of reflection in itself—reflection applied to all things, but principally and first to human nature.”* It is with justice, that Cicero venerates him, as the *parens philosophiæ*,† the father of that noble philosophy, which has man for its object, and seeks to ascertain the relations in which he stands to the universe around him; to develop his higher capacities; and train him for a more enlarged and elevated sphere,—a philosophy which no people needed more than the Athenians, nor any age more than that which witnessed and despaired the labors of Socrates.

Athens, in the age of Pericles, A. C. 441, had reached the highest stage of Greek civilization. A series of prosperous

* *Introduc. Hist. Phil. American Trans.* pp. 43-77.

† *De Fin. II. 1. De N. D. I. 34.* That Cicero used this expression with reference to moral philosophy, or the philosophy of human life, is evident from the passage in *Brutus*, 8. *Primum tum philosophia, non illa de natura, quæ fuerat antiquior, sed hæc, in qua de bonis rebus et malis, deque hominum vita et moribus disputatur, inventa dicitur.*

events, contributing to the power and aggrandizement of the republic, and developing the intellects of a people, upon whom nature had showered her gifts, with unusual prodigality, had made Athens the eye of Greece, mistress of arts and arms, and the admiration of the world. The city was adorned with vast and magnificent buildings. Commerce and the arts were made tributary to the comfort and splendor of its inhabitants, who lived amidst a profusion of every thing which wealth could procure, or luxury crave. This state of things was not unattended with its usual evils, so that the era which marks the greatest prosperity of Athens, indicates also the period of its decline. The lust of wealth was stimulated by facility of acquisition, and luxury increased with the means of enjoyment. The simplicity of ancient manners, and the severity of ancient virtue, yielded to the insinuating arts of an enfeebling civilization; and the nation lost that firm integrity and elevated public spirit which distinguished the contemporaries of Aristides, and that disciplined valor which was displayed by the heroes of Marathon and Salamis.

In the decline of a state, unfavorable symptoms first appear among the young. Athens was no exception to this law of national existence. The youth of that opulent and giddy metropolis, disdaining the rigors of ancient discipline, devoted themselves to the arts of ostentation and display, affected an effeminate dandyism, and revelled in debauchery and crime. The Athenian exquisite, with his long hair greased and curled, like our King-street dandies, and glittering with rings to his finger-ends, strutted over the public walks, in a flowing pallium of purple, richly embroidered, fastened by a curiously wrought brooch, on the right shoulder, and trailing gracefully behind; or dashed down to the Piræus, in his gilded chariot, the admiration of Athenian courtezans, and the envy of less fortunate beaux. These young blades frequently squandered upon their horses, as many minas as would support a philosopher, harrassing their foolish old fathers the meanwhile, like Strepsiades in the clouds, with a perpetual drain upon their purses.

The vices of the age were something worse than those which confine themselves to the surface of society, and display themselves in a love of splendid equipage, costly dress, and sumptuous banquets. They struck their roots deep into the heart of the body politic. The intercourse of the citi-

zens was disturbed by contentions, and their property diminished by perpetual lawsuits. Reverence for age departed with respect for public officers. Insubordination prevailed in the city and the camp. The vices which deformed private life crept into the public counsels. Self-interest was the motive, intrigue the means of political success. Politics degenerated into a mere trade, a deliberate system of knavery and imposture. Unprincipled demagogues aspired to rule the people. Prepared to sacrifice public good to private advantage, and to scruple at no expedients, by which they might worm themselves into the favor of the demos, and crawl into place and power, they disregarded alike the dictates of virtue and patriotism, and were intent only on their own elevation.*

The sources of these evils must doubtless be sought, principally, in the prevalence of scepticism among the Athenians,—the absence of a sober practical conviction of the existence of God and a future state. The early superstition of Greece, which was a scion transplanted from the East, veiled under symbolical representations and hoary myths, truths of sublime import and lasting importance. But, as it is the tendency of the human mind to forget the inward truth in the contemplation of the outward symbol, and mistake the shadow for the substance, these myths and symbols gradually lost their sacred import, the ancient traditions were perverted by the poets, or embodied into works of art by the painters and sculptors, and the Grecian religion assumed the form of devotion to the external world.

“A pompous show
Of art, a palpable array of sense.”

Such a condition of things could not but be fatal to sincere devotion. With the development of poetic genius among the Greeks, and the progress of art, their religious feeling declined. The cultivated Athenian was a sceptic and a worldling. To him a future state was a dreamy fiction. The present engrossed his attention. The fields of Elysium could yield him no rapture; the shades of Tartarus inspire no terror. But, to one cast, like the Greek, in nature's finest mould, and gifted with exquisite sensibility, such a condition must have been fraught with anxiety and gloom. Hence a vein of despondency pervades the Greek poetry. The grave

* Mem. III. 5, 16.

is invested with all that melancholy imagery, with which the imagination is wont to clothe the last resting-place of man.*

The tendency to deterioration was greatly aggravated by the Sophists, a mercenary horde, who traded in philosophy, and turned the temple of science into a den of thieves. The appellation by which this class of men were designated, has become, like the term Jesuit, a by-word, and a badge of disgrace. But it seems originally to have meant nothing more than a practical wise man, a teacher of wisdom, in opposition to the mere theoretical investigator or literary man.† It was only in consequence of the guilty defection of that class of instructors, that the name became a synonyme for intellectual prostitution. The Sophists were attracted to Athens by the hope of gain. The wealth and luxury of the inhabitants, together with their love for the arts of display, promised a fair market for the sale of their literary quackeries. Their appearance sometime after the 84th Olympiad, A. C. 441, marks a period of great importance. They were the first who came forward with offers of public instruction. The alacrity with which the Hellenic youth crowded to the Sophists, and paid large sums for their services, arose from the attractions of the teachers themselves, and the thirst for knowledge which long destitution had excited. The Sophists might have been extensively useful; and had they not so basely betrayed the trust reposed in them, they would now be regarded with admiration and gratitude. They stirred to its depths the vast ocean of mind, and met the demands which they had excited by public lectures. But they failed to direct the youth of Athens to the proper subjects of study. Their instructions, full of specious fallacies and corrupt principles, were directed principally to the acquisition of practical dexterity or craft,—ability to shine in the senate or humbug the ecclesia,—and, as money was their chief object, they professed a pliable morality, which permitted them to cater to the appetites of their scholars, and suit their panto-

* On the subject of death, the Greek poets indulge in a strain so melancholy as to be actually depressing to the spirits. See especially Mimnermus, Simonides, and Theognis. Even the Teian muse is sometimes clad in sable. Anacreon sings "Gray are my temples, &c." Apud Stob. lib. I. Homer, long before, had said, "I would rather serve with the poorest man, than be king over all the shades." Od. XI. 422.

† Wachsmuth. Hellen. Alterthumskunde. II. Th. 2 abth. S. 458.

logical wares to the taste of their various customers.* Theirs was a wisdom, not of things, but of words; and their lectures, delivered in a brilliant rhetorical style, pleased the ear, and captivated the imagination, but, if we may credit a contemporary, made no man wiser or better.†

Protagoras of Abdera, was the archangel of this intellectual apostacy.‡ Gorgias of Leontium, Prodicus of Cos, and Hippias of Elis, were his most illustrious compeers. They were the first encyclopedists, doctors of all the arts and sciences—the legitimate predecessors of the Græculus esuriens of Juvenal.§ The vast pretensions of these pseudo-philosophers, combined with their splendid manner of living, attracted the youth of Athens; and won for a season the admiration of the more cultivated classes. They were held in great honor. Some, indeed, by pushing their speculations too far, incurred the odium of impiety, among a people who were proverbially religious. Protagoras having been banished, and Prodicus put to death, others were more prudent, or more fortunate. All Greece united in erecting a golden statue to Gorgias.||

The sophists overturned the foundations of all morality and science, by denying the reality of objective truth.¶ To them, every thing was as it appeared to be. There was no certainty in knowledge; nothing intrinsically good or evil. The immutability of moral distinctions was lost sight of; and the quality of actions was made to depend on the variable standard of subjective opinion, the will of the legislator, or the caprice of the individual. Indeed, these early errorists seem to have gone the whole length of extreme Hobbism.

* Mem. I. 6, 13. Clouds. 98. Cic. Acad. II., 23. Wachsmath, S. 465, 466.

† Xen. de Ven. xiii., 12. Nothing evinces more fully Xenophon's strong aversion to the sophists, than the fact that, in a treatise on hunting, he should go out of his way to attack them. In this passage, he loses his ordinary placidity. The subject evidently excites him.

‡ Protagoras insincerus quidem philosophus, sed acerrimus sophistarum fuit. Aul. Gell. N. A. V. 3, 7. Plato says that he deceived all Greece for more than forty years, and made more money than Phidias, or any other ten sculptors. Meno. p. 91.

§ Sat. iii. 76. Mem. i. 4, 1. Gorgias of Plato, p. 447. C. Hippias boasted at the Olympic games, that there was nothing which he did not know. Besides being conversant with every department of knowledge, he was his own silversmith, tailor, shoemaker, etc. Cic. de Orat. iii. 33.

|| Cic. de Orat. iii. 32. Nat. Deor. i. 23.

¶ Cic. Acad. ii. 46. Theætetus of Plato, *passim*. Cudworth's *Eternal and Immutable Morality*—B. ii., ch. 2.

The tendency to scepticism is, doubtless, among elements of our mental constitution ; and its legitimate use, the condition of all sound knowledge. Philosophy begins in doubt, that it may end in rational conviction. He who is accustomed to receive facts without inquiry, to whom all phenomena are alike the reporters of truth, and whose ready assent is given to every thing, which may challenge his belief, can never rise to the elevation of a true philosopher. By a wise provision of the author of nature, the human mind is furnished with this natural protection against imposition. Scepticism is the janitor of the mind, the surly Cerberus that guards it from profane intrusion ; and he who would approach its portals with success, must come provided with a sound philosophy, which silences doubt by an appeal to unquestionable evidence. But, like every thing else, it may be abused. When employed not to detect error, but to perplex truth ; to involve in obscurity the most august and sacred subjects ; to unsettle the principles of human action ; throw down those eternal landmarks which the Creator has erected between truth and falsehood, virtue and vice ; and extinguish the hopes that cheer us in adversity and in death, it is the most fearful malady that can curse a perverted intellect. To examine with care the devious paths into which we may wander in intellectual inquiries, is the dictate of sound reason ; but to argue from the existence of those paths, that there is no highway to truth, and that all directions lead alike astray, is a fatal abuse of our noblest powers. And this is the difference between the philosopher and the sophist. The one warns against error, that he may guide us to truth ; the other denies the reality of truth, and consigns its votaries to hopeless despondency. It is the office of the philosopher, to unveil to us the celestial form of virtue, that we may be won by her venerable beauty ; it is the poor work of the sophist, to hide her from the view, and divide our homage among the countless idols of his own obscene pantheon.

Nothing can be more adverse to the interests of sound knowledge and morality, than such principles as were inculcated by these early monopolists of wisdom. To assert the uncertainty of knowledge, and the impossibility of arriving at truth, is to repress all intellectual effort, and justify the indolence of contented ignorance. Men will cease to contend in a race, in which no prize is to be won ; and the con-

test will be yielded without a struggle. Or, should the mind, true to its native instincts, assert its high prerogative of thought, and indulge in speculative inquiries, it must soon become dispirited by the conviction of the utter vanity of its pursuits.* Upon the principles of scepticism, all philosophical discussion is reduced to a mere measuring of weapons; and is valuable or interesting, only as a show of intellectual gladiators. No solid advantage is to be gained; no victory to be achieved. The parties can only perish in the strife. It is the very struggle of Eteocles and Polynices; a deadly combat, in which both fall and no empire is won; while philosophy, like the wretched Jocasta, bends over the bodies of her bleeding sons, and lifting the fatal weapon to her own bosom, dies in their embrace.

ἐν ὅς τοῖσι φιλέταις
 θανούσα κείται, περιβαλὼν δ' ἀμφὸν χεῖρας.

Eurip. Phœniss. 1472.

The condition of Athens, such as we have very imperfectly sketched it, must have been a subject of melancholy reflection to every honest lover of his country; peculiarly so to the enlightened few, whose political views were based upon comprehensive principles, and whose philosophic foresight discerned in the disorders of the times, prognostics of national ruin. Among this number was Socrates. It must have cost the modest philosopher many an hour of anxious and painful thought, before he could persuade himself that he was called upon to act the principal part in such a trying crisis; single-handed to attack the combined and disciplined hosts, that were working the downfall of his country. But, full of faith in God, and faith in man's higher destiny, he girded himself for the work. It was a noble conception, and as nobly embodied in action. It was worthy of that "heroic magnitude of mind," which marked his whole career.

That Socrates believed himself summoned to this warfare by the divinity himself—divinely commissioned to do battle against those errors, of which the sophists were the abettors and the representatives—is demonstrable, as well from the actions of the man, as from his frequent and solemn affirmation. How else are we to understand his allusions to his

* Postquam animus humanus de veritate inveniendâ semel desperaverit, omnino omnia sũnt languidiora. Nov. Organum. I. 67.

genius? To interpret these as mere figures of speech, is to charge upon the simplest of philosophers, a style of expression exceeding the bounds of oriental extravagance. He did not arrogate the divine direction, as a privilege peculiar to himself; but held and taught, that it was vouchsafed to every man of sincere piety.*

Various opinions have been maintained, with respect to the *genius* of Socrates.† A few words may, perhaps, place the subject in its proper light. Socrates was a careful observer of men and things. He had made himself profoundly conversant with the motives of human action; and could anticipate, with great precision, the course of human affairs. Possessed of a comprehensive understanding, and a practical judgment, which had been enlarged and enriched by long experience, he could grasp a subject in its whole extent, and view it in all its diversified relations and consequences. He seems to have apprehended clearly those permanent and invariable laws, which, amid constant fluctuation, direct the destinies of man and of the world. While others looked only on the troubled surface of the ocean, and thought that they discerned the direction of affairs, in the apparent motion of its billows, or the dash of its flying spray, his philosophic insight was cast into the depths below; and he traced the direction of the tide, by which all events were sweeping onward to their consummation. His judicious counsels were the responses of an inward oracle; his auguries of the future were the dictates of an enlightened reason, that had carefully observed the past.‡ This faculty of divination, is the prerogative only of the most gifted among the sons of men. They are the true seers, the unin-

* Mem. I. 1, 9. I. 4, 8. IV. 3, 12.

† His *genius* was not an attendant spirit, or guardian angel, but the divinity himself. Xenophon uses, indiscriminately, the expressions, *ὁ θεός*, *ὁ δῖος*, *τὸ δαίμόνιον*, with reference to that directing agency, which his master enjoyed. Mem. I., 1, 2. I. 4, 19. I. 3, 4. Similarly Cicero—*divinum quiddam, quod dæmonion appellat, cui semper ipse paruerit, nunquam impellenti, sæpe revocanti*. De Div. I. 54. Xenophon, however, ascribes to the *genius* something more than a *restraining* influence. Mem. IV. 8, 1. See *Historia Diaboli*. auctore J. G. Mayer, p. 45—a work of much curious learning. The subject is also discussed by Apuleius, in the tenth book of his *Metamorphoses*; and, if we mistake not, by Plutarch.

‡ This principle was not unknown to Ovid:

Augurium ratio est, et conjectura futuri:

Hac divinavi, notitiamque tuli.

Trist., L. 9, 52.

spired prophets of our race. Such a man was Edmund Burke. In modern England, he passed merely for a statesman of profound sagacity and philosophic foresight. Had his lot been cast in the heroic ages, he would have been hailed as the priest of Apollo. Like Calchas, he might have been the umpire of contending princes, or the leader of embattled armies and navies.* It was for a *genius* like this that Milton longed, when he penned his inimitable *Il Penseroso*, closing with the prayer, that his old age might be blessed with a calm retreat, in some peaceful hermitage, in which he would converse with all that is ennobling in heaven and earth.

"Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain."

Situated as Socrates was, it was natural for him to mistake the deductions of a sound intellect, and the impulses of a healthful conscience, for intimations of the divinity, and to conclude that he was acting under a special commission from heaven. Nor was it singular that his disciples should indulge the same belief. It accorded with the maxims of antiquity, that exalted wisdom and virtue were the gifts of the gods, and that every great man enjoyed a portion of divine inspiration.† When, therefore, they listened to the sublime doctrines that were unfolded by their master, and illustrated in the daily beauty of his life, they did not hesitate to place him among those favored mortals, who reflect the light of the supreme intelligence. So powerful was the impression of his transcendent excellence upon two of the Christian fathers, that they claimed him as a prophet of the Logos, and inscribed his name in the martyrology of eternal truth.‡ In pursuit of his high mission, Socrates came

* This practice was quite common among the Greeks and other ancient nations. See *Der Prophetismus der Hebräer*, von A. Knobel. Breslau. 1837. Th. I. S. 53.

† *Nemo vir magnus sine aliquo afflatu divino unquam fuit.* Cic. de N. D. II. 66.

‡ Justin Martyr. *Apol.* I. 5. Clem. Alex. *Strom.* I., p. 298. Some of the fathers thought otherwise. Minucius Felix considers him a tool of evil spirits. Others, with less courage, or more compassion, seem to regard him in the dubious light of Dante's neutral spirits, who were neither on the side of God nor the devil.

Che non furou ribelli

Nè pur fedeli a dîo, ma per sè foro.

Infer. III., 39.

See the passages in Usteri's *Pau'lin.* Lehrbeg. Zurich. 1834. *Anhang*, 3. Mänscher's *Lehrbuch der Dogmengesch.* I. S. 102.

forth as the reformer of the age. He surveyed, with scrutinizing eye, the condition of his countrymen, moral, social and political, that he might ascertain the actual extent of their disorders, and apply a suitable remedy. It was apparent to every observer, that Athens was fast declining from its ancient glory. Where were the causes of the change to be sought? Not in the want of civilization—for it was the age of Pericles; not of the fine arts—for the Acropolis was still crowned with its beautiful Parthenon, and the Athenian citizen, as he sat in the public assembly in the Pnyx, gazed all around upon prodigies of architectural grandeur, which still excite the wonder of the world; nor yet of mere intellectual cultivation—for the sophists had long labored in this sphere, without any perceptible benefit. The wants of the people lay deeper, too deep to be reached by those forms of knowledge, which appeal to the senses or the mere intellect. The "violet-crowned city," in all its pomp and glory, lay like a bloated corpse, and the birds of prey were hastening to their repast. But it was not because philosophers had failed to count the number of the stars, trace the orbits of the planets, or explain the origin of the universe. All this might have been done, and Athens had still been undone. They had failed to imbue their disciples with the love of moral beauty, and draw them to the practice of virtue. Socrates came forth with a philosophy suited to the times,—a philosophy, not of the material universe, but of that more grand and mysterious microcosm—man; a philosophy of human nature. It is with justice, therefore, that he is said to have been the first, who drew philosophy from heaven to earth, and placed it in the dwellings of men. Apprised of the necessary limitations of the human faculties, and the impossibility of arriving at satisfactory conclusions, on subjects which, while they excite the curiosity, must forever baffle the comprehension of man, he abstained altogether from those inquiries into the inner forms and recondite agencies of nature, which constituted almost all the learning of his times,* and directed his attention, exclusively, to those pursuits, which ascertain the duty of man, and promote his interest and happiness. Religion, ethics, politics,—these were the spheres to which his labors were confined.†

* Mem. i. 1, 11, 14. Specimens of these speculations are given by Cicero. Acad. ii., 37, 40.

† Ab antiqua philosophia usque ad Socratem, qui Archelaum auderat,

The method of Socrates was as simple as his end was practical. He abjured all ostentation of learning, and parade of words, regarding sincerity as the indispensable qualification of a teacher of virtue, and the knowledge of our ignorance the highest evidence of wisdom. In this respect, his unpretending services were strikingly contrasted with the lofty assumption and brilliant display of those pantological doctors, the sophists. He approached the literary oracles of Greece, in the character of a learner; since it comported better with the modesty of his pretensions, to attack them covertly, and by affecting ignorance himself, to tempt them to expose their own. In morals, indeed, Socrates was a dogmatist. No man ever confided more fully in the correctness of his sentiments; for he had arrived at them by protracted examination and profound reflection. But, in his colloquies with the sophists, it was necessary that he should conceal his real contempt for their miserable charlatanry, under a professed admiration of their wisdom, and acquiescence in their decisions. Hence the Socratic *irony*; before which the paragons of wisdom quailed, while that modest philosopher plied them with his searching interrogatories, wrung from them incautious admissions, and exposed their poor conceits and shallow sophistry.*

The Socratic method must not be confounded, as is often done, with the mere use of the dialogue. The form of colloquial disputation had been previously resorted to by Anaximenes of Teos. Indeed, if we were in search of its inventor, we should probably go back to the garden of Eden. The peculiar merit of Socrates, consists in his having given to the dialogue the form of logical induction,—*επαγωγή*. The main feature of this method consists in suspending the final decision, until by a succession of self-evident propositions, the truth of it is made fully to appear, and the mind prepared for its reception. Hence it is the most perfect way of obtaining absolute truth, that can be conceived. Setting out

numeri motusque tractabantur, et unde omnia orirentur quove reciderent: studioseque ab his siderium magnitudines, intervalla, cursus auquirebantur, et cuncta celestia. Socrates autem primus philosophiam devocavit e cœlo, et in urbibus collocavit, et in domos etiam introduxit, et cœgit de vita et moribus, rebusque bonis et malis quærere. Tusc. Quæst. V. 4. See a similar passage in Acad. i., 4.

* Cic. Acad. ii., 5. De Orat. ii., 67. Off. i., 30. Ideo dictus (Socrates) *σιμων*, agens imperitum, et admirator aliorum tanquam sapientium, etc. Quintil. ix., 2, 50.

with admitted truths, Socrates proceeded, by questions dexterously applied, to which the respondent could not but answer correctly, to draw from him concessions, from which the conclusion at which he aimed irresistibly followed.* As the Athenian philosopher desired that the remedy which he proposed should be co-extensive with existing evils, he applied himself to the instruction of all classes. He had no *phrontistery*, as Aristophanes ridiculously represents the matter,—no thinking-shop, or repository of literary wares. All Athens was his auditorium; and every Athenian might be his hearer. He was continually in public; and his instructions were given without money and without price.†

What was the teaching of Socrates? What were the doctrines which he proposed to the Athenian people, as the only means of arresting the tendencies of the times, and averting their impending ruin? This question we propose now to answer; and will proceed to consider the philosophy of Socrates, under its three-fold aspect of religion, morals and politics.

The Athenian sage found his countrymen in possession of a religion, which, whatever may have been its original, had been perverted by the priest and the poet into a degrading superstition. The *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were its canonical books; and the brutal and contentious divinities, that figure in the "tale of Troy divine," were the objects of popular adoration. It requires no great stretch of ingenuity to decide what must have been the practical influence of a mythology, which provided a patron deity for every crime, and excused the frailties of mortals, by pleading the excesses of the Olympian king, and the freaks of his pretty daughter. Such a system of folly and impiety, could never have satisfied the earnest and sincere mind of Socrates. Hence he turned away from the fictions of the poet, and the impositions of the priest, to converse with himself, intent on interpreting the voice of nature within his own bosom, and reverently following its dictates. Discarding the atheistic cosmogonies of preceding philosophers, he surveyed the works of creation,—the great mirror of the divine perfections, legi-

* Mem. IV., 6, 15. Quintil. V. 11, 1. The Socratic induction is also explained in Cic. Top. X. The best modern exhibition of this method is found in Berkley's *Minute Philosopher*—a work which, more than any other, reminds us of the ancient master of dialectics.

† Mem. I., 1, 10. I., 2, 60.

ble to all who will carefully examine them, and inferred, from the appearances of design, the existence of an intelligent designer. He was the first to employ the teleological argument for the divine existence; and from his discussions all subsequent writers on natural theology have watered their gardens. He recognized the existence of those great rules of morality, which derive their origin and validity, not from tables of stone, the symbols of human legislation, but from a higher power, the legislator of the universe. Experience taught him that these laws were never violated with impunity; and hence he was induced to believe in the existence of a supreme moral governor, whose will was enforced by adequate sanctions, and who would finally reward the virtuous and punish the wicked. That man might be a subject of this moral government, Socrates held that he was endowed with a rational soul, which was destined, after undergoing the process of purification in this world, to unfold its powers in a nobler sphere.*

Guided by the light of reason, interpreting correctly that *prolepsis* of the divinity, which, according to Epicurus, is inherent in every mind, Socrates arrived at the conception of one Supreme God, possessed of unbounded intelligence, power and goodness, the maker and upholder of the universe, whose providence extends over all creatures and all events. This august and venerable being was to be approached by sacrifice and prayer; and the worship which he regarded, did not consist in external pomp or costly sacrifices. The noblest homage, which the creature could pay to the creator, was the adoration of a pure and grateful heart. Piety consisted in resemblance to the divinity, and his enjoyment was the perfect happiness of the soul.

On the subject of prayer, Socrates has expressed himself in a manner which fully comports with the lofty character of his speculative theology. It was the duty of man to ask simply for such things as were good and salutary, leaving to divine wisdom the apportionment of joy and sorrow, and

* The immortality of the soul is only glanced at in the Mem. I. 4. 17. IV. 8., but the dying speech of Cyrus, in the Cyrop. VIII. 7. was no doubt designed as an expression of the Socratic doctrine. Indeed, Xenophon has presented in this work the *beau idéal* of a prince, such as the philosophy of his master would have produced. Warburton, who, to sustain a favorite theory, denied that the philosophers generally believed in the immortality of the soul, admits the point in regard to Socrates. Divine Legation, I. pp. 521, 528.

humbly acquiescing in the measures of divine providence. It is due to such sentiments to remark, that they kindled a glow of virtuous rapture, in the cold heart of Valerius Maximus; and moved the great satirists of Rome to pen some of the noblest passages which have fallen from the lips of uninspired man.*

With respect to the outward worship of God, Socrates adopted in his own practice, and recommended to his friends the injunction of the Pythian oracle, to conform to the sacred rites of his country. Some have blamed him for this; but, as it seems to us, inconsiderately. The obligation to worship God arises out of the relations which his creatures sustain to him, and is universally binding upon them, anterior to any command. The mode, however, in which that worship will be most acceptable, is a matter of positive injunction, and depends upon the revealed will of God. Socrates had no means of ascertaining this will. He, therefore, adopted the national form and ritual, as the organ of his simple devotion; and while the polytheistic multitude joined in the rites of an absurd idolatry, he, in the same temple, and before the same altar, offered his homage to the Supreme Being.

A refusal on the part of Socrates to join in the religious observances of his country would have defeated his great object, by rousing the jealousy of the priesthood, and precipitating his fate. He doubtless remembered the peril of Anaxagoras, Æschylus, and Protagoras; the more recent fate of Prodicus, and the narrow escape of Aspasia. Besides, the national religion, such as it was, constituted the basis of the little morality which still existed. It became a prudent reformer to touch it with a gentle hand; and to uphold its authority, until the people were prepared for a better system. His wise conservatism is favorably contrasted with the precipitate and reckless zeal of the French Jacobins, who, in their eagerness to remove the rubbish of superstition, which had gathered around the sanctuary, set fire to the building, and involved every thing in smoking ruin.

To the perfection of Socrates' system one thing alone was wanting. It was not given to him to survey those subjects which lie beyond the boundaries of human knowledge, and become the organ of divine communication to man. It was

* Val. Max. refers to Socrates as quoddam terrestre oraculum. Lib. VII. 2. See the passages in Juvenal. Sat. X. 346. Persius Sat. II. 69.

reserved for a greater than Socrates, to challenge attention as a divinely commissioned instructor; to propound the most sublime and awful truths, in the language of revelation; and to be the teacher, not of Greece alone; but of all nations and of all times. For such a teacher, Socrates himself longed; and had his lot been cast in Judea instead of Greece, and a few centuries later, it is perhaps not too much to assert that he would have listened with unspeakable delight to him who spake as never man spake; and would have rejoiced to find, in the teaching of inspired wisdom, all his doubts resolved, and his loftiest hopes confirmed. When he had his thirty days converse with his friends in prison; the light of prophecy still lingered on the hills of Judea; but the illustrious individual had not yet appeared who was to fulfil its sublime predictions.*

Morals. It is the remark of the eloquent historian of ethical science, that Socrates was "much more a teacher of virtue than even a searcher after truth,

‘Whom, well inspired, the oracle pronounced,
Wisest of men.’

It was, doubtless, because he chose that better part that he was thus spoken of by the man whose commendation is glory, and who, from the loftiest eminence of moral genius ever reached by mortals, was perhaps alone worthy to place a new crown on the brow of the martyr of virtue.† This well earned tribute from England's greatest poet, endorsed by one of her purest philosophers, while it accords with our feelings of reverence for the luminary of practical ethics, must not be allowed to disparage his claims, as the promulgator of those broad philosophical principles, upon which ethical science is founded.

The science of ethics is to be considered, either as it respects the criterion of morality in action, or the theory of moral sentiments. The question—What is a virtuous action? is essentially different from an inquiry into the nature of those feelings with which we contemplate a virtuous action. The neglect of this important distinction has led to

* The limits to which we intend to confine ourselves in this article forbid quotations. We must, therefore, refer our readers to those portions of Xenophon, from which the above estimate of his religion is taken. *Mem. Lib. I. cap. 1 and 3 and 4. Lib. IV. cap. 3 and 6. Conviv. IV. 46. Econ. V. 19.* See also an opinion in the *Biblical Repository*, vol. 12, translated from Schweighauser's *Opuscula Academica*.

† Mackintosh's *Progress of Ethical Philosophy*, p. 17.

great confusion in ethical disquisitions. We must therefore request our readers to keep it in view, while we proceed to examine the sentiments of Socrates. With respect to the latter branch of moral inquiry, we have already given some hints. When we consider the scrupulous obedience which Socrates yielded to the monitor within his breast, we cannot hesitate to believe that he acknowledged the existence of an inward principle, which recognized the authority and felt the obligation of virtue. Those moral perceptions, which modern philosophy refers to an innate faculty, he ascribed to the voice of God within him—*τὸ θεϊκόν*—the divinity, that is resident in all hearts, whose smile is the reward of virtue, whose frown is the punishment of vice.

The criterion of morality in action, according to the Grecian moralist, was its accordance with the will of God. Arguing from the universal benevolence of the creator, he recognized utility as the expression of his will. The tendency of an action to produce happiness indicated that it was in harmony with that system of things, which derived its existence from the ordination of a benevolent being, and must, therefore, have his approbation. An action was not virtuous because it was useful, but it was useful because it was virtuous; for it thus happily coincided with that scheme of moral government, which provides that virtue shall finally triumph and be secured in perpetual felicity. Hence a fundamental idea in the system of Socrates is the identity of the useful and the good. With him duty and interest, virtue and happiness, are synonymous; and he visited with the severest reprehension, those who attempted to put asunder these things which God had thus joined together.*

The ethical and religious opinions of Socrates are closely intertwined. The ground of moral obligation he resolves ultimately into the will of God. This sublime and stable principle bounds all his inquiries, and invests his speculations with the sanctity of immutable truth. It was because he heard, in the intimations of his genius, the voice of the divinity, that he yielded to it such profound reverence and prompt obedience. When he had once ascertained the will of God, with reference to any course of action, no solicitations could induce him to swerve from it. The smiles and the frowns of the world were alike ineffectual. The gloom

* Mem. III. cap. 8 and 9. Cic. de Off. III. 3. De Leg. I. 12.

of the prison could not shake his resolution, nor the apprehension of death disturb his sublime sense of duty.*

It has been supposed by some that Socrates is chargeable with a moral heresy, in identifying the knowledge and the practice of virtue.† If the allegation be true—if Socrates ascribed greater potency to a speculative knowledge of duty than experience will justify, it was an error that leaned to virtue's side, a generous error, which sprung from his own deep conviction of the transcendent loveliness of moral beauty. Ravished with her unspeakable charms, it was natural for him to think that could she be but unveiled to the gaze of mortals, all would be smitten with fervent and holy love. It was, perhaps, this generous enthusiasm which induced him, like another master of ethics, to direct his efforts to

"Teach the erring soul
Not wilfully misdoing, but unawares
Mistled."

But we do not admit the justice of the charge. Notwithstanding some incautious remarks, Socrates distinctly taught that virtuous action should be the principal study of man; he alone was just who practised justice; and that a barren and unprofitable knowledge was no knowledge at all. Indeed, in the moral instructions of Socrates, knowledge sustains the same relation to virtue, that faith, in the Christian system, sustains to works; and as faith without works is dead, so a speculative acquaintance with the nature and grounds of morality, unaccompanied by corresponding fruits, is an empty name. The knowledge for which he contends is inseparably connected with an intense admiration of its object, and can be satisfied with nothing short of its possession.‡

As the means to the attainment of moral excellence, Socrates enjoined the observance of the strictest temperance *ἐγκράτεια*, self-command. The higher principle in man, to borrow the imagery of Plato, was to be the charioteer of the soul; and the lower propensities were to be trained to implicit obedience. His temperance was as remote from monkish austerity as from oriental voluptuousness. The body

* Mem. I. 3. 4. IV. 8. 6.

† Mem. IV. 2. 20. III. 9.

‡ Mem. III. 9. 2. IV. 66. Nitzsch's *Chrislich, Lehre*. §15.

cise, the thralldom of the senses resisted, and all those grovelling appetites spurned, which might retard the soul in its upward progress to happiness and immortality.

In the moral system of Socrates, then, usefulness was the standard, self-control the means, and piety the motive of virtuous action; and it was by a life conformed to these principles, that the soul was to reach its ultimate destination of union with uncreated perfection.

It ought to be remembered, to the lasting glory of Socrates, that the lofty morality which he embraced in theory, was fully illustrated in his practice. He was no idle speculatist upon virtue and temperance, in the calm of philosophic pursuits, and the shades of secluded life. Sallust could compose splendid declamations against luxury and vice, in gardens of unrivalled magnificence, and then sally out against the domestic peace of his neighbor; and Seneca expatiate on the benefits of poverty, amidst a profusion of wealth that excited the cupidity of the Roman emperor. But Socrates was the man of virtue as well as the expounder of philosophy; and his own life was the best commentary upon his principles. Neither his country, nor his age, was favorable to virtue. Even the gods, the patrons of crime, were arrayed against him. But he continued undismayed, "faithful among innumerable false." To assert the claims of philosophy, among a sophistical generation; to vindicate the majesty of truth, among flatterers and sycophants; and to set an example of virtuous moderation, in an age which applauded Aspasia and Alcibiades, was the rare merit of Socrates.

Politics. The ancient sages of Greece, Thales, Solon, &c., were practical legislators, as well as professors of political wisdom. Their attention was directed to existing forms of civil polity; and their object, usually, was to ingraft their own improvements upon the institutions of their country. This was the course of the earlier Athenian politicians, and continued to be pursued, as long as they did not despair of the republic. But when, in consequence of its progressive degeneracy, the Athenian government lost the power of self-renovation, and the germs were extinct from which a new and better system might have been evolved, some lofty spirits abstracted themselves altogether from public life, and soared into the regions of thought, to find a contrast to the disorder

of the actual, in the perfection of the ideal state.* The transition from the former to the latter method of regarding civil affairs was made by the Sophists. They taught general principles; but they had probably derived them from the existing state of things; and hence the principal end of their instruction was skill in political arts, especially in the resistless eloquence which "wielded at will that fierce democratic." The science of government, the laws of social welfare, formed no part of their inquiries. This Socrates undertook. While the Sophists trained their disciples to the exercise of those arts by which they might manage or dupe the intractable demos, and gain the "sweet voices" of the shoemakers, brass-founders and pedlars, that compose the ecclesia,† Socrates directed his to the cultivation of such principles, as would promote the prosperity and happiness of the state, by laying its foundations deep and stable, in the virtue and piety of the people. He differed from the ancient sages, in that he held no political office, and abstained from all participation in the changes of the Athenian government. On the other hand he did not indulge in dreams of social perfection, in visions of the ideal state. He sought to reform the state by reforming the citizens. His labors were confined to individuals; and he hoped by the inculcation of sound political principles, to prepare them for the discharge of public duties.‡

Hence, Socrates was not impatient to urge his disciples into political life. The study of moral and political philosophy, and a diligent inquiry into the condition and capabilities of the state should, in his judgment, precede an active participation in civil affairs.§ No one ever held in more perfect contempt, the pretensions of conceited ignorance, or chastised with more pungent satire, the impudence of political charlatans. It would be well if American politicians would profit by his instructions. In our times, when the rage for public life is so excessive, that almost all sorts of adventurers launch their little barques upon the stormy sea of politics, when our halls of legislation abound with strippling counsellors, and our public meetings ring with the

* These speculations were not confined to the Greeks. The prophecies of Ezekiel, ch. xl. seq. contain a magnificent description of an ideal republic. Vid. Rosenmüller. Scholia in V. T. vol. 5, p. 465.

† Mem. III. 7. 8.

‡ Wachsmuth. Hellen. Alterth. I. 2, pp. 314, 315.

§ Mem. IV. 3, 1.

applause of beardless orators, it would be profitable for us all, and especially our youthful Glaukos and Euthedemases, to sit at the feet of the wise old man of Athens, and listen to his lessons of homely wisdom.*

The leading political maxim of Socrates was that the good alone is useful,—the right always expedient. In the perfect exemplification of justice, which is only another name with him for eternal and immutable law,† he placed the complete development of the political state. Subjective justice, justice in the individual, was living law, the harmony of the soul, the equilibrium of all the faculties of man, of which a well ordered and perfectly balanced civil polity was the antitype, justice on the most enlarged scale; and as the just man stands in near approximation to the divinity, so, a civil polity, organized on the principle of perfect justice, would resemble the beautiful moral economy of that being, whose reason is the highest law, and whose nature is absolute perfection. The state is but the aggregate of individuals. Every individual, therefore, should be a state in epitome,—a republic in miniature; and rulers should be the very impersonation of absolute justice.‡

It was doubtless because Socrates saw these principles daily trampled upon by the people of Athens, and their demagogue leaders, that he felt so great an antipathy to their unmixed democracy,—an irrational beast,—a Briareus demented, with all his hundred hands employed in evil. The still more intense aversion of Xenophon may be pardoned, when we remember that the democracy of Athens committed an unpardonable offence against philosophy, in the person of its most illustrious ornament, his master, Socrates.

The truly great statesman, according to Socrates, is the growth of a liberal and enlightened philosophy. Free from selfish purposes and servile tricks of juggling politicians, he seeks his country's welfare. His conscience is his law; his glory, the unbribed suffrage of good men; his reward, the imperishable satisfactions of virtue. To impart vigor to this last hope of the honest patriot, the sages of antiquity indulged in those refined and beautiful speculations concerning a

* Mem. III. 6. IV. II.

† Mem. IV. 4.

‡ For our views of the political philosophy of Socrates, we have been compelled to draw a little upon Plato. The *Gorgias* seems to us to be essentially a political treatise. It might be entitled,—The application of Ethics to Politics. For other theories on the subject, see Mr. Woolsey's able introduction.

future state, which combine the severity of philosophy with the enthusiasm of poetry. They taught that the scenes of final retribution lay beyond this world. The foulest prisons in Tartarus were reserved for political malefactors, from the tyrant who outraged the rights and dignity of man, to the demagogue who profaned the worship of liberty with mock homage, and fired her temple with the very hands that had poured out hypocritical libations on her altar. But, on the other hand, the purest and most ravishing joys of Elysium were to crown the toils of the devoted patriot. At death, he would be wafted to the serene repose of the happy islands, and transferred to the society of kindred spirits, where he would indulge in elevated converse, and listen to the celestial music of the spheres.

We have thus passed in review the claims of Socrates. If we have been so fortunate as to carry our readers along with us, we think that they are prepared to admire the simple but beautiful picture, with which Xenophon closes his defence.

"As to myself, knowing him of a truth to be such a man as I have described; so pious towards the gods, as never to undertake any thing without having first consulted them; so just towards men, as never to do an injury, even the very slightest, to any one; whilst many and great were the benefits he conferred on all with whom he had any dealings; so temperate and chaste, as not to indulge any appetite, or inclination, at the expense of whatever was modest or becoming; so prudent, as never to err in judging of good and evil; nor wanting the assistance of others to discriminate rightly concerning them: so able to discourse upon, and define with the greatest accuracy, not only those points of which we have been speaking, but likewise every other; and looking as it were into the minds of men, discover the very moment for reprehending vice, or stimulating to the love of virtue. Experiencing, as I have done, all these excellencies in Socrates, I can never cease considering him as the most virtuous and the most happy of all mankind." Fielding's Translation.

Such a rare assemblage of virtues,—such an unique phenomenon of goodness, it might be supposed, would have been suffered to remain upon the earth. But this is a strange world. The annals of our race are emblazoned with the exploits of warriors,—the scourges of mankind; and the earth is covered with their trophies. History records, also, the names of two individuals, who, although with widely disproportionate claims to veneration, labored, each sincerely, for the benefit of mankind. One of them drank hemlock at Athens; the other expired on the cross at Jerusalem.

We are not partial to the comparison which is frequently drawn, after the manner of Rousseau, between the son of Sophroniscus and Jesus of Nazareth; believing with Mr. Felton, that it is "not only tasteless and daring, but impious towards the unspeakable excellency of that exalted name." Between the individuals there can be no comparison. But the circumstances of their lives and death, are, in many respects, so similar, that in reflecting upon one, the mind naturally recurs to the other. We shall not dwell upon these. The reader will probably notice them as we proceed.

It is an error to suppose, with Tertullian* and some of the other Fathers, that Socrates perished as the martyr of theism. The charges, upon which he was arraigned, were, according to Xenophon, opposition to the national gods, the introduction of new divinities, and the corruption of youth. But even these charges would not have resulted in his condemnation, had it not been for peculiar circumstances. The public mind of Athens was in one of its periodical states of fermentation. The people, embittered by national disaster and disgrace, and writhing under the fatal consequences of the Peloponnesian war, into which they had been hurried by the ambitious policy of Pericles, and of the war with Sicily, which was the project of the impious and profligate Alcibiades, had been subjected to the cruel thralldom of the Thirty tyrants, but had thrown off the yoke and were again in possession of their adored republic. Bitter experience had taught them the evil of that innovating policy which had been introduced by Pericles, confirmed by Alcibiades, and consummated by Critias. They sighed over the expiration of primitive piety and manners. Their indignation was irrepressible. They meditated a deadly blow at the authors of their calamities. They were impatient for a victim; and upon whom would the selection fall, more naturally, than upon the friend of Pericles, and the instructor of Alcibiades and Critias. Led on by factious demagogues and fanatical priests, they assailed the purest man of the times, and dragged Socrates before the court of the Heliaea, to answer to the charge of despising the gods and corrupting the youth of his country. It was impossible that a poor and friendless old man could withstand the opposition of the chief priests, the rage of the sophists, Athenian scribes, and the clamor of

* Apol. cap. 14. Cudworth's Intellectual System, I, p. 528.

the demagogues, whose zeal for pure democracy equalled the ceremonial exactness of political pharisees. Had his merits been weighed before the Areopagus, the republic might have remained guiltless of his blood; for, even in the age of Socrates, that celebrated court had not lost the high sense of justice and profound wisdom, which had made its decisions the models of judicial purity throughout the world.* But the case was tried before the Helizæ; and the pious Socrates was pronounced guilty by the jurymen of Athens, a mob of five hundred democrats,—thus illustrating the folly of their judicial policy, and the uncertainty of earthly justice.†

It is unfortunate for the fame of Aristophanes, that his name is so invidiously associated with that of the Grecian sage. The measure which he meted has been measured to him again; and he has been punished for his unjust accusation of Socrates, with a severity much beyond his real demerits. The tide seems, at length, to be turning in his favor. His defence has been undertaken by able and brilliant advocates. They have brought to their work a ripe scholarship, and an ingenuity which would seem ominous of success; and were it not for the exceeding badness of the case, the charges in the indictment being too plainly worded and fully proven, we should expect to see the ill-fated comedian emerge from the obloquy of centuries, and “flame in the

* Mem. III., 5.

† It is frequently asserted that Socrates was condemned by the tribunal before which the apostle Paul, in later times, was summoned; and the coincidence is sometimes dwelt upon, at large, in the pulpit. Even the learned Warburton nods here. Div. Leg. I., p. 86. We are reluctant to destroy a favorite idea; but it is entirely inconsistent with the facts of the case. The Areopagus originally took cognizance of offences against religion; and its powers seem to have been very great, and not very precisely defined. These were curtailed by Pericles, through the instrumentality of Ephialtes. After the expulsion of the Thirty Tyrants, and the restoration of the Athenian constitution, attempts were made to restore these powers, but without success, being resisted by the democratic spirit of the people. Vid. Schöman's *Antiq. Juris Publici Græcorum*, p. 300. Dr. K. F. Hermann's *Lehrbuch der Griechischen Staatsalterthümer*, Heidelberg, 1841, S. 241. H. D. Hülmann's *Staatsrecht des Alterth—Cöln*, 1820, S. 177-185. Socrates was tried before the Helizæ, a court composed of from 500 to 1500 dicasts or jurymen. For information concerning this court, the reader is referred to Mr. Packard's note, p. 198. Gillies' *Greece*, ch. 24. Hermann's *Lehrbuch*, S. 299. Meier's *Attische Process*, S. 144. G. F. A. Blankensee, *De Judicio Juratorum apud Græcos et Romanos*, p. 9. Becker's *Demosthenes als Staatsman und Redner*, S. 524. He must not confound this judicial process among the Athenians, with the modern practice of trial by jury. On this latter subject, see an elaborate dissertation, by an American scholar, entitled *De vera judicii Juratorum origine et auctore T. C. Reynolds*. Heidelberg. 1842.

forehead of the morning sky." But we are not yet prepared to exculpate the poet, at the expense of the sage, and sacrifice at the shrine of a reckless and wayward genius, the well-earned fame of the greatest of philosophers.

The Schlegels first came forward with an appeal from the general verdict, in modest apologies for Aristophanes.* Mr. Mitchell goes further; and challenges our gratitude to the poet for the work which he achieved.† But with all his admiration for a favorite author, he cannot divest himself of the reverence, which the character of Socrates is suited to inspire; and seems troubled with "compunctious visitings." "He seems," says his reviewer, "like the executioner of Marius, so struck with the dignity of his victim, so awed by the splendid powers of Socrates, and the sublimity of some of the doctrines he unfolds, that he has no heart to deal the final blow."‡ His reviewer is hardly enough to undertake the task. He attempts a "complete justification of Aristophanes," by a vigorous assault upon the character and philosophy of the Athenian sage; and if the fame of Socrates were not too firmly established, to be overthrown by so powerful an assailant, we should tremble for the security of that honored name. The lofty virtue which defied the profane scoffs and bitter calumnies of the reckless comedian, is unscathed by the polished shafts of his modern editors and advocates.

The grounds upon which the apologists of Aristophanes rest his defence, are the identity of the Aristophanic and Platonic portrait of the philosopher; and the "actual similitude between the Socrates of Plato and the sophists." Mr. Mitchell makes out a pretty fair case, by referring to objectionable passages in Plato; and charging them upon his master. To this we demur. It is a kind of special pleading, which is as unjust to the memory of Socrates, as of his imaginative disciple. No one, we are persuaded, who will study impartially the plain practical character of Socrates, as delineated by Xenophon, will ascribe to him the absurd doctrines which Plato puts into his mouth. It would seem, from the well-known anecdote of Diogenes Laertius, that Plato began very early to mingle his own speculations with the doctrines of his master. Socrates exclaimed, on hearing his Lysis, "Oh Hercules, how many stories has this young man

* Hist. of Literature, by F. Schlegel, p. 36.

† Preliminary Dissertations.

‡ Edinburgh Review, No. 68.

forged about me?"* Even if this story be apocryphal, we have other evidence of the fact. After the decease of Socrates, Plato travelled into Egypt, the primeval storehouse of barren wisdom and mystic speculation, became familiar with the Pythagorean dogmas,—of which his intense admiration of Epicharmus affords ample evidence,—and drew from them many of the sentiments, of which he has made Socrates the expounder, in his dialogues.† His doctrine of the soul, its eternity and metempsychosis, was, if we may credit a competent judge, an off-shoot of the Pythagorean mysticism, engrafted upon the simple and practical teaching of Socrates.‡ Of these and kindred speculations, so foreign to the manner and object of Socrates, there is not a trace in Xenophon. He even condemns his fellow-disciple for the liberties he takes with the name of their master. How are we to account for the censure of Xenophon, and his silence with respect to this mysterious and unprofitable wisdom, except upon the supposition, that it formed no part of the instructions of Socrates, and was either drawn by Plato from his own boundless imagination, or picked up in his conversation with the priests of Egypt? That much of the vain wisdom and false philosophy, which Plato prized, was repudiated by Socrates, we have the express testimony of Cicero.§ But, independently of the judgment of antiquity, who that has formed his conception of the great philosopher from the narrative of Xenophon, can believe, for a moment, that he ever countenanced such sentiments as are found in the *Republic*, or indulged in such speculations as occur in the *Meno*? And yet it is upon such sentiments and speculations, that Mr. Mitchell and his reviewer would establish the verisimilitude of the Aristophanic Socrates, and justify the poet, in the bitter satire and overwhelming ridicule which he heaped upon the sage. Let our readers review the character which we have given of Socrates; let them contemplate his modesty, his pure morality and unaffected piety,

* Athenæus relates a similar story. Vid. Tenneman's *Life of Plato* in *Selections from the German*, by Edwards and Park, p. 324.

† Quin. Inst. I., 19. Val. Max. VIII. 7. Plin. Nat. Hist. XXX., 1. It is sometimes stated that Plato conversed with the prophet Jeremiah. But this is contradicted by stubborn dates. The statement is made, we presume, on the authority of Augustine *De Doc. Christ.* II. 28. He afterwards corrected the error, in his *Retrac.* II., 4.

‡ Cic. *Tus. Disp.* I., 17.

§ *De Fin.* V. 29. *Acad.* I. 12. *De N. D.* I. 12. In this last passage he censures Xenophon, but on grounds which we have shown to be untenable.

his life of practical benevolence, the whole tenor and spirit of his philosophy, and ask themselves whether they discern any resemblance to that vaunting pretender, atheist, and mystagogue, whom the author of the *Clouds* held up to the derision of his Athenian audience? Surely, no man was ever more mistaken in his hero. His contemporaries seem to have thought so; for the play was condemned at its first representation; not, certainly, for lack of merit,—for it abounds with the most pungent wit, the broadest humor and the noblest poetry,—but because of its irreverent treatment of the philosopher, before a people that had not yet lost all respect for virtue.

We acquit Aristophanes of any share in the condemnation of Socrates. We yield no credence to the calumny, that he was bribed by the enemies of the philosopher. Even if the discrepancy of dates did not refute the charge,* we could not believe him capable of uniting with Anytus and his compeers, in their diabolical effort to bring the best of the Athenians to the hemlock. He was a professed wit; and it is characteristic of such to be less conscientious in the selection of their victim, than vigorous in the use of their weapons. Like Lucian, Rabelais, Voltaire, Swift and Sterne, he may have been more ambitious to display his genius than to benefit mankind, and provided his own reputation were advanced, cared very little whether his poisoned arrows rankled in the bosom of guilt, or disturbed the repose of virtue. Perhaps there was some jealousy, too, in the motives which urged his attack upon the philosopher. His faint praise of *Æschylus* and *Sophocles*, and his splenetic hatred of *Euripides*, the disciple of Socrates, certainly give some countenance to the suspicion. It ought to be recollected, in justification of Socrates, that the same reckless wit that identified him with the sophists, branded with the odious epithet of woman-hater, the amiable author of the *Alcestis*, a production embodying the most affecting instance of woman's generous and self-sacrificing love. We are conscious of no antipathy to the Attic comedian. On the contrary, we would fain join with Mr. Mitchell in hiding his moral delinquency. But we must say, in parting with him, that his assault upon Socrates and *Euripides* reminds us of the impious king of Babylon, who tore down the altars of the gods to erect from the ruins a colossus to his own pride.

* The *Clouds* was exhibited twenty-five years before the trial of Socrates.

The vindication of Socrates has expanded beyond due bounds, in our hands; and we wish, for the sake of the reader, as well as ourselves, that it were done. But the accusers of Socrates have recently presented a new issue; and we must meet them there before we close. The philosophy of the ancient sage is to be set aside on the ground of inutility; and the mild effulgence of that orb, which has shone upon the path of mankind for more than two thousand years, is to be eclipsed by the dazzling light of more modern luminaries. Bentham and Bacon are to lord it over the whole hemisphere. Dr. Bowering, the exponent of Benthamism, associates Socrates and Plato, "talking nonsense under pretence of teaching wisdom;" and would have us discern in the quondam occupant of Queen-Square Place, an intellectual Columbus, the discoverer of a new continent in morals. We have neither time nor inclination to expose the assumptions of the utilitarian school.* We have already said enough to refute their irreverent reflections upon Socrates, with whom the stammering octogenarian possessed no points of similitude, except the clumsy affectation of a simple garb and a homely fare.†

We are sorry to find Mr. Macaulay among the assailants of Socrates. We regret to see the splendid powers, which were so worthily dedicated to the task of vindicating the fame of Milton and Cromwell, employed in disparaging the claims of the Grecian philosopher. This ingenious and elegant writer, in his article on Bacon, in the *Edinburgh Review*, has contrasted the philosophy of the English and the Athenian sage; and while he awards to the one, the high praise of contributing to the welfare of mankind, he can see in the other little to commend. In this depreciation of the Socratic philosophy, he thinks also that he has the sanction of Bacon's honored name. "Our great countryman," says

* See an article in the *Southern Review*, vol. 7, by an able and elegant scholar, alas! now no more. The thorough-going utilitarian, might be appropriately addressed in the words of Admetus to Pheres, πάντων διαπρέπεις ἀλυσία. Eurip. *Alces*. 658.

† It would seem, from a hint dropped by Cicero, *De Off.* I. 41, that it was by no means uncommon for pretenders to philosophy to ape the manners of its great teacher. After Aristippus introduced the fashion of wearing long beards, a host of aspiring dunces cultivated the philosophic appendage. Such pretensions are "by the barber's razor best subdued." A pair of scissors might have banished from the earth nearly all the wisdom that then existed.

he, "evidently did not consider the revolution which Socrates effected in philosophy, a happy event."*

We must first attend to Mr. Macaulay. If we succeed, as we trust we shall, in removing his objections, we can then approach with more confidence the venerable shade of Bacon; and perhaps we may be able to show that the English philosopher, instead of deploring the influence of Socrates, has reserved his censures for his successors, who mingled their own baneful speculations with the

"Mellifluous streams that watered all the schools
Of Academics old and new,"

perverting his dialectics into wordy disputation, and substituting for his modest confession of ignorance on subjects too deep for human penetration, their own immoral and unlimited scepticism.

Mr. Macaulay's objections proceed upon the false assumption to which we have, already, more than once, adverted—the identity of the ideal philosopher which Plato has drawn, and the real Socrates. He quotes certain remarks from the Republic of Plato, in which arithmetic, mathematics and astronomy are referred to, in terms of undue disparagement, as subservient to mental discipline rather than to practical results; and seems to think that he has made his charge good against the philosophy of Socrates. It is unjust even to Plato, to press these passages too much, since he has expressed himself elsewhere in a different manner. To Socrates they are entirely inapplicable. According to him, the value of these sciences consists solely in their utility, in their application to the purposes of practical life; and his grand objection to the professors of physical science in his day, was, that they wandered into fruitless speculations and theories, instead of making their investigations tributary to the welfare of mankind.† If, in some respects, he was disposed to narrow too much the boundaries of human knowledge, and dissuade his followers from pursuits, which have since led to the happiest results, it must be recollected also, that Bacon has spoken slightly of the study of mathematics, and for the same reasons, because he despised the arrogant claims which were set forth by the advocates of mathematical science, and distrusted its utility.‡

* Macaulay's Miscellanies, vol. 2, p. 444.

† Mem. IV., cap. 7.

‡ De Augmen. Lib. 3, cap. 6.

There is no contrast between the philosophy of Bacon and the philosophy of Socrates. They have the same aim, and are actuated by the same spirit. Bacon and Socrates were fellow-laborers in the same great field: and the only difference between them is, that while one sought chiefly the physical welfare of man, the other gave the preference to his moral interests. Each surveyed, with comprehensive mind, the condition and wants of the age in which he lived. Socrates was deeply impressed with man's moral degradation, Bacon with his physical destitution. And the reasons are obvious. Socrates lived in an age of Sophists and juggling politicians. He saw the great deeps that were about to pour forth a disastrous deluge over the world, and he hoped, by the enunciation of a living system of moral truth, to build an ark for the saving of the nations. Bacon appeared upon the stage of action when the world had just escaped from the bondage of the dark ages, and the war of opinions to which the Reformation gave rise. The gloomy asceticism of the middle ages had enjoined neglect of the body and contempt of physical comfort, and amid the struggles and throes of the mighty revolution that followed, when opposite parties were contending for the empire of the soul, it is not, perhaps, surprising that they forgot that men had bodies to be fed and clothed. It is the merit of Bacon that he directed attention to the physical welfare of man. But neither Bacon nor Socrates was exclusive in his views.* Physical and moral science entered into the plans of both; and the relative proportion, in which they should be intermingled, was to be determined by utility, their bearing upon human happiness. They were both eminently practical philosophers. If either was induced by that peculiarity of the mind which causes a favorite object to expand, in its estimation, beyond its real dimensions, to attach a disproportionate share of importance to his own sphere of labor, it was perfectly natural. But the error of Socrates, if this were his error, is the more noble. If he preferred the moral to the physical welfare of man, it was because he viewed him in his loftiest capacities, and graced with his noblest endowments. Socrates aimed at the moral elevation of his countrymen. He had started in a noble race for a noble prize, and he would not stop to pick up even the golden apple.

* Nov. Organum, Lib. I. Aph: 127.

he, "evidently did not consider the revolution which effected in philosophy, a happy event."

We must first attend to Mr. Macaulay. as we trust we shall, in removing his objections approach with more confidence the venerable philosopher, instead of deploring the irreparable loss which has reserved his censures for his successors, and their own baneful speculations with

"Mellifluous streams that water
Of Academics old and new,"

pervverting his dialectics into water-tutating for his modest confession too deep for human penetration, limited scepticism.

Mr. Macaulay's objection to which we have, already the identity of the ideal and the real Socrates.

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But it is unjust to the memory of Bacon to bring his phi-

losophy into competition with that of his great predecessor.

* Nov. Org. Lib. I. Aph. 43, 59.

† Hist. of Literature, vol. II. p. 70, note.

Nor was this any part of his intention. True it is that he has classed his followers, Plato, Aristotle, Zeno, Epictetus, and Theophrastus, in the same category with Gorgias and his fellow Sophists, as tending alike to generate a vain and disputatious philosophy.* But his admiration of Socrates is sincere and unbounded; and in answer to all the aspersions which have been cast upon his name, it is only necessary to quote Bacon's own vindication of the philosopher, and the splendid eulogium which he has pronounced upon his virtues. Socrates ille heroibus annumeratus est, et memoria ejus hominibus tam divinis, quam humanis, honoribus cumulata; quim disputationes ejus, tanquam corruptrices morum prius habitæ, pro præsentissimis mentis morumque antidotis ab omni posteritate celebrabantur.†

If we turn from the systems of philosophy to contemplate the men, who can hesitate in the choice? Whose example has been most fruitful in good to mankind? that of the martyr of virtue, or the votary of science,—of “poor Socrates,” whose name is embalmed by the veneration of ages, or of him, whom no unfriendly hand has transmitted to posterity, as

“The greatest, brightest, meanest of mankind.”

We confess that we are reluctant to proceed farther. We are unmanned by our tenderness for the memory of the

* Nov. Org. Lib. I. Aph. 71.

† De Augmen. Lib. I. Bacon's Works. London. 1837, vol. 2. p. 294. Socrates is also denominated, sincerus et solidus veritatis investigator. De Augmen. II. cap. 2. Advancement. B. II. See also De Augmen. I. p. 296. V. cap. 4. p. 363. The only apparent exceptions to the tone of admiration, in which he speaks of Socrates, are found in De Augmen. I. p. 300, and Nov. Org. I. Aph. 79. In the former passage his censure is evidently founded in misapprehension—omnia in dubis relinquens, being applicable to the Academics, but not to Socrates. The remark in the latter passage, that the example of Socrates deterred men from the cultivation of natural science, is historically true; but we have, we think, exhibited the grounds of his justification. Bacon was exceedingly hostile to the successors of Socrates. While he pays due homage to the intellectual greatness of Plato and Aristotle, he does not disguise his opinion, that their writings have proved detrimental to true science. De Aug. III. ch. 4. Cogitata et Visa, vol. 2, p. 640. Nov. Org. I. Aph. 77, 96. Impetus Philosophici, vol. 2, p. 674. His contempt of Aristotle is unbounded. Impostorum maximus, the anti-christ of science, an Attila or Genseric, an Ottoman king who secured his reign by putting to death his brothers—are the terms in which he speaks of him. It must, however, be steadily kept in view, that these censures are confined to physical science. Bacon praises the moral treatises of Plato and Aristotle! and even their argument from final causes, against which he inveighs in physics, he deems appropriate in metaphysics. Impetus Philosophici. De Aug. III. 4. vol. 2. pp. 687, 338.

great though erring sage. We take no pleasure in blackening the name of one who so dearly expiated his crimes. When we contemplate the sad results of his "hapless choice," the gloomy hours of his imprisonment, his agonizing confessions and bitter tears, his deep humiliation and ruin, and the humble faith with which his lofty spirit, broken by the storms of state, sought refuge in the benign provisions and ennobling hopes of Christianity, and found "a peace above all earthly dignities," we pause at the sight of greatness fallen so low, of virtue so utterly prostrate, of repentance so deep and sincere; and have no feelings but to cast the mantle of charity over his imperfections; and were it not in justice to the fame of Socrates, with whom Bacon has been injudiciously brought into competition, we should here close our remarks.

ἐγὼ δ' ἄτολμός εἰμι συγγενῇ θεῶν
 δῆσαι βία φάραγγι πρὸς δυσχείμερῳ.

πάντως ὁ δ' ἀνάγκη τῷ οὐδ' μοι τόλμαν σχεθεῖν. *Æschy. Prom. 16.*

We would not harm the modern Prometheus. But let our readers reflect upon the great vices which deformed the personal character of the English philosopher,—the pliant morality which stooped to the basest means to accomplish its ends,—the cruelty which dragged to the torture an unoffending old clergyman,—the venality and corruption which provoked the caustic satire of Coke, and excited the pity of more generous rivals,—the ingratitude which assailed the memory of his generous friend Essex, and tasked all his ingenuity to blacken his fame,—the petty ambition to which he prostituted his princely endowments, employing himself in "things for which he was least fit,"—his grovelling devotion to external splendor,—the false and showy Delilah, for whose favors he submitted to be shorn of his almost super-human power and glory,—the whole course of his checkered life, until it terminates in the tomb,

"His race of glory run and race of shame:"

and they will turn, with feelings of grateful relief, to the character of him who has won from every generation the praise of lofty and consistent virtue.

If Bacon

"From the gloom
 Of cloistered monks and jargon-teaching schools
 Led forth the true philosophy,"

it is the glory of Socrates that he led forth virtue from the retreats, to which the wickedness of man had banished her, and called the world to gaze upon her divine beauty; enforced her claims by the eloquence of his blameless life, and dying, bequeathed to posterity an example, which no man can truly study without becoming wiser and better.

ART. VII.—CRITICAL NOTICES.

- 1.—*The Mysteries of Paris. A Romance of the Rich and Poor.* By EUGENE SUE. Translated from the French by HENRY C. DEMING. New-York: J. Winchester. 1844.

MR. DEMING has made a very graceful and spirited translation of this popular, and, in some respects, very remarkable work. It is a work in which the author appears in the two-fold character of the *philosopher* and *romancer*. In his former character, we are not prepared to esteem M. Sue, very highly. So far as the benevolence of his philosophy extends, it is no doubt highly creditable and praiseworthy. Whether it be available to any great degree for the benefit of his species, is another matter. The subject is one which involves numerous difficulties, and is not more lucid, because it is also one which is particularly susceptible of ingenious speculation. We do not perceive that the opinions of M. Sue, even when most novel, are quite original, and when so, we are not so sure that they are then either true or wholesome. But it is not as a philosopher that we have need to examine our author, whose attractions will be found in his picturesqueness of detail, his variety of resource, the spirit of his narrative, and the general novelty—to us—of his material. His story certainly lays bare a condition of things in the moral and social world of Paris, of which, in our inartificial inferiority, and ignorance, in this country, we could have had no adequate conception. Even now, we must ask ourselves,—“Can these things be true?” We can very well comprehend, from our own observation and experience, how, here and there, a monster like the “Schoolmaster” or “La Chouette,” and “the Notary,” might be found, in a great metropolitan city like Paris or London;—but that there should be whole massed communities of such monsters,—these, too, the creatures of a social condition which, having made, suffers them still to be free, and to prey upon its own bowels, with an industry and rage equally ardent and unscrupulous, is, of all things, the most astonishing and terrible. While we are willing to yield considerable credence to an author, like M. Sue, who has no reserves, and who nowhere shows the halting and hesitancy of a wri-

ter who is compelled to tax his invention, we are yet free to declare, that we must have better testimony before we subscribe unhesitatingly to the general truth of this narrative as a picture even of Paris. We are afraid that our author has simply labored to "out-Herod Herod," and, in the construction of a story of crime, to throw into the shade the frequent exaggerations of revolting pictures by which preceding romancers appealed to the prurient appetites of vulgar readers.

The plan of publishing in weekly or monthly parts, is particularly favorable to this mode of accumulating horrors. The simple task before the author, in such a mode of publication, is to keep up the stimulus,—to see that the excitement of the reader does not flag; and thus it is that, action becoming the paramount object, propriety loses its claims, and the symmetry of parts, and even of individual character, becomes an inferior consideration. The same practice results in a diminished regard to the frame-work and general dependence of the several periods of the story. The scheme of the "*Mysteries of Paris*," is equally improbable and inartistical. It depends for its success upon its startling and terrible events,—its strong contrasts,—its scenes equally strange and picturesque,—sometimes horrible and revolting,—but at all times full of spirit, well drawn and elaborately carried out. Such a career as that of Rodolphe would be impossible in any city. For young persons of either sex, whose characters are as yet unformed, it is a volume in the last degree pernicious. Such an episode as that powerful one—powerful but painful and humiliating in the extreme—of Cicely and the Notary, Ferrand, should alone be sufficient to exclude it from the hands of every woman not already and utterly abandoned. The story of Cicely and David on the coast of Florida, is equally loathsome and ridiculous. Its gross and absurd improbabilities, to those who know the country and the people, can provoke no sentiments but those of scorn and disgust, while, at the same time, it betrays one of the thousand modes by which the innovating spirit of false philanthropy is working adversely to our institutions. The frequent power of these passages in the "*Mysteries*" is not denied; but this very power makes the work still more objectionable in portions where the object is falsehood and injustice. The scene in which the "Schoolmaster" is deprived of his sight is one of these—a terrible scene—admirably drawn throughout; but beyond all moral and social sanction, and very much impairing the claims of Rodolphe to the applause which the author every where challenges for his benevolence, his nobleness, his justice. The deserts of the criminal are one thing, the power to punish is another. The philosophy upon which Rodolphe works, is that by which crime is to be prevented—the only Christian doctrine—not that by which it is punished. "Vengeance is the Lord's!" is the axiom under which the prisons are to be purged and reformed;—the security of society, not the wretch who invades its peace, being the great principle upon which modern philanthropy prepares to build up the fabric of reform in all that concerns the relations of the community to its felons.

The sequel of the work, under the title of "Gerolstein," is tame and shows a jaded invention. The moment the author withdrew from the sinks and stews of Paris, his invention seems to have failed him. We may almost suppose that he grew tired of his task. This 'lame and impotent conclusion,' resulted necessarily from the plan upon which he wrought ;—a plan which did not contemplate the perfection of design, but only a succession of wild, wondrous and terrible events. The story should properly have ended at the barriers of Paris, with the death of Chourineur, and the final escape of Goualeuse, from the horrors which surrounded her, to a country where all was peace and sweetness, and all was in happy correspondence with the exquisite delicacy of her own ethereal nature. Readers, generally, we think will reproach the author for the fate of La Fleur Marie, and yet, if the story was to be prolonged beyond the period we have assigned for its proper close, we do not see what else he could have done with her. Her destiny seems to be equally in keeping with her character and history. We are not sure that she is not made too morbidly to reflect, in the day of her pride and prosperity, upon the period of her involuntary shame and degradation ; yet, this too, is, in considerable degree, in keeping with the same character, seen through all its phases. The work, as we have said, is a very remarkable one in more respects than one, and to those whose passions have been trained and subdued by thought, and time, and experience, it will open new views of society, if not of man. At all events, to them, it cannot be hurtful, may be healthful, and must be highly interesting. But, from the young, we would as religiously exclude it, as we would exclude the gross pictures of similar histories, addressed to the eye, which issue from the same prurient regions. The American translator deserves commendation for the general excellence of his translation. The publisher has also creditably performed his part. The edition before us, is on good paper, in a type clean and new, and the impression is very far superior to the usual style of our cheap publications.

2.—*Alison's History of Europe.* 4 vols. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1843.

THE publication of the American edition of this work is at length completed, and in a style sufficiently neat to make it eligible to every library. It shall form a subject of our future analysis. At present we must content ourselves with acknowledging its general merits,—its spirit,—eloquence,—every thing, but its truth in what concerns America. So far as republics and republican institutions and principles are concerned, Mr. Alison, if he sees at all, seeks through the very greenest medium of hostility,—as a man darkly, or coming suddenly out of darkness into a great light. He is not capable of the truth—not equal to its comprehension at all—in any matter that brings our country into the discussion. But that his book is very valuable on many accounts, we are not prepared to question.

3.—*Colomba; or the Corsican Revenge. A Tale. Translated from the French of PROSPER MERIMÉE, by a South-Carolinian. Charleston: Burges & James. 1843.*

THE great success which has attended the publication of certain recent translations from the French, is likely to bring us rapidly and largely interested in the *piquant* literature of that very lively people; and, in the absence of a native literature of our own,—which is the present besetting apprehension of the thoughtful-minded among us,—it is perhaps just as well that Jean Crapaud should divide, in some degree, the wholesale admiration with which we have been taught to regard the labors of his mighty rival and close neighbor. It is a consideration of this kind, rather than their intrinsic value, that makes us delight to see the novels, from the Swedish, of Frederika Bremer, and which persuades us of the efficacy of an increasing intimacy with the writings of modern Germany. By these new acquaintance, we are taught a lesson, which it has not been easy for our people to learn,—namely, that our English friends do not carry a monopoly of all of the precious goods of thought, and wit, and philosophy, and sentiment; that the Bulwer's, the D'Israeli's and the Dickens', are not the unchallenged masters in their several departments; and that, if we are disposed to concede their entire superiority over *our* minds, such a concession is not made by other nations, which have, indeed, very good reasons for asserting their own. The writings of Eugene Sue, Prosper Merimée and others, are likely to make us better judges of modern French romance, than those of George Sand and Paul de Kock; though, we are constrained to admit, that there are still too many things in the stories of the first named of these authors, too highly seasoned with the peculiar and dangerous condiments, by which the works of the last of them are commended to the vulgar admiration.

From any objections of this sort, the volume before us, from the pen of Prosper Merimée, is happily exempt. It is a tale of passion, characteristic of the peculiar customs of the times and people among which and whom the scene is laid; full of exciting incidents and materials, but perfectly unexceptionable in morals. The translation does full justice to the style of the author. His version is free, easy and not deficient in gracefulness. We owe it—though this does not appear upon the title page—to a friend and neighbor—Mr. Frederick A. Porcher, of St. John. Berkeley, in this State,—a gentleman of leisure and education, well known to a select circle of friends and admirers, for his amiable manners, and intellectual acquisitions; who contrives, amidst the seclusion of our country life, to solace the cares of the planter, by an occasional dalliance with the Muses. We trust that the success of this, his first sally into print, will be such as to prompt to a renewal of his public labors; and that he will not always confine himself to the subordinate

tasks of the translator. Colomba is from the press of our own publishers, of whose ability to do good work, our quarterly issues bear always the most ample testimony. It is beautifully printed, in neat form, and on paper very superior to that generally employed by the cheap publishers.

4.—*Harper's Pictorial Bible—The Holy Bible. Harper's Illuminated and new Pictorial Bible.* New-York: [Published in numbers.] Harper & Brothers. 1844.

A rich and beautiful work. The American press continues to surprise us with the singular and contradictory extremes, at one moment, of publications rarely exquisite for their typographical and pictorial excellence; and, at another, for the villainously coarse materials and rascally style of their execution. The palace and the hovel go together in strange juxtaposition. Wealth and beggary embrace; and the rags of pauperism flout the robes of luxury with the happiest effrontery. The facts may furnish some foundation for new hopes in society. The base editions have their uses as well as the best; and while the latter appeal to the tastes of those whose morals are too apt to have their sources in no deeper sentiments; the former, in spite of dingy paper and small type, speak home to the hearts and hopes of others, who can afford to seek their knowledge through a no more costly medium. At all events, let us hope that such is the case at present.

The Bible is a volume equally deserving and susceptible of the most rich and beautiful illustration. The edition, of which a first number lies before us, is exquisitely conceived and finished. The publishers and printers have exhausted their skill upon it; and the artist, whose designs accompany its most glorious passages, has gone to his task in the happiest moods and moments of his fancy. Chapman is one of the most tasteful and fanciful of our painters. He was the very man for this sort of labor; the demands of which bring happily into exercise the peculiar gifts and graces of his genius. Pure and pleasing in his conceptions, light and felicitous in his touch, he has the knack of hitting off a group, a grove, a bit of landscape, or the personification of a sentiment; with equal boldness and beauty. Some of the pictures in this number are very sweet and touching. With few exceptions, they are uniformly happy. That of "the Creation" comes nigh to be a great conception; while that of the "Tower of Babel" is a noble one. There are some deformities in the "Death of Abel," and "The Fall of Adam," though very graceful, lacks originality. The "Flight of Hagar" is full of freshness; and the landscape, which forms its back-ground, is appropriately expressive. But where there is so much to commend, we cannot parti-

cularize. We suppose it scarcely necessary to say that, for general beauty of design and uniform excellence of finish, the American press has never sent forth a more exquisite volume.

5.—*Proverbial Philosophy: A Book of Thoughts and Arguments, originally treated.* By MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER, Esq., M. A., of Christ Church, Oxford. First and second series. From the Fifth London Edition. Philadelphia: Herman Hooker. 1843.

THERE is something rather remarkable in the conception of this volume. The author, though no Solomon, is acute, thoughtful, and endowed with no ordinary powers of reflection. With a great many common-places, his book contains a great many original suggestions, which deserve to be weighed seriously, and which may furnish laws hereafter to other generations. They will probably have very little effect on this. A book of proverbs, like a book of jokes, is not a volume for continuous perusal, and we confess to having only dipped, here and there, into this. When we shall have better digested its contents, we shall no doubt consider it more in detail. From the portions which we have examined, we are free to believe that it will well reward our consideration. Of the plan of the work we have our doubts. The author's style is studiously moulded in the antique form. A few lines from his "Prefatory," may serve to show its character, and the general vein of his writings. Without being verse exactly, it is printed as if it were:

"Thoughts, that have tarried in my mind, and peopled its inner chambers,
The sober children of reason, or desultory train of fancy;
Clear-running wine of conviction, with the scum and the lees of speculation;
Corn from the sheaves of science, with stubble from mine own garner;
Searchings after Truth, that have tracked her secret lodes,
And come up again to the surface-world, with a knowledge grounded deeper;
Arguments of high scope, that have soared to the key-stone of heaven,
And thence have swooped to their certain mark, as the falcon to its quarry;
The fruits I have gathered of prudence, the ripened harvest of my musings;
These commend I unto thee, O docile scholar of wisdom,
These I give to thy gentle heart, thou lover of the right."

The novelty of this style of writing has, for its object, simply to secure attention. The force of a proverb is not to be increased by a studiously antiquated form of expression; and we should apprehend that such a style would be apt to discourage all but the resolute seeker,—the very person for whom proverbs are not particularly intended. Such are apt to make their own. But we reserve what we have to say of Mr. Tupper for another season. Meanwhile, what is said, may serve to commend his book to other readers.

- 6.—*Pictures of Private Life*. By MRS. ELLIS: Author of *Wives of England*, etc. First and Second Series. New-York: J. & H. Langley. 1844.

WE have more than once had occasion to acknowledge the general excellence of Mrs. Ellis' writings. For the family circle there are none better, and very few half so good. She not only thinks and writes well, but she thinks and writes pleasantly. Her philosophies are not only true, but they are grateful. She does not belong to that crabbed school of moralists, who think that nothing can be taught unless the birch is forever held in sight, and who take the most effectual way to defeat the usefulness of their own lessons, by driving their pupils from their sides. Mrs. Ellis works differently, and the consequence is that her school is always full. She is emphatically a popular writer; not one of those to provoke an uproar and to be forgotten by the ninth day, as if they had never lived; but one of those who steadily, though perhaps slowly, make their way into the affections of their readers, and there make their lodging-place forever. Her "*Pictures of Private Life*" maintain her reputation. They are six in number;—sweet, thoughtful, agreeable, and touching stories, that form a part of the household chattels of the young heart, and become essential to its happiness in after years.

These volumes may be—nay, should be—put into the hands of every young damsel, as soon as she has turned into the pleasant primrose pathways of sixteen.

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- 7.—*Life of Andrew Jackson, Private, Military and Civil. With Illustrations*. By AMOS KENDALL. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1843.

THIS work is to be published in parts. We have before us the first two numbers, very prettily printed in a large, clear type, on fine white paper, and in the very best style of Harper & Brothers. It is illustrated by several spirited engravings, one of which is an admirable full length of the veteran subject of the memoir. Of the merits of the letter press we have every hope. The parts before us are written in a clear, manly style, simple and forcible, and without diffuseness. Mr. Kendall is well known to the public as a vigorous and direct, if not an excursive writer. That he is fully in possession of his materials, we cannot question. He is known to possess the confidence of General Jackson, and, from long contemplation of his labors, and familiarity with his character, he comes properly prepared to do justice to his fame. His memoir will no doubt supersede the necessity for any other, and will probably—and we may add properly—be made one of the household books of the nation.

- 8.—*Neal's History of the Puritans.* Edited by JOHN V. CHOULES, M. A.
With portraits on steel. In two vols. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1843.

A NEW edition of this venerable standard among the modern Theological Classics, will be found acceptable to our people at this particular juncture;—now, when old things seem to be threatened with being done away, and all things are promising themselves to become new. This work need only to rely upon its known merits and established reputation. We should speak unnecessarily for the one, and vainly against the other. Something, however, may be said commendatory, in particular, of the present edition, which comes to us in an unusually good style, and is illustrated by very excellent heads of the great Puritan reformers. It derives additional value from the editorship of Mr. Choules, whose notes are frequent, and useful in the illustration of doubtful or incorrect matters in the text.

- 9.—*Ned Myers; or a Life before the Mast.* Edited by J. FENNIMORE COOPER.

"Thou unrelenting Past,
Strong are the barriers round thy dark domain,
And fetters sure and fast,
Hold all that enter thy unbreathing reign."—BRYANT.

Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1843.

NOT a novel, but a very readable narrative of real life upon the sea. Ned Myers is a *bona fide*, living and breathing sailor, who, discovering in his declining life, as an invalid, that Mr. Fennimore Cooper was an old shipmate, when both of them were boys, tells him his story, which the novelist has put into form, and prepared for the public. The public really ought to be exceedingly grateful, as well to Ned Myers as to his biographer. They have given us a very clear idea of the modes of life among seamen; the sufferings among that wandering and unsettled class of people; the hopes and fears which influence them; and the too irregular passions and principles by which they are governed. It is from books of this description that the philanthropist, who seeks the amelioration of the oppressed and the unfortunate, may derive his most valuable suggestions.

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SOUTHERN QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No. X.

†

APRIL, 1844.

ART. I.—*Outlines of a Philosophy of the History of Man:*
Translated from the German of JOHN GODFREY HER-
DER. By T. CHURCHILL. New-York: D. Appleton &
Co., 200 Broadway. 1841.

WHEN a new work is issued from the press, in any degree calculated to attract general notice, an early review of its merits is desirable, to direct attention to its excellencies, if it be excellent, or to unveil its errors and defects, if it be faulty. Should years have elapsed since its original publication, and should it have been frequently referred to, during that period, as a standard authority, a reprint seems to recognize it as a classic, and commends it to the world, in such a manner as to preclude the suspicion of great faults, and to deaden inquiry into the propriety of its views. If, therefore, a work of real excellence be re-issued from the press, its republication is sufficiently strong presumptive evidence of its worth, to guarantee for it general acceptance, and it may be safely permitted to go forth again into the world, without any observation on our part. But if, on the contrary, the work re-published should be intrinsically defective, it becomes our duty to put in a caveat for the benefit of others,—and the more eager they may be to receive it without scrutiny, and to welcome it without suspicion, the more anxious should we be, as reviewers, to caution them against rashly admitting to their confidence a false guide and dangerous monitor. We conceive

Herder's Philosophy of History to belong to this class; and as the widely extended reputation of the author,—the undoubted learning of the work itself,—the frequent reference made to its pages by distinguished writers,—the long period during which it has been before the public,—its translation into English as early as the year 1800,—and its recent republication by an eminent American house,—all combine to form such a mass of evidence in its favor, as would, with most readers, prevent suspicion, we feel that we cannot render a more important service to them, than to examine into its merits, notice its errors, and guard them against its fallacious reasoning.

There are many strong reasons for subjecting works of this kind, on the Philosophy of History, to a diligent and cautious examination at the present time. A taste for profound historical investigation is gradually springing up; and what we now commend, in this department of letters, is required to be instinct with a spirit very different from that which would formerly have satisfied us. The late historical productions of France, Germany and England, give sufficient indications of this change, which, however, being as yet only in its commencement, has not been able to mould itself into a perfect or generally appreciable shape. The best of the recent writers of history have a dim and vague notion of something still wanting to complete their views; you can trace it in their occasional indecision and their frequent indistinctness; but they are only half conscious of the want, and, of necessity, remain unable to supply it. They are, indeed, striving to give form and development to their imperfect conceptions; but it will be impossible to achieve all that they desire, until they have a clear apprehension of the nature and extent of the deficiency, and of the means of removing it. This will explain the unsatisfactory character of all the productions of the present historical school. In reading the truly valuable works of Guizot, Cousin, Michelet, the Thierrys, Ranke, Arnold, &c., we are made but too sensible of their want of perfection. They give us glimpses into the very heart of a new science; but they have not mastered the science themselves, and they give us little more than glimpses. A deeper and more comprehensive philosophy, than we have met with in preceding authors, breathes through their pages, but they have as yet no full appreciation of it. They are haunted with a bright vision, which, in their waking moments, they

are unable wholly to recall ; to borrow a quaint phrase from Statius, they have all been feeding on sacred darkness.* Even in the best passages of Guizot and Michelet,—certainly the most profound of these historians,—we are rendered conscious of the deficiency ; they have wooed Juno but embraced the cloud.

This vague and imperfect enunciation is naturally incident to the early promulgation of any new system, which is calculated to introduce a sweeping revolution. Such were the indistinct mutterings of philosophy, which proceeded from Telesius, Campanella, and Giordano Bruno, the great precursors of the greater Bacon. At the present moment, history is undergoing a change ; it is on the eve of a great reformation. We see, from what has of late been produced, that it is now conceived in a very different spirit from that in which it was formerly written. In the highest functions of the historian, what are Hume and Robertson to Michelet, Thierry and Guizot ? The first great name may have been a more elegant and pleasing writer than any one whom modern times have to compare with him, but where is the like spirit of comprehensive philosophy ? Since the days of Lord Bacon, and especially since those of Sir Isaac Newton, the physical sciences have been so highly cultivated as to throw into the shade all the other departments of human knowledge. From the indications around us, it would seem, that the ethical sciences are likely soon to claim their due position, and that history is preparing to assert its right to be regarded as the highest and most comprehensive of these. But the change now in progress is essential before it can do this. A revolution in our modes of thought has led, or rather, is now leading us to more extended views ; but these views must be completed before any thing permanent can be satisfactorily achieved. As yet, we are walking in the twilight, and many things appear of distorted or disproportionate shapes. We may not, therefore, reprehend the pioneers of the new route, because they have not discovered all that subsequent settlers may have it in their power to discover, or may have exaggerated some of the objects in their path, or mistaken the bearings of others. Let us rather be grateful for the assistance which we may derive even from their imperfect labors, and

*——caligine sacra
Pasckur. Statius. Achilleis. l. v. 521.

be thankful that we may be warned by their errors, and directed by their course.

The attention of the student of history is, accordingly, to be turned to the correction of the defects, and the enlargement of the views of preceding writers. Before the anticipated revolution can be fully and intelligently effected, a clear comprehension of the new elements which appear in historical researches, with a knowledge of their limits and their powers, is imperatively demanded of us. We require a NEW SCIENCE OF HISTORY, or, as others would term it, a new and revised PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY, before we can supply what is wanting in our historical works. The materials which are furnished us for this labor are scanty ; but it becomes, on this very account, so much the more necessary to examine minutely into their soundness, as, from their scantiness, there is less likelihood that the errors of the one author will be exposed and counteracted by the views of another. And, as Herder has always occupied a distinguished place among the writers on the Philosophy of History, as he has been more frequently consulted than most of the others, his book should not be suffered to pass current as standard gold, without close and critical inspection.

On such grounds, without much reference to the merits of the work itself, we should have been disposed to devote an article to its examination, but, before we have concluded our remarks, we think that the reader will have detected enough to convince him of the real importance of subjecting Herder's Philosophy of History to this ordeal, on the score of its imperfections. It has been considered a classic, both in style and matter ; its translator speaks of "Herder's words that burn ;" it has been frequently referred to as a great work ; and has as frequently been regarded as conclusive authority to decide a novel or contested proposition in historical science. To such high respect it has not the slightest claim. There is much, indeed, that is valuable in it ; but even that which is best, requires to be sifted and weighed before it can be adopted with safety. We have read the work faithfully and diligently through ; and, with pen in hand, have followed all Herder's windings and wanderings. The interest of the subject, the reputation of the book, the celebrity of the author, incited us to this labor. But we have been poorly repaid for our careful perusal. In closing the volume we felt that it had seldom been our fate to read a more tedious

ous or profitless work. Such is our respect for the kindness of Herder's disposition, and for the earnestness and sincerity of his labors, that we would fain have spoken in commendation of this Philosophy of History, but we cannot do it in any general terms; there is so much that is defective or positively erroneous blended with all that may be thought good. If we speak of the work as a whole, we must characterize it as inane, sophistical and frequently ridiculous. The only pleasure that we experienced, after accomplishing the wearisome task of its perusal, was a sense of peculiar thankfulness for our tardy deliverance from the Serbonian Bog, in which we had been floundering so long. In commencing our study of the work, for we made a study of it, all our anticipations were conducive to a favorable estimate of its merits. They have been grievously disappointed,—every step we took only obliterated more and more the impressions we had conceived of its excellence. Interesting as the Philosophy of History must be, to all inquiring minds, the subject loses all its interest in Herder's hands. In his pages, there is but little history and less philosophy. There is only a barren waste of unmeaning verbiage, (*un pompeux galimatias, un spécieux babil qui vous donne des mots pour des raisons*,*) or of empty speculation, at one time plausible, at another obscure, but, under all circumstances, equally calculated to mislead. If sometimes important truths be latent under his wire drawn fancies, it is necessary to clear away a wilderness of weeds, before it is possible to detect either the colors or the odors of the flower. The style is tedious, inelegant, monotonous, and often inflated; though herein some portion of the blame must indubitably attach to the translator. The rhetorical ornaments so lavishly and injudiciously introduced are such as only a school-boy, or an embryo barrister, who had been reading the wrong Phillips,† would use. The incidental reflections are, for the most part, puerile, jejune, irrelevant, defective, or wholly unsound. There is a very copious infusion of Germanism in the book, which usu-

* Molière. Le Malade Imaginaire. Acte. III. Se. III.

† The speeches of the Irish orator, Phillips, are sufficiently known to every reader; the standard work of his namesake, Phillipp, on the Law of Evidence, is equally well known to every jurist. From this similarity of names and dissimilarity of productions, arose the biting sarcasm of Lord Brougham, who remarked to a young barrister arguing a case before him, in a florid and declamatory manner, but with little legal lore, "Mr. —, I am afraid you have been reading the wrong Phillips."

ally breaks out in obscure sophistry, in childish apostrophes, or in vain declamation, which is, with Herder, but too frequently the sole substitute for argument. Altogether, Herder's Philosophy of History, is a very unsatisfactory and very unsafe work.

Singularly enough, however, the original conception of the work is grand, though its execution be so lamentably and often so ridiculously defective. The frame-work erected for the structure is colossal ; but with very slight knowledge of critical anatomy displayed in the proportions of its parts. The author conceived in his mind one vast scheme, which should embrace within its ample folds all that could be included under the history of man as man, or that could even remotely tend to elucidate the condition and the career of humanity. He would build up his Philosophy of History on a minute knowledge of human wants, human feelings, human capacities, human morals, the relations which the human race bears to all other created things, and the accidents by which it is surrounded and influenced. The motto to his work might have been, with great propriety,

Homo sum, nihil humani a me alienum puto.

Indeed, the epigraph, which he has adopted from Persius, is nearly as comprehensive, and much more arrogant than this verse of Terence. But Herder is not content with this wide range. He goes back to the Pre-Adamite periods of time ; he determines *ab origine* the relation of the earth to the universe, and of the yet uncreated man to the earth ; satisfying himself of the closeness of the latter relation, because the name of *man* is, in many languages, derived from that of the *earth*.* Immediately on crossing the threshold of this work, we plunge with him into all the obscurities of a speculation upon analogies, which we do not know to exist, and of whose nature we could have no certain knowledge, even if their existence could be proved. Yet, notwithstanding the dark and intricate passages, which form the vestibule of his work,—a vestibule, by the way, larger and more ponderous than the edifice itself,†—in despite of this, there is something splendid in the conception of this gigantic structure ; and there may be, beneath the surface, some latent truth in his

* Book I. chap. I.

† We may call the first ten books, the vestibule,—the last ten the edifice and its appurtenances.

huge and unwieldy creation. But when he endeavors to embody his own ideas, to apply his own rules, to give form, and character, and a definite expression to his own principles, all becomes vague and inconclusive. And thus his work assumes the appearance of a fiction, in which a child has attempted to fill up, with its daubs and its blotches, the bold outline sketched by the hand of its master.

It is true, that in estimating this work of Herder's, we must not assume, as a canon of measurement, any preconceived notions of what the Philosophy of History ought to be, from a contrast of the present work with others of a kindred nature. The design of Herder is much more comprehensive than that of any other writer on the same subject. It is painfully and unnecessarily comprehensive. Still, we must try him by his own scale, and not measure his proportions on the bed of Procrustes, by lopping off whatever appears superfluous, even at the hazard of existence. He embraces within his plan, not only the historical progress of humanity, but the causes and the phenomena of moral and domestic character. His principal aim seems to be, not to determine the laws of national greatness and decline, nor the influences which have created the cycles of the world's career, but he rather endeavors to detect the laws of individual nature, and the changes of individual life. It is rather the Asiatic himself than the Asiatic nations,—the Greek as a man, than the Greeks as a nation, that furnish the subject of his speculations—the *farrago* of his book. His work is the "Outlines of a Philosophy of the History of Man," not "Outlines of the Philosophy of History." There is not, indeed, much difference apparent in the terms, but a wide dissimilarity of treatment may spring from it, and we must not apply too rigidly to the one the principles we have deduced from the consideration of the other. Moreover, we are anxious that Herder should have the benefit of whatever may be imagined in his favor; for he will require every indulgence at our hands, and no slight partiality from his readers, before he can be assured of a perpetuity of the honors which have been heedlessly lavished upon him.

But we have no design to rest our estimate of this work on vague and unsupported assertion. We are both willing and desirous to introduce the proof necessary to substantiate our allegations, and to leave others to judge of the justice or injustice of our censure. And, as this strange book is "dull,

beyond all conception, dull," except when some piece of egregious folly tempts a smile, we must crave indulgence for ourselves, if, at times, we should be found tedious too, by reminding our readers, that dullness is no less infectious, in its way, than Jack Falstaff's wit.

There is much difficulty in conceiving, and more in representing, a scheme sufficiently comprehensive to include Herder's within itself. Yet, this is necessary, in order to give us a point above him whence we may discover the relations between the parts of his system and the whole, and note his aberrations from the truth. A consideration, however, of the principles of human life,—out of which the History of Man and its Philosophy necessarily arise,—will afford us the elevation we require.

When we look around on the habitants of earth, we find the greater part of the human race contenting themselves with the animal delight, which the consciousness of life produces, and never dreaming of any attempt to fathom its secrets. To them existence is merely a positive thing *in esse*: they seek to know neither its purpose nor its cause; and their thoughts are withdrawn, by present cares or present pleasures, from any reflection upon the singular and mysterious complexity of laws by which it is governed. But if we isolate ourselves from the concourse of our fellows, and inquire into the reason, the end, the use, the conditions, and the possibilities of our being, can we hope for any satisfactory response to our questions? Delphi and Dodona are dumb; there is no earthly Œdipus to reply to the Sphinx; the light of revelation unfolds only a partial answer; it discloses all that our moral duties require us to know, but it leaves all that our curiosity would learn, more impenetrably and more hopelessly dark than before. Our individual life, with its undying hope and restless energy, seems purposeless and blind. Man's destiny is not only concealed from him, but his past career throws no light across the gloom. Whatever may have been the fortunes or the labors of his youth or his manhood, he has hitherto accomplished no object in any degree consonant to his high faculties and apparent rank in creation. If he have even attained fame, eminence, and what the world calls usefulness, (things which so many toil for and so few attain,) has he consciously realized in himself any thing worthy of his time, his talents and his exertions? Are not rather the most of those things which he has attained

hollow semblances, empty accidentals, which the grave will strip from him? Is there any thing in the past which will enable him to solve the dim *wherefore* of his existence? The heart listens,—it is a hopeless inquiry. 'The contrast of his exertions with their effects, of his designs with their results, of his expectations with their fruits, assures him that he must have been created for some purpose beyond any thing he can divine; and that the indirect consequences of his actions must, in some unseen way, be of more importance in the veiled economy of the world, than all that he can achieve for himself, by a conscious direction of his powers. He may thus, also, learn that the only true wisdom is resignation, to be a humble instrument in the hand of Providence, for the attainment of God's purposes, and a resolve to content himself with such imperfect insight into the laws of his being, as will enable him to discharge fitly his duty to his Creator and his duty to his fellow-man.

We escape but partially from our difficulties, by limiting our questionings to the purposes and laws of man's social existence. Though our horizon is now limited to the consideration of man's functions in a definite sphere, and the dark chaos of futurity is excluded from our view, still we can only imperfectly comprehend our more limited subject. We find ourselves in the centre of a vast web, whose meshes are woven around us, in apparently inextricable confusion; we perceive how each thread is connected with a thousand others; and how the slightest derangement of one of these, even on the circumference, affects us and disturbs our calculations. If we seek to detect the links which bind together this *involute*d fabric; to follow the windings of its threads, and to discover the place, the manner, and the reason of the frequent crossings and uncrossings, their twistings and their untwistings, we soon lose ourselves in the maze, and must confess our inability to determine more than a very few of their most obvious courses. Such is the enigma of man's social action,—the subject of all Philosophy of History. Its complete solution baffles our ingenuity, and defies all our efforts. Much, however, has been done, more has been attempted, and still more may yet be achieved,—but it will require other and more philosophic minds than Herder's. He only retwists into new tangles the thread which he tries to untwist. What Goëthe calls the open secret of life, is not

easily explored; the secret may be open, as a pit is open, but the straggling sunbeams can seldom reach its tortuous caverns. In these hidden passages, however, the philosopher of history must grope, without sun, and with only such dim light, as our imperfect and ill-constructed lamps may afford, if he would elicit the laws and conditions of human life and human progress.

In order to facilitate this investigation, we may consider man under the two general aspects, presupposed by the above inquiries. What, wherefore, and how is human existence? What, wherefore, and how is human society? The answer to the former of these questions would regard man in his sentient, rational, and moral nature, (*ut homo*:)—to the latter as an active, *mobile* and progressive being, *ut civis*. The former would regard him as *homo per se*, a creature of God, having definite duties to perform, and a futurity before him, with faculties appropriate to his condition:—the latter would represent him as an integral portion of a peculiarly constituted society, living in it, acting for it, and applying his faculties to the ordering of particular circumstances. From man, regarded in the former light, would spring the law of nature and of natural religion, the dogmas of logic, universal ethics, and all the moral sciences whose subject is man absolutely, (or as an abstract *ens*—an *ens intelligibile*.) The latter would be the fountain head of history, politics, international and municipal law, and those departments of knowledge which are conversant with individuals in a particular society. Of course, man, in his concrete or active state, can only display those powers which were latent in him before; (that is to say, the *ἐνεργεία* presupposes the *δύναμις*.) The development of his energies will, therefore, be guided and limited by those tendencies which he possesses as a passive being. Hence, an accurate and comprehensive knowledge of man's absolute or abstract nature, is a necessary precursor or accompaniment of the scientific study of his history in society. The relation of the two is so close, that the prosecution of the History of Humanity demands a prior science of Humanity, either *in esse*, or *in conceptu*. This connection is not, however, of that nature that we should be compelled to prefix a system of *Anthropological*

* Vide Aristot. Nicomach. Ethic. lib. II. c. I. Op. Aristot. p. 1103. col. a. l. 26. Ed. Acad. Berol.

*Philosophy** to every scheme of human progress. Indeed, it is always better to keep the two branches distinct in their treatment, as both may be rendered faulty by their union; the one, by its being calculated solely with reference to a meditated plan; the other, by its being established on partial, instead of on general inductions. We think there is no department of human knowledge, at the present moment, more urgently requiring revision, correction and expansion, than the moral and mental sciences; we regard their complete redintegration as a necessary prelude to any satisfactory Philosophy of History; but we wish to see it effected by the application of broad and universal principles, and not by the insinuation of a few scattered and defective inferences. We have made two grand divisions of the Science of Humanity; we shall consider the reformation of the abstract department, whenever it takes place, as the first fruits that promise to us the completion of a profound and comprehensive Philosophy of History; which will be, in its turn, the guarantee of a more perfect conception of history itself.

It is painful to be recalled from the anticipations which these views create, to the examination of such a work as the one before us. We are made to feel too keenly how less than little has been accomplished of all we had hoped for. Herder has, indeed, attempted the moral anatomy and physiology of man, as an introduction to his so styled Philosophy of History. But the plan, which he has designed, is a partial one; it embraces much which is utterly useless; it excludes more which would have been important. We have already expressed the opinion, that it is not desirable to combine, in one work, the Philosophy of Man, and the Philosophy of his History. This Herder has done, and he has fallen into numerous errors and deficiencies besides those which we should have expected to find. Very few of the elements are comprehended by him, which we should have desiderated in an Anthropological Philosophy; and, moreover, what he has bestowed upon us is only a gaudy passage way, with numerous chinks in its walls, and obstructed with rubbish, intended to lead us to his own defective system.

* The epithet *Anthropological* has been applied with very little discernment, and less propriety, to the works of Alex. Walker, which are rather *Genealogical*, or *Anthropomorphical*.

The first Five Books of Herder's work contain his theories on the mutual relations of Man, the Earth, and the Universe; on the points of difference between human and other creatures; on man's faculties and tendencies, and is intended to embrace the *physico-ethical* peculiarities of humanity. The First Book exhibits the relations which this earth is supposed to bear to the other mighty works of God's creation; and to point out those properties of its structure and constitution which render it a fitting residence for the human race, and which act as predisposing causes to influence or determine the phenomena of human history. Considering that the character of men and of nations is sensibly modified by local and climatic peculiarities; that these are due, in a great measure, to the features of the earth's surface, and the relation of our planet to sun, moon and stars, Herder makes the mundane system the starting point of his philosophical speculations. The Second Book carries forward his scheme, by showing that the classes of beings which tenant this earth are numerous; that they include many genera, which, again, contain many species under them; that both plants and animals are acted upon by climatic influences; and that their several varieties are adapted to the diversity of their situations on the globe. The Third Book discloses the grand differences between the tribes of creation; the gradual ascent from the organic properties of vegetable life to the more complex, though scarcely more mysterious processes of human nature; the degree of instinctive energy possessed by each animate creature, and the reflective will, which physiologically is the characteristic of man, as his erect form is physiologically. In the Fourth Book we have a most cloudy disquisition, in which Herder deduces the destinies, powers, moral and intellectual faculties of man from his organic peculiarities and shape. It reminds us forcibly of "Professeur Kant de nébuleuse mémoire,"* and makes us long for the lucid expositions of Cabanus on a like subject. The Fifth Book is still more nebulous and unsatisfactory. It is a very mystical and fanciful enunciation of certain strange arguments, which the author introduces to establish the immortality of the soul,—its essential and necessary immortality, not drawn from revelation, not asserted on account of such being the general belief of the world, not inferred on probable grounds, but conceived and confirmed

* Voyage autour de ma Chambre : par Comte Xavier De Maistre.

by much empty reasoning and a priori, which Herder deems infallible, because Plato, some two thousand years ago, wrote occasionally nonsense slightly analogous to it.* This, with several chapters scattered through other books, in amplification of doctrines enunciated in these five, completes Herder's examination of the abstract and distinctive nature of humanity, and his inquiry into the adaptation of the world and man for their mutual destinies.

A single glance over this epitome will be sufficient to show that Herder has omitted in these preliminary dissertations, the most important part of his subject. He has considered humanity almost entirely *a parte exteriori*, in the properties which it possesses, analogous to those of the beasts, and in its relations to the material world; and he has, for the most part, forgotten all that proceeds *ab interiore sensu*, and constitutes the grand difference between man and the brute. But, however misplaced and unnecessary, we might think these speculations to be; however defective they might seem; however foolish we might esteem the employment of whole chapters and books for such a demonstration of truisms as renders them only confused; we might have overlooked all this, if the reasoning had been generally conclusive or the details invariably true. There is, indeed, no one who would hesitate to concede, without argument, that man is adapted to the world in which he is placed; that the species of created things are numerous, and that each flourishes best under the circumstances most favorable to it; that man is not a beast, and that an ass is not a vegetable, as the inhabi-

* Lest we be suspected of the flippancy of Landor, in speaking thus of Plato's celebrated disquisitions on the immortality of the soul, we subjoin an extract from one of the most profound of modern scholars,—“The philosophy of Socrates is still (by Aristophanes in the *Frogs*) characterised as puerile and trifling, and more remarkable for subtilty than any real instruction. And happy had it been for Socrates in particular, and for philosophy in general, had the epithets of trifling and superficial been the only ones that could be with truth applied to it. It must have been at this very period, however, that he had been orally propounding those opinions which his disciple Plato soon afterwards thought proper to reduce to writing, opinions so extraordinary, and, we may even add, so atrocious, that whatever sway the word philosophy may have over vulgar and credulous minds, men of sense will carefully observe and consider what is recommended to them under that specious name, before they give it their sanction or support.” Mitchell. *Frogs of Aristophanes*. pp. 5, 6. With this criticism on the Platonic Philosophy we fully concur,—we have always regretted the long period during which the name of Plato has been suffered to usurp the honors due to Aristotle. The only mode of accounting for the fact is by the certainty that, for the most part, both of them are spoken of, and neither read.

tants of the Shetland and the Orkney Isles were wont to suppose;* that human reason differs from canine instinct; that man's moral character is affected by his physical constitution, and that the human soul may be immortal. Yet these are the inductions which Herder's first Five Books are written to establish; he might have assumed all of them as postulates, and no one would have replied with a *negatur*; but he appears to have been so anxious to find a vent for his spurious philosophy, as to have forgotten the sound remark of his favorite Cicero: "*quemadmodum res obscuræ dicendo fierent apertiores, sic res apertas fieri obscuriores.*"

We say nothing further of Herder's divergence, from all that we should have deemed essential in a proper preliminary to the Philosophy of History, when the author had resolved upon prefixing such to his scheme of human progress. We are, at present, inclined to expose the fantastical nonsense of the details, which he has woven into these books. When he gravely remarks, that "*the celerity of our thoughts is probably as the revolution of our planet round itself, and round the sun, to those of other stars,*"† we do not stop to confute him, but ask, *Risum teneatis, amici?* When he asserts, that, in all probability, electricity "*determined and produced the greatest epochs and revolutions of mankind,*"‡ we feel disposed to assent to the sarcasm of Lactantius, "*quid ægrotus unquam somniavit quod philosophorum aliquis non dixerit?*" When he endeavors to secure a basis for his false conclusions by declaring, that "*those plants which we cultivate with art, spring from the free lap of nature, and arrive at a much greater perfection in their proper climes,*"§ we are at a loss to discover whether such a misrepresentation is to be attributed to egregious ignorance, or to unblushing mendacity. In either case, we must esteem him utterly unfit

* This may be a slander on "the dwellers of the Isles,"—we do not vouch for its truth, though it was mentioned to us almost on the spot, between John O'Groat's and Ronaldshay.

† Book I. chap. II.

‡ Book I. chap. V.

§ Book II. chap. II. Propertius says:

Et veniunt hederæ sponte sua melius;
Surgit et in solis formosior arbutus antris

Et volucres nulla dulcius arte canunt. I. 2. 20.

We quote at second hand from Montaigne. This will do for a poet, but it will not do in a Philosophy of History. What would Herder say of wheat, oats, potatoes, cabbages, broccoli, apples, peaches, cherries, &c. &c. &c.

to be our guide in a new and difficult route, who can adopt, as the foundation of his philosophy, doctrines so palpably false and absurd as those which we have just cited. Of a like character with them are such notions as, that "*man in a savage state was, in a great measure, covered with hair, particularly on the back.*"* This is worse than Waterton's monkey, and Monboddo's theory,† for it is notorious, that many, perhaps most savage nations are remarkable for the deficiency of hair, as the Negroes, Indians, Hottentots, South Sea Islanders, &c. Again, our author exclaims, "*what exquisite elasticity has the thread of the spider, or a silk-worm! and this the artist drew from herself, an evident proof that she is all elasticity and irritability.*"‡ that is to say, as the threads of the spider and the silk-worm are both elastic, the spider and the silk-worm are themselves elastic, or, more forcibly, according to the Johnsonian enthymeme:

"Who kills fat oxen must himself be fat."

It were useless to multiply instances exhibiting the follies of an unpruned imagination; those we have mentioned have been culled at random from the first Five Books, and they are even more copiously sprinkled over the remainder of the work. We may laugh at such fancies, though they must destroy all confidence in an author who could seriously give utterance to them. But there are erroneous doctrines contained in this part of the work which merit graver reprehension. Of this kind is his dogma, that every thing possible to exist on this earth must exist on it;§ and equally false are the Pythagorean notions, which he would recall from their obscurity in the Hindoo mythology, or their repose in the Dialogues of Plato. The doctrine of the sure, but indefinite existence of all things possible, may be only a bald truism, but if intended in any other sense, as we suppose it to be, the asseveration is utterly inconsistent with the limited knowledge of man. Yet Herder frequently repeats it in the course of his observations. In the Fifteenth Book it is enunciated in this form,—"*every thing that can take place upon earth, must take place upon it, provided it happens ac-*

* Book IV. chap. V.

† We do not remember whether Waterton mentions his monkey in his Wanderings in South America,—but he stuffed a large monkey, filling the skin of the head with a barber's block, and exhibited it in Demarara as one of the species from which men were descended according to Monboddo's theory. The joke was not explained for four years.

‡ Book III. chap. II.

§ Book IV. chap. IV.

according to rules that carry their perfection within themselves."* We do not exactly comprehend the meaning of this very *Teutonesque* limitation; but the immediate conclusion from the sage proposition is, that those things which take place on the earth, according to rules which do not carry their perfection within themselves, do not take place upon it. Whether this be not a legitimate *sequitur*, our readers may judge. But the development of the doctrine is as unintelligible and as unreasonable as its general expression:

"Every thing," says Herder, "that can live upon our earth, lives upon it, for every organization carries in its essence a union of various powers, which limit each other, and, thus limited, are capable of attaining, in themselves, a maximum of durability. Could they not attain this, the powers would separate and form unions of a different kind." Book XV. chap. V.

We leave others to interpret this passage to the best of their ability; to us, the attempt to do so would seem like hunting for the grain of wheat in the two bushels of chaff. We have neither time, nor space, nor inclination, to expose all of Herder's vagaries, and we, therefore, content ourselves with noticing a few of the more important. At this time, we would ask, How and whence Herder learnt that every thing that could exist on this earth must exist on it? We are not so uncharitable as to suppose that he could be convinced of the truth of this doctrine by any thing so futile as his own arguments. This would be worse than compelling a quack to swallow his own pills, or a Thomsonian doctor to take his own medicines. But with what show of reason can a finite being pretend to determine the possibilities of existence? Such knowledge, to be trustworthy, must have been revealed. Had Herder any such special revelation vouchsafed to him? Did some Egeria of the Hercynian Forest breathe on him nightly inspiration, or some unseen visitant of air direct his pen? We may suppose not; or she would have corrected his logic, and obliterated his nonsense. What knowledge, then, had Herder of the designs of God, and the powers of God's creation?† How can we pronounce

* Book XV. chap. V.

† Montaigne, speaking of a like illicit exercise of conjecture, says, "c'est se donner l'avantage d'avoir dans la teste les bornes et limites de la volonté de Dieu et de la puissance de nostre nature; et qui il n'y a plus notable folie au monde que de les ramener à la mesure de nostre capacité et suffisance." *Essais*. liv. I. c. XXVI.

on the possibilities of existence, when we can have no knowledge of the limits of the unknown, much less of those of the unknowable? For who has ever yet attempted to estimate the proportion or the relation which the known bears to the unknown? "That which is crooked cannot be made straight; and that which is wanting (*ὀστέρισμα*, is the pregnant term of the LXX.) cannot be numbered." The words are the words of Solomon. "What man is he," says the Book of Wisdom, "that can know the counsel of God? or who can think what the will of the Lord is?"* Yet there is, ever has been, and, probably, ever will be, a certain class of minds, which imagine that their own notions are the test of truth, and the scanty measure of their own knowledge the canon of the universe.† When any fancy takes possession of such men, they declare it to be the great rule of God's operations; and only escape the guilt of blasphemy, by the certainty of their folly and ignorance. These *philosophasters* knead every hypothesis into a dogma; what has not yet been determined, they will determine; and they will declare all things impossible which have not come within the narrow horizon of their own vision. There is a boldness and unhesitancy about the sweeping asseverations of such sophisters that are at times, exceedingly plausible, and are usually mistaken by the multitude for the confidence of truth. *Huic Coryphæus erit*:—in such a school, Herder might be an oracle; but by those who seek for truth, his remarks will be closely scrutinized before assented to. On the unstable foundation, that all things, which can exist upon the earth, must exist on it, a large portion of Herder's Philosophy is raised. And a similar mode of reasoning has furnished him with much that is found in other parts of his work. Who will believe in the permanence and stability of the house built upon the sand?

The immortality of the human soul, as we have already mentioned, is another subject on which Herder has poured out his vapid philosophy. This is a doctrine which is either supposed to be revealed, or is inferred on probable grounds. In either case, it is received as a matter of faith. It is incapable of being proved by such reasons as Plato adduces in

* Wisdom, c. IX. v. 13.

† These men Montaigne calls, "untas de gents, interpretes et contrerool-leurs ordinaires des desseings de Dieu," and classes them with "alchymistes, prognosticqueurs judiciaires, chiromantiens, medecins, *id genus omne*," Ess. liv. I. c. XXXI.

his Phædon, and Herder invents in his present work.* The whole argument of Plato rests on the soul's supposed former existence, and the consequence has been, that the greater part of the philosophers who have regarded his reasoning as conclusive, have also adopted his notion of the pre-existence of souls. Among this number have been Synesius, Origen, &c. The immortality of man is, with Plato, little more than a plain inference from the Hindoo doctrine of Metempsychosis, modified so as to suit the latitude of Athens; and was a natural deduction for a Pythagorean to make.† We cannot, then, be surprised if a modern Platonist, after proving the soul's immortality by arguments as fanciful as any of the Platonic speculations, should end by endeavoring to give a modern expression to the obsolete doctrine of transmigratio.‡ This Herder has done. We do not object to dreams of this nature that they are false, but that we cannot know them to be true. They belong to the regions of pure fancy, and cannot be drawn down from their native clouds by any contrivances of ours; whereas no inquiries should be more rigidly consistent with ethical truth,§ than investigations into the laws of humanity. Moreover, these vagaries of the intellect carry us far beyond our legitimate range. The Philosophy of human History is confined to the world, the transactions of the world, and man in the world. Man is an agent, in the production of cognizable change, only so long as he remains here; the properties which we have to regard are limited to a mundane atmosphere; and it is fruitless and silly to speculate on what may, by possibility, take place, beyond the magic circle which confines our notions. That man is destined for a future state of existence appears probable from reason, certain from revelation; but the speculative possibilities of his future being form no part of the Philosophy of History of Man.

Perhaps, however, Herder's fancies, on these points, are just as suitably introduced as the greater part of the tedious views, which fill up these Five Books. It may, indeed, be

* See Book V. *passim*.

† For the proof that both Socrates and Plato were strict Pythagoreans, see the very able remarks of Mitchell. *Introd. Clouds of Aristophanes*, and in the notes, *passim*.

‡ Book I. chap. II. Book V. chaps. V. VI.

§ By ethical truth we mean a high degree of probability, not amounting to strict logical certainty; as only probability can be arrived at, by reasoning, in Ethics. *Aristot. Eth. Nicom. I. c. II.*

asked in what manner any of the dreams, which we have noticed, tend to the establishment of those more general deductions which Herder assumes as the basis of his *Philosophy of History*. For our own part, we do not pretend to see their relevancy; there is a looseness and aimlessness in all which the author says in these Books, which render it impossible for any analysis to discover the cogency of his remarks. We have observed that his main conclusions are truisms: the Five Books become, accordingly, a dissertation to confirm axioms by argumentation; and, as must necessarily be the case when any attempt of the kind is made, the reader closes the investigation with confused and uncertain ideas, even of those positions which he would readily have conceded before.

In the second Five Books, (for Herder published his work originally in Pentads,) we descend to a lower and more salubrious atmosphere: the air is less painfully rarefied; it is better adapted to our earthly capacities, and our respiratory organs inhale it with greater freedom. We do not, however, descend to the smooth champaign of sober reason: Herder will not dismount from his hippogriff; but we now skim along nearer the surface of the ground, and are led to direct our attention principally to that which our visual organs can scrutinize. This part of the work treats of the varieties of habits, faculties and dispositions produced by diversity of influences. The doctrines of genesis and climate are more especially elaborated; but, blended with these, are inquiries into the unity of the human race, the characteristics of different tribes, the influence of language in the civilization of man, and the original abode of the human family.

There is much more ability displayed in this division of the work, than in any of the others. Fanciful and unfounded imaginations still, indeed, meet us at every step; but the doctrines of genesis and climate are expounded with much judgment and some skill;—and the discussion of these subjects may be said to form the principal, if not the only value of Herder's *Philosophy of History*. It is to be regretted, however, that he should have made such a sad jumble of abstract principles and their application: affording us first a fragment of the latter, then a scrap of the former, thus doubling continually, and returning confusedly on his own traces. Thus, the sixth book comprises the distinctive char-

acteristics which mark the various races upon earth ; while the seventh and eighth contain the development of the author's views of genesis and climate ; and their philosophical application to China, Assyria, Persia, Greece, Rome, etc., is deferred to the several books between the eleventh and twentieth. This arrangement, or rather, dislocation of parts, may render it necessary for us to disregard the division of the work into *pentads*, wherever any strict adherence to it would interfere with the natural sequence of our investigations. Indeed, it is not our intention to examine the remainder of this work either so closely, or in such detail, as we have hitherto done. Comparative anatomy has taught us, that the rule *ex ungue leonem* will apply to anomalous animals as well as to lions. We have already given a sufficiently large assortment of "bricks from Babel," for others to judge of the whole of Herder's singular structure.

But the want of system in the present work, renders it necessary for us again to direct attention to the two grand heads, into which we divided the whole Philosophy of Humanity—the catholic or abstract, and the individual or concrete ;—in other words, into the consideration of man as an abstraction, and man as a social being. In the latter condition, he is liable to be influenced by a thousand agents, of different degrees of power, and different modes of operation. The most permanent, as well as the most strongly marked of all these forces, are genesis, or the influence of race and climate. These are usually conflicting powers : the disposition of man is, for the most part, at war with the action of external nature.* But, though they conflict, they do not destroy each other ; they only produce a temporary or partial neutralization. Herder most fully recognizes this antagonism ; and cites several well-known facts to confirm it, in the course of his examination of the nature and action of genesis and climate.

And in the inquiry of Herder's, we are encountered, at the very outset, by one of his characteristic inanities. "*If we knew the genesis of the poles,*" says he, "*and the laws and effects of the magnetism of our earth on the various bodies it contains, should we not have found the warp, which Nature, in the formation of beings, afterwards variously interweave with*

* This opposition of man and nature, is illustrated and explained, S. Q. R., No. VI., pp. 304-5.

other superior powers?"* This is as bad as the Encyclopædistical question of Pantagruel:† "*Utrum, unes Grammaires historiques et meteoriques, contendentes de leur anteriorité et posteriorité par la triade des articles pouoyent treuver quelque ligne ou caractere de leurs chroniques sus la palme Zenon-icque.*"‡ We are told in Rabelais, that one of the most pleasing occupations of Quaresmeprenant was fishing in the air and catching tithe crabs.|| This was, no doubt, in consequence of his possessing an imagination like the confused jarring and clattering of bells.§ With a like facility, Herder rejoices in a similarity of amusements. But let this, too, pass.

There has been much written on the subject of climate, and the most discordant opinions have been expressed about it. Some authors of distinction, as Helvetius, would reduce its action within very narrow limits. Others would exaggerate it, as Montesquieu has done.¶ Herder, more prudently than could have been expected, has taken the safe middle way; and though his views are only fragmentary, wanting fulness and a systematic arrangement, they are, in the main, correct and satisfactory. At the same time, he gives a suitable latitude to the signification of the term, including under it, not merely the atmospheric peculiarities of heat and cold, but all local characteristics, such as humidity of air, meteorological changes, prevalence of winds, presence of miasma, surface of country, character of soil, productions, streams, proximity to the sea, etc.

Perhaps, none of the elements of the Philosophy of History require more cool judgment in their application, than the

* Book VII., chap. iii.

† This is one of the questions debated "*Sorbonnicotificabilitudinissimentially*," in the Decretal Schools of Paris. See Rabelais. *La Chresme Philosophale*, etc.

‡ De L'Aulnay calls this "*un veritable amphigouri*;" it is so: but pray, what else is Herder's? After reading it, we felt very much disposed to exclaim with Aristophanes:

Ταῦτ' ἄρ' ἀκούσας αὐτῶν τὸ φθόγμ' ἡ φυχὴ μου παύεται,
Καὶ λεπτολογεῖν ᾗδ' ἤπει καὶ περὶ καπνοῦ στενολεσχεῖν
Καὶ γνωμιδίῳ γνώμην νύξας' ἐτέρῳ λόγῳ ἀντιλογήσασαι. *Nubes.*

¶ Peschoyt en laer et y prenoyt escrevisses decumanes. Liv. iv., chap. xxxii.

§ Quaresmeprenant ha—l'imagination comme ung quarillonnement des cloches. Liv. 4, ch. xxx. N. B. Quaresmeprenant is supposed to represent the Pope.

¶ As an amusing proof of this, read *L'Esprit des Lois*, liv. xiv., c. ii., *cum notis variorum*.

influence of climate. For its effects vary with the character and circumstances of each people. In a highly civilized state, habits, feelings, morals, etc., are principally due to artificial causes,—such as government, occupations, density of population, social intercourse, and even foreign fashions and exotic usages. In a savage condition, on the contrary, climate is always the principal agent.* This may, in some measure, account for the wide diversity of opinion among eminent writers. The existence of the influence has been recognized, to a greater or less extent, by the distinguished minds of all ages—Hippocrates, Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, Bacon, Montesquieu, Voltaire, etc. But decidedly the most satisfactory view of the subject is contained in the Ninth Essay of Cabanis, on the Relations between the Physical and Moral condition of Man,—a work but too little known amongst us.

So far as Herder goes, his remarks on climate are sound. They are very scanty, yet cannot be called a sketch, as they are expressed in the form of detached propositions. Perhaps, in the present state of our information, this may be the wiser, as being the safer course. As yet we have not the materials requisite, before we can reduce into a strictly scientific form the vast diversity of phenomena presented to us. Our knowledge is only partial; it is confined to a few spots on the earth's surface, and a few of the causes operating there, and even of these it still remains very imperfect. Being thus circumstanced, we might only build up false theories, and, by a rigid application of them, draw fallacious conclusions, if we were prematurely to attempt the formation of a system. When our facts become more numerous and better ascertained, and when our information has been drawn from all available sources, it may then be time to determine the general laws of the varying phenomena. Until then, we shall probably do well to imitate the moderation of Herder.†

In estimating the effects of climate, we should regard it as embracing many separate influences; in this respect, following our author. Several of these we have already enumer-

* Montesquieu—*L'Esprit des Loix*, liv. xix., c. iv., and see M. Villemain, *Eloge de Montesquieu*.

† Herder most fully recognizes the difficulty of forming a system, regards any attempt at it as premature, and assigns this as a reason for the plan which he has himself adopted. Book vii., c. iii.

ated: but, to complete our view, we must add that climate may be changed by art, and therefore, in all our calculations on the subject, we should consider its present influence as contrasted with what it was before: and should examine closely into the character and the history of the race which may have modified it, and the means employed by it to do so. We would further insist upon the necessity of keeping continually in view the diminishing effects of climate, with the progressive civilization of the inhabitants. The influence of climate varies inversely, (to borrow an algebraic expression,) with the civilization of the people: but whether the ratio be in an arithmetical or a geometrical series, will depend upon many collateral causes, which we have not time to specify here.

The grand counteracting agent to climate is genesis; without which we would be almost entirely at the mercy of external nature. The times and the kinds of our labor would depend upon the changes of the sky, or such accidents over which we would have no power; so that we might literally be said to be "feeding on the wind, and following after the east wind." But the main-spring of our resistance to such a sweeping tyranny, is found in the hereditary peculiarities of men, which seem to predispose them to certain modes and habitudes of life. Thus, man has always a *ressort*—an impulsive force within himself, urging him in a particular direction, without waiting till some other direction has been impressed upon him by external forces. Hence, the conflict arises between genesis and climate: and as time rolls on, the character of man triumphs over the rude energies of nature.

Genesis should be divided into two heads: national, and individual. There are certain broad features which characterize whole races of men, and are transmitted regularly, with greater or less modification, from one age to another. Thus the English national character, the French national character, the Spanish national character, etc., arise from peculiarities, admitted to exist as the distinguishing marks of these peoples. But there are certain family traits which descend in the same way, and constitute a difference between individuals of the same race, at the same time that they link together the ancestors and their posterity.* The filius Titii

* One of the most amusing, and at the same time instructive Essays, on this subject, may be found in that quaint old book, Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, P. i., Sect. ii., Mem. i., Subs. 6.

will borrow much of his disposition from his father Titius : if Bill be a rogue, Fitz-William, notwithstanding his high-sounding name, will likely be a rascal too : we might expect a Pelides in the son of Peleus ; and many traces of the knavery and cunning of Sisyphus, will be discernible in Ulysses Sisyphides :

Fortes nascuntur a fortibus et bonis, etc.

Thus we have national and individual character referred to genetic influences : and the doctrine of genesis will, accordingly, be sub-divided into *genesis generalis*, and *genesis specialis*. With the latter, however, the Philosophy of History meddles not, except to use it occasionally by way of illustration.

The vastness of the work under consideration, forbids our dwelling on the subject of genesis sufficiently long, to enter into an examination of those laws of humanity which produce these hereditary influences, and give a perpetuity to what might have been, in the first instance, mere anomalies. There are many able works, in which the transmission of physical and moral peculiarities is noticed ; and to them we must refer those who seek for further information on the point. It is enough, at present, to know, that both the one and the other logical division of genesis must be attributed to the same or similar causes, and that they both actually exist.

We have already alluded to the opposition between genesis and climate, and to the gradual conquest which, as civilization advances, the one makes over the other. But even genesis may attain its maximum, (to use one of Herder's phrases, not always intelligible,) that is to say, there is a period—a limit, after which it, too, will commence to decline. The character of the race becomes absorbed and overwhelmed by the interests of the individuals ; and though a genetic character must still exist, it manifests itself with less energy.

However, to render this intelligible, we must preclude the drawing of any erroneous inferences from an expression which we have used loosely. When we spoke of the national character of France, England and Spain, we designed it simply as an illustration, and not as a philosophical example. The national character in these instances is not purely genetic, but must be attributed to the combined genetic influences of the aggregated and amalgamated races composing

those nations, and to other causes besides. The Indians, the Jews, the Negroes, and, perhaps, the Chinese, will afford the requisite examples of pure genetic influence.

With these detached and undeveloped observations upon some of the most important inquiries which enter into the Philosophy of History, we must pass on to examine other parts of Herder's work. There is little to detain us between the Seventh and Eleventh Books; as those which are intermediate, are principally occupied with the application of views previously laid down. We cannot refrain, however, from characterizing his notion of the objects of human pursuit in the world, as sciolistic and degrading,* nor from reprehending the rationalist opinions which are every where expressed of Moses, his mission, and his Pentateuch.

The fifth chapter of the Eighth Book, explains Herder's view of the objects which man ought to aim at in this world. According to him, it is happiness,—a mere animal happiness,—and what is worse, happiness under the Chinese type, which represents it in its symbolic characters, by a piece of meat and a huge mouth. It is true that the main-spring of human action is the desire of happiness,—this is what Aristotle† says, and we are prepared to assent to him. But how many interpretations are given to the word? Every man has his own:—"the heaven of each is but what each desires." But Herder substitutes for this shifting, though ever potent *je ne sais quoi*, a fixed animal delight. Yet, taking happiness in the widest sense to which Herder's use of the word will permit us to extend it,—taking it even for animal and social *bien-être*,—surely the attainment of this is not to be inculcated as the highest object of human pursuit.

But the whole of this chapter is to us repulsive. Herder seems entirely to have mistaken the end, the aim, and the destinies of humanity. In favor of his brutefying dogma about animal contentment, he argues with much mysticism, and hollow verbiage. But this earthly happiness was never designed to be man's principal aim. The minister of religion assures us from the pulpit, that this world is merely a fleeting show,—that it is solely a state of trial, preparatory to a higher existence. Hence, he infers the object of life to be self-improvement and purification, through frequent af-

* Book viii., chap. v.

† Τὸ εἶναι δοκοῦντος ἀγαθὸν χάριν πάντα πράττουσι πάντες. I. Pol., c. I., G. I., Rhet. c. v., et passim.

fictions and the constant manifestation of Christian virtues : all which is at variance with Herder's doctrine. The student of history regards the world as a theatre of change, the grand stage on which the progressive development of humanity is continually going forward. To him, accordingly, individuals are agents, more or less conscious and active in effectuating the advancement of mankind. Hence, in his view, the great object of life should be the amelioration of our species, which necessarily pre-supposes the highest attainable perfection of moral and intellectual character. The moral philosopher, and the general observer of human nature, find the seeds of discord deeply and thickly sown in the breasts of men ; they notice their vigorous germination and fatal fecundity ; they behold their constant re-appearance, either under new forms or in their old guise ; and they certainly estimate it to be a far higher duty and a higher aim to check, correct and counterbalance these, than to rot through existence in the search of sensual delight or selfish happiness. Thus, from whatever point we regard Herder's doctrine, we find it unphilosophical and unsound in the promulgator, degrading in the practiser, and ruinous to society.

In closing our remarks upon this *Herderian* dogma, we would quote a few remarks from the latest and wildest production of Carlyle's pen :*

"The only happiness," says he, "a brave man ever troubled himself with asking much about was, happiness enough to get his work well done. Behold, the day is passing swiftly over ; our life is passing swiftly over ; and the night cometh wherein no man can work. The night once come, our happiness—our unhappiness—it is all abolished : vanished, clean gone : a thing that has been. But our work—behold, that is not abolished—that has not vanished : our work, behold, it remains, or the want of it remains : for endless Times and Eternities remains : and that is now the sole question with us for evermore ! Brief, brawling day, with its noisy phantasms, its poor paper-crowns, tinsel-gilt, is gone : and divine, everlasting night, with her star-diadems, with her silences, her vernicies, is come ! What hast thou done, and how ? Happiness, unhappiness : all that was but the wages thou hadst : thou hast spent all that in sustaining thyself hitherward : not a coin of it remains with thee—it is all spent, eaten, and now thy work : where is thy work ? Swift—out with it—let us see thy work !"

"Look here, upon this picture, and upon this,"—and judge between the sciolism of Herder and the philosophy of life !

* Past and Present. By Thos. Carlyle. Book i., chap. iv., "Happy."

We would willingly imitate the fashion of Sterne, and draw a bold line here, or leave a blank page to serve as a barrier of separation between what we have already said and what remains for us to say,—so slight is the connection between the two parts of the work under review. But an affectation, which might please in *Tristram Shandy* by its extreme singularity, would have the appearance of too great levity, if introduced into a serious article. And yet, if we follow Herder, it will be nearly impossible to maintain any necessary sequence between the former and the latter portion of our present notice. After the long and laborious disquisitions which have been confusedly ravelled together into the first Ten Books of this *Philosophy of History*, we discover that, for any useful purpose they subserve, either in the way of preliminary or of collateral illustration to the remainder of the work, these books might have been omitted without our being made sensible of any loss, nay, rather to the manifest advantage of the author and his readers. While Herder struts before us on his lofty *super-terrestrial* stilts, we are compelled painfully to wade after him through a sea of unconnected, though continuous observations, now sinking in the quicksands of error into which he leads us, now plunging hopelessly amid rocks, and stones, and other senseless things, now plashing and floundering in the waves, straining our eyes the while, in the attempt to determine his motions, as he staggers on with his head lost in the clouds. If we stop to ask *quo tendis?* to what purpose, or whither are we going? he deigns not to answer until we have crossed these turbid and uncertain waters—and then, after all our profitless labor, he points to another like sea before him, and again invites us to follow, though we may reasonably fear that it, too, will lead to nothing, and may certainly perceive that our former perilous journey was not necessary to arrive at it. Through this we followed him in our perusal of his book: it may be pleasanter for our readers and ourselves not to do so again in our review; but to keep the bank, and notice only here and there a few of his aberrations.

The object of the last Ten Books of Herder's work, is to trace the different conditions of the various races of men from India, China and the remote East, down to the conclusion of the Crusades. If, therefore, we take an independent view of the principal of those nations, we shall be able to commend or to blame Herder's opinions as we pass,

without being any longer condemned to their constant obtrusion upon us. We would observe, however, that here, as in every other part of his book, there are frequent mysticisms, much "skimble-skamble stuff," and numerous ridiculous fancies, so that a very rich *spicilegium nugarum ineptiarumque* might be gathered from them. But, of such labor we are heartily tired: from such "small game" we turn to considerations of wider range.

The first lesson we learn from a comprehensive study of universal history, is, that the long chain of human civilization is a regularly articulated system, each link being indissolubly and causatively attached to its successor as the prime law of its formations. Individuals are generated; and so are societies, peoples and nations. The earlier histories, and even many more recent writers, overlooked this. They isolated each nation or period in their treatment of it, and seemed to regard it as containing within itself all things necessary for the full understanding of its condition. All forms of government, all institutions, all formation of national thought, appeared to them nearly spontaneous. They did not see that the institutions of men were invariably to be referred to some precedent causes, which could not be fully comprehended without a penetrating knowledge of the periods and the races through which human society had run before it reached them. To us, the whole universe is an organized whole, each of whose parts bears definite relations to all the others, combines with the rest in determining and limiting the functions of each, is itself so limited, and cannot be appreciated either in its nature or its workings, without some acquaintance with the whole. The world is a part of the universe, but it is also a system complete in itself, and in addition to those more general relations which it bears to the universe, as a part thereof, it has others which arise from its being the aggregate of all its parts. Similar relations exist between the world and its members, as between the universe and its parts: and every thing in the world is limited in its action and development by the connection subsisting between itself and the whole, and between itself and the other members. The action of a plant upon humanity may seem both slight and remote, yet the whole political machinery of two of the mightiest nations ever upon earth, is affected by the greater or less amount of the annual cotton crop. The human race is the most important of the com-

ponent parts whose union forms the world, and may itself be regarded as a subordinate whole, having its own laws for its own governance, which spring in like manner from the relations subsisting between itself and its parts. Hence if we would understand any of the developments of humanity, we must consider them with a reference to the rest. If, therefore, we would appreciate the history of man, we must, among other requisites, have a comprehensive philosophy of human nature, as has been already insisted on; and if we would fathom the significance of any particular period of time, besides applying to it this philosophy, we must study it in connection with the antecedent and subsequent history of the world. We must not be content with examining it by itself;—as such, it is merely a fragment, at best only half intelligible,—but we must study it in its relation to the causes which have generated it and determined its character, and the effects which explain the nature and extent of its action. But a knowledge of these causes and effects can be obtained only by a recurrence to the earlier and later history of the world. But each cause had its antecedent cause, and each effect its consequent effect; so that, to obtain an accurate acquaintance with any period of time, we are forced back, step by step, through all the anterior epochs of the world's career, and urged onwards to an examination of all its subsequent fruits. In general terms,—in terms to which the above reasoning leads us, the study of a part demands some knowledge of that whole of which it is a part.*

In order, therefore, to appreciate fully, any portion of history, we must consider it in its connection with the whole history of the world, regarding it as an essential part and natural product of that whole. And as it is the function of the Philosophy of History to extract from all history its innermost spirit, it will regard the development of humanity as one connected system, having a vitality within itself

* * The Science of Comparative Anatomy furnishes a beautiful illustration of this general truth. The fossil bones, so plentifully scattered about the world, signified little more, to the most philosophic minds, than that this clavicle or that trochanter was an animal product composed of phosphate of lime and other chemical substances. But Cuvier came; the darkness was dispelled by his magic wand; from a view of the whole of nature he detected the laws of organization,—he studied and he understood the whole of the grand system, and after attaining this knowledge, the solitary bones of the Mammoth, the Mastodon, and the Ichthyosaurus—animals of which tradition had lost all cognizance—explained themselves to him, and could then be referred to their proper place in the proper animal.

which determines its changes and its fruits, and it will reduce the variations in the phenomena of human society to cognizable causes, apparent in the antecedent annals of the world. Each age will thus be shown to be the necessary precursor of that which follows it, not simply from priority of time, which would be an accidental precedence, but from the natural antecedence of the cause to its effects. Thus Greece will be demonstrated to be necessarily subsequent to India and the East, Rome to Greece, the middle ages to Rome,—and it will be seen how essential it was that the Hebrews, with the peculiar destiny assigned them, should “dwell alone, and not be reckoned among the nations.”*

We take up Herder to assist us in tracing the mode in which the social, intellectual and moral character of each people is generated by the condition of its predecessors. Herder seems wholly unconscious of the fact, and of the strict concatenation and affiliation of the successive empires of the world he has not even dreamt. He tells us that the Chinese “are endowed by nature with small eyes, a short nose, a flat forehead, little beard, long ears, and a protuberant belly;” and that “their empire is an embalmed mummy, wrapped in silk, and painted with hieroglyphics, its internal circulation is that of a dormouse in its winter’s sleep.”† His notice of the nations of further Asia is summed up with the remark, “if our species be destined to approach, in the eternal path of an asymptote, a point of perfection which it does not know, and which, with all the labor of a Tantalus, it can never touch; you Chinese and Japanese, you Lamas and Bramins, pursue this pilgrimage in a tolerably quiet corner of the vessel. You trouble not yourselves about the unattainable point, and remain as you were thousands of years ago.”‡ Is this Philosophy? Truly, if it be so, we may well say with Mathias, “Upon my word, Philosophy is a very pleasant thing, and has various uses; one of the best is, it makes laugh sometimes.”§ Herder found it much easier to pass over the most significant phenomena of history with a puerile observation, than to examine minutely into their causes.

The Philosophy of History is so vast a subject, and the particular branch of it which treats of the characteristics and

* Numbers. c. XXIII. v. 8.

† Book XI. chap. I.

‡ Book XI. chap. V.

§ Pursuits of Literature. Dial. II. Note A.

concatenation of peoples, is itself so extensive, that we cannot pretend, within the limits of an article, to supply the deficiencies which we indicate. We have not the room, if we had the materials, for a specific analysis of the several states which Herder has examined; we can do no more than express briefly and loosely a few of the results to which we have been led by our own study, and if these should seem imperfect or unsatisfactory, from their want of development, they may, perhaps, serve to illustrate the nature and make glaring the want of that philosophy which we would wish to see.

To commence our survey with the first link of that chain of changes through which intellect has advanced, is rendered utterly impossible, by the absence of all certain information and the extreme looseness of the traditions handed down through succeeding ages. If we would examine into the condition of the Eastern nations severally, there are difficulties in our way which we are unwilling at present to encounter. The materials for the investigation are scanty, the facts so dubious and so little known, that every position would require to be fortified by an extended argument. This alone is sufficient to induce us to reject, from our present notice, all the oriental nations not directly in the line of progress, and to devote but a few undeveloped remarks to any of them. Only let it be understood that we are indicating the nature of a want, without pretending to supply the deficiency.

One common character is impressed upon all the nations of the East,—the brand of immobility. The earliest periods of their history seem to have been the most flourishing, and their subsequent condition is a paralysis rather than a decline; the running waters are poured into a lake, the lake is filled, there is no vent, stagnation ensues. Such seems the picture of the East. But, another common feature is their deep submission to the powers of nature, and growing out of this a worship of them, either directly or allegorically, and a tyrannical but unresisted hierarchy. In India, in Persia, in Egypt, these peculiarities prevail, though appearing under phases slightly dissimilar. Judea, in many respects analogous to Persia, is so peculiarly isolated by its polity, its laws, its manners and its religion, that it requires always to be considered alone.

Volumes might be requisite to account for the moral phenomena of these early countries, by a reference to the laws

of humanity and the influences of their respective situations. We have not space even for a model of the edifice which we wish to see raised ;—we can only exhibit a rough fragment, to explain the nature of its materials. To begin with India.

The thousand snowy peaks of the Himalaya chain still lose themselves in the burning skies of the Eastern heaven ; they still attract, amaze and awe the beholder with their vast and giant masses,—they still impress upon his heart a crushing and overwhelming sense of the less than littleness of man, in the face of the mighty works of nature. And if such be now the case with those whose souls have been familiar with burning thoughts and lofty aspirations,—who have been in boyhood accustomed to reflect upon the convulsions by which the world was formed, or the far grander operations of the stellar universe, what must have been the effect upon the mind of the poor and untutored Hindoo, to whom nothing was known but by his own limited experience, or the scanty traditions which the few generations succeeding the flood might have transmitted to him. The sense of vastness, which, to rude minds, appears infinity, would effectually weigh down his spirit. There would be the horror, which the contemplation of infinity produces, but it would be accompanied with no delight. What wonder then that the mind of the Hindoo should be characterized by an absolute and unresisting servility to the influences of the outer world, which would soon spread like a leprous spot and canker all the relations of life. But there were other influences of a like nature constantly acting upon him. Every thing around was cast in the same Titanic mould as the vast chain of the Himalayas,—the broad blue Indus, the rushing Jumna, and the majestic stream of the sacred Ganges, were like manifestations of the irresistible power of nature. Wherever the eye turned it encountered the most tremendous works of creation, and all apparently in an attitude of hostility to man. The mountains of the North present an impassable barrier to him,—no sound of life is heard among their gloomy recesses,—nothing but the thunders of the falling avalanche, and the roaring voices of the many waters that gush forth from the eternal snows. On the East, on the West, on the South, he is hemmed in by the boundless expanse of the Indian Ocean ;—the Indian Peninsula is one huge prison in which the human race seems immured until it fulfil its unconjectured destiny.

Shut in from the world, without he looks at the country beneath his feet, he sees there the inexplicable alternation of wide deserts and patches of the most luxuriant vegetation, where the earth pours forth her riches, as from the lap of Eden, so that man may live thereon without labor and without the necessity for it. There, in the continual and violent successions of growth and of decay, fruits and flowers, grass and grain start forth by the productive energies of nature alone. In India, nature is every thing, and man is nothing.

The sacred Ganges and its tributary streams, swollen by the rains and the melted snows of spring, water the soil for him, and renew its fertility by a copious deposit of rich alluvion. In due season the sun comes to quicken vegetation and ripen the treasures of the earth. There is nothing to remind man that he is the lord of creation, but every thing is done by the hand of nature,—and gives forth the same note, “Nature is omnipotent and the Hindoo the helpless pensioner of her bounty.” Yet, were this all, the Hindoo might feel his utter nothingness in the economy of nature, but still entertain a cheering and constant love for a kind and beneficent parent. Instead, however, of the sweet succession of spring and summer, autumn and winter, which is vouchsafed to more temperate climes, the only change he experiences is from the sultry heats of a tropic midsummer,—the scorching and blistering vehemence of an Indian sun, through storm and hurricane, to the sickly discomforts of the rainy season. With the departure of the rains, the burning sun returns again, and brings with it miasma,—then succeed Asiatic cholera, Typhus fever, and the other frightful epidemics, which, in their wide-spreading devastation, sweep off their thousands and their tens of thousands from the Indian Peninsula. The wretched inhabitants, flying from the terror of the consuming pestilence, rush in very despair from their homes; in the plain and in the jungle, they die from a sun-stroke, fall bitten by the most deadly serpents, are devoured by tigers, gored by buffaloes, or trampled to death under the thundering foot of the wild elephant. Here is nothing to excite sympathy with the external world;—all nature is at war with them, and on her mercy they are dependent for a precarious, but usually plentiful, subsistence. Frequently, indeed, famine comes upon them; a famine which no observation could have foreseen, no energy pre-

vented, and the sickle of death reaps a full harvest from their crowded numbers.

Thus, in Hindoostan, every thing is excess; at one moment the Hindoo is fondled and feasted in the lap of nature, at the next, rudely dashed from the breasts which have given him suck. Yet even when most luxuriantly nursed, the mother's milk which he so eagerly drains, is a milk too strong for him, and only intoxicates.* He is thus the very shuttlecock of nature, incapable of motion himself, and either driven violently hither and thither by external force, or left to moulder in neglect.

Subjected to these multiform and diversely acting influences, the character of the Hindoo is as soft clay in the hand of the potter; but the vessel, once formed, may break, but cannot be made to assume another shape. From this, spring partly that analogy between the Hindoo character and the climatic influences, and that rigid immobility which has always distinguished the Oriental nations, and India above them all. Thence, too, their religion is characterized by a gross and servile adoration of nature, wherein the licentious enthusiasm of a passionate attachment alternates with the cringing deprecation of her dreaded powers; whilst both alike find the objects of their immediate worship in those energies of production and decay, which are so wildly and fearfully exhibited in that country. A sultry atmosphere, impregnated with overpowering aromatic odors, exhausts and desiccates the body of its wholesome humors, allowing no elasticity or resilience of mind, but keeping it chained to the caprice of the senses, which are themselves inflamed by the climate to the grossest degree of lust. The mountains and the rivers of India,—those Titans of the natural world, which hem in the Hindoo, besides augmenting the effect of other influences in overwhelming and paralysing the intellect, give to their conceptions a vagueness, a wildness, and a vastness which do not fail to reproduce themselves in their government, their religion, their literature and their art. Add to this the necessary simplicity of fundamental notions in the early stages of society, and the almost contrariant dis-

* "C'est un pauvre enfant sur le sein de sa mère, faible et dépendante créature, faté et battu tour à tour, moins nourri qu'enivré d'un lait trop fort pour lui." Michelet. *Thé. Hist. Univ.*, from which treatise most of the remarks on India and some of the expressions have been borrowed.

position which all persons, as nations and as individuals, have, in their infancy to the strange, the limitless and the exaggerated, and we have the explication of the leading phenomena in the Hindoo world.

We have already the seeds which might develop themselves in government, as unresisting submission to constituted authority,—as servile obedience to despotic commands,—as permanent adhesion to established institutions, while the tyranny of an arrogant hierocracy is a necessary product.

We have reason to expect in religion a blind and sensual adoration of material nature,—a worship of unbridled lust and of unreasoning awe, whose whole circle of duty is confined within the nutshell of the most unqualified fatalism, and whose range of vision into futurity extends only to the changes of the Metempsychosis and that Apocatastasis of souls which ends in their re-absorption into the fountain of life whence they emanated.

In Literature and Art we have the germs of shapelessness, wildness, chaotic vastness, and intellectual thralldom.

We cannot, in a hurried essay like the present, trace these several phenomena to their respective causes, and determine the exact energy of each in producing the result. We only profess to give hints, *nuances*, not an outline, and therefore it is sufficient that these characteristics of Indian life exist, and that they are deducible from the peculiarities previously noticed. To those who may be disposed to examine for themselves, our suggestions will be feracious, and therefore sufficient; to others, a full development would be wholly nugatory.

No trace of the foregoing remarks need be sought for in Herder. They belong to the school of Michelet, and are frequently nothing more than an amplification of his magnificent reflections upon the Oriental nations. The most philosophical of Herder's observations on the subject is:

"His frequent festivals and ceremonies, his multiplicity of deities and fables, his numerous sacred places and works of merit, employ the whole imagination of the Hindoo from his infancy, and remind him of what he is almost every moment of his life. All the institutions of Europe float only on the surface of a mind thus profoundly swayed; and this sway I believe capable of continuing as long as a Hindoo shall exist."

A remark true in itself, and which may serve as an illustration of the principles already laid down, of which the fact is a natural fruit.

The basis of the national character partakes, in a greater or less degree, of the Hindoo type throughout all the Oriental races. Amongst all of them nature-worship is the focus to which all thoughts and actions converge,—all of them display a like though not an equal immobility, and in all of them the tyranny of the priesthood prevails. It is the case in China, in Thibet, in Persia, in Arabia, in Egypt, in Assyria, in ante-Mosaic Canaan and in the Holy Land. Of these, however, Persia and Egypt alone lie in the direct line of human progress. Judea requires a separate consideration, to understand its peculiar significance; while the other countries are merely off-shoots approximating in character to the neighboring regions, but not meriting separate investigation, as not having been immediately influential in determining the character of human advance.

Those very features, however, in which the Persian and the Egyptian approach most nearly to the Hindoo, undergo striking modifications, which may be, in a great measure, accounted for by diversity of climate and local peculiarities. The agreeable variety of hill and dale, running streams and placid lakes between the Euphrates and the Helmund, produced in the dweller of Iran very different sensations from those which the Hindoo experienced in the country of Ganges and the Himalayas. There were no mighty barriers to generate the idea of continual restraint and hopeless imprisonment. There were no larger rivers like the Indus, the Jumna and the Burrampootra to water the lands covered with grain by a prolific nature, but the Persian was compelled to dig long canals and invent water wheels to supply his fields with the necessary moisture. Nay, more, the irrigation of the country was naturally so imperfect as to call for legislative interference, and many of the laws of the Medes and Persians have relation to these internal improvements. But to compensate for this, which can hardly be called a disadvantage, as it demands some slight industry, the seasons in Persia are less violent and more variable than in India; and the Persian, by changing his abode, might experience every diversity of climate, from the bleak winds of Mazanderân to the burning deserts in the south-west of Khorassân. The atmosphere too is less impregnated with foreign ingredients,—it is purer, it produces greater elasticity of spirits, and is less enervating than in India. The Persian was like his climate, fickle and volatile, cheerful and light-hearted, he

took life as he found it, and considered the earth as a garden of delights. The spirit of mildness and hilarity was equally manifest in his religion. Instead of the self-immolation and human sacrifices of the Hindoo, he offered only the hearts of animals, milk, wine, and the choicest of flowers. In his creed the powers of Nature did not assume that dark and gloomy omnipotence which the Hindoo conceded to them. Her outward and visible works were no longer the ministers of divine caprice, but the mysterious operations of a beneficent Deity. She is no longer worshipped in her vague and Protean infinitude as the despot of the human race, but she is adored as the revelation of love and the fellow-worker of man. It is still Nature-worship, but no longer blind and unreflecting. The circumstances of the people are diverse from those of the Hindoo, and the diversities of the national character may be deduced from their difference.

When from Persia we pass over to Egypt, its vast pyramids, its obelisks, its colossal sphinx, its excavated temples at Luxor and elsewhere, might lead us to imagine, that from the light and airy Persian we had returned to the sombre Hindoo. And in the character of the ancient Egyptian, there is much of that melancholy tone which characterizes the latter. If, however, we look minutely into the phenomena of Egyptian life, we shall perceive that humanity is still on the advance. On its first acquaintance with the strange peculiarities of Egypt, the mind is bewildered; and for many of them it seems almost hopeless to account. All its funeral rites are singular, and confined to Egypt alone:—the embalming of the body—the trial of the dead—the worship of animals—the mysteries and hieroglyphics of the priesthood—are as unlike other countries as the physical condition of Egypt itself. To all antiquity, Egypt was the unfailing fountain of prodigies,—to the Greek it was a land of mystery and awe,—to the modern it has become the land of deep and penetrating investigation. Among the dim and indistinct traditions of the country, there are few which are not as symbolical and dark as its hieroglyphics, and it accordingly becomes a task of no common difficulty to unravel the tangled threads of her singular condition.

Confined within that narrow strip of land, bounded on one side by the Red Sea, on the other by the sands of Sahara,—almost excluded from intercourse with other countries by the position of his own, which allowed no egress

except through the small Isthmus of Suez into Asia, or through Marmorica into the belt of land lying along the Mediterranean Sea,—the Egyptian necessarily directed all his thoughts to his own country. His habits of thought thus became narrowed and limited to the scanty world before his eyes; and the magnificent belief of a final absorption into the being of God, was dwarfed into an apocatastasis of a different kind, which found its terminus always in the human form. The man dies; during three thousand years the spirit passes through divers transmigrations, and again reanimates a human body.* The Egyptian was not repelled from the earth by any awe or loathing similar to that which possessed his Hindoo precursor. The earth was bountiful to him,—nature, if eccentric when compared with other countries, was uniform and kind to him. The Nile was the dispenser of life and fertility; there was neither thunder nor lightning, rain nor tempest, to inspire terror or procreate disease,—there were no violent winds, except during the prevalence of the Etesian gales,—the atmosphere was pure,† and there was nothing calculated to render this world distasteful. From the fertilizing influence of the Nile, the Egyptian soon learnt to regard the energy which produced as identified with its product! hence, in his imagination, the spirit and the body were indissolubly linged together. From this, and the peculiar form of metempsychosis already alluded to, arose the practice of embalming the dead, and the veneration for the embalmed body; so strong, according to Herodotus,‡ that the son would part with all his other possessions sooner than the mummies of his ancestors. From this belief in the connection of body and spirit, springs the fact, that the key-note to the life of the Egyptian, and many of his customs, is the tomb. Death was invested with none of those horrors which have so completely masked and travestied its import in succeeding times. Instead of being continually thrust out of sight as it was with the Greek,|| or

* Anthon's Class. Dict. Tit. *Ægyptus*.

† τὴν τοῦ περιέχοντος ἀέρος εὐκρασίαν—is the expression of Callixenus Rhodius, apud. Athenæum, lib. 5, § 25.

‡ Herodoti Euterpe.

|| "Ἀφραγγοὶ ἄνθρωποι καὶ νῆπιοι, οἷς θανόντας

Κλαίουσ', ἢ δ' ἡβῆς ἄνθος ἀπολλύμενον.

[Theognis. v. 1065, Ed. Winterton.

Note, too, the law of Solon, mentioned by Cicero De Legg. I. c. xxv.—the collection of Athenian laws relative to sepulture. Potter. Archæolog. p. 178. Ed. Boyd. and consult Anthon's Archæological Dic. Tit. "Funus."

made a scare-crow from childhood as it is with the modern, it was presented on every occasion, and the skeleton that was introduced at the feasts of the Egyptians, was garlanded with the flowers which they so sedulously cultivated.* The trial of the dead exhibited the same willing familiarity with the tomb, and was likewise an abnegation of man's total dependence upon external nature. But the strongest recognition of this independence was to be found in the jurisdiction which they claimed over their gods, for if the ox Apis lived more than twenty-five years, he was put to death by the priests.

This worship of animals in Egypt, reveals a new phase in the adoration of Nature. Those powers, so capricious and illimitable in India, become subordinated to a beneficent Deity in Persia, but they are drawn down to earth and embodied (*incarnated*) in Egypt. The opinion of Lucian, that it was founded upon Sabæism, and that of some more recent writers that it was mere Feticism, do neither of them explain the secret causes which gave birth to it; for, if this be all the explication to be given, it might as reasonably have occurred in either of the former countries. To the Egyptian there was nothing wild in Nature,—her powers were definite and regular,—his attention was moreover confined to the earth, and he regarded the actuating spirit and the body that contained it, as inseparable. Unite these views together, and the Nature-worship, throned upon earth, will find itself embodied under various symbols, significant to those who originally conceived them, however inappropriate they may appear to us.

The religion of Egypt was thus a re-production of that of India, but under a very modified form;—the whole Egyptian social system found its germ in the religious polity,—and hence every thing partook of similar modifications. We have only to combine the new elements with the old, and to harmonize them together, and we shall discover the rule and the cause of the new phenomena. But this application and development we must leave to others, or to another season, “non enim doceo, sed admoneo docturos.”

Our attention is next called to Greece, but we would here warn others against the supposition that we are endeavoring to establish any affiliation of nations. We are forming no

* Callixenus Rhodius apud Athenæum. cit. supra.

genealogical table, but are simply following that change of the torch from hand to hand which constitutes the history of humanity one connected system of advance. It matters not whether any such affiliation could be established, it is sufficient for our purpose if we can detect the certain evidences of legitimate succession.

When we leave the Oriental nations and pass into Greece, every thing indicates a very different spirit in the new country. In nature and in art alike, a thousand points of marked dissimilarity manifest themselves at once; and the difficulty is no longer to discover the diversities, but to trace the links which connect Greece and the East together. Instead of the Himmalayas and the Ghauts, we find Olympus, Pindus, Parnassus, Pelion and Ossa, which the giants tore up with their hands and piled upon each other. Instead of the Indus, the Ganges, the Euphrates and the Nile, Greece boasts of her Peneus, Eurotas and Alpheus, her fair-flowing Cephissus and her limpid Ilissus. The influences, so powerful in the East, are melting away in Greece. The whole constitution of the East was productive of restraint and oppression; in Greece every thing suggested the most perfect freedom. The hundred little mountain chains produced an agreeable alternation of hill and valley, and instead of forbidding approach like the mighty Himmalayas, told by the many tinkling sheep-bells, to be heard at eventide, that there were few spots where the foot might not tread. The numberless peaks gave to the upper currents of air an eddying motion, and freshened the vales below with continual breezes, thus creating those frequent and easy changes of the atmosphere, so essential to prevent the exhaustion of the nervous system and to preserve health. The frame was thus invigorated, and the mind rendered susceptible to the ceaseless influence around, all of which breathed the spirit of perfect liberty. From the same mountains gushed forth those myriad streamlets of Greece, which, meandering at their will, danced joyously towards the sea, and gave, like the blue veins that course through the human body, life, beauty, freshness and nourishment to all things which they pass.

As it was on land, so was it on the sea. Look on the map of Greece, and note the many "isles that gem the Ægean deep,"—look along its winding shores,—observe how its hundred bays indent the coast, inviting the dwellers on the land to trust themselves to the treacherous uncertainty of the

laughing waves,—see how its gulfs afford the means of easy communication to almost every part of the country, while its green promontories stretch forth their arms to shelter the timid mariner, thus tempting to commerce and to navigation. Who has heard of an Indian, a Persian or an Egyptian fleet? But to all are known Jason's expedition to Colchis, and the armament of twelve hundred ships, that sailed from Aulis against Troy. The vast difference between the East and Greece is apparent even in the earliest times. Contrast the leaden, motionless inactivity of the former with the constant energy and restlessness of the latter,—the crouching subservience of the one to Nature, palpable even in Egypt, with the resolute subjection of Nature to his own purposes by the other,—an unqualified Fatalism tyrannizing over the one, the recognition of the divinity of Fortune* by the other. But the map of Greece lies still open before us, and its significance is not yet exhausted. Remembering the solid and compact appearance of India, Persia and Egypt, we must be struck with the sections into which Greece is cut, by bays and mountain ranges. In the early countries where civilization was born and nurtured, the character of the people is written, upon land and upon sea, with a pen whose marks time cannot efface. That part of Greece south of Macedonia, is divided by natural boundaries into eighteen distinct provinces; while the distance from Olympus, in the north of Thessaly, to Point Tænarus, the southern extremity of Laconia, is only two hundred and fifty miles, with an average breadth of not more than one hundred and sixty miles. Only that half of the country below Thessaly and Ætolia was, to any extent, the theatre of Greek civilization, and within this narrow space were twelve of the eighteen provinces. These many little nations thus crowded together, had often distinct interests, by which were introduced rivalries, and jealousies, and constant wars: so that the whole history of Greece exhibits the untiring activity and energy of the people in a long succession of battles. The varied nature of the country, and its manifold divisions, tended to give it that multitudinous and chamæleon-like diversity of

* She is one of the ocean nymphs, in *Homerid. Hymn. ad Cererem. 420*—a hymn bearing, as it seems to us, evident traces of a purely Attic origin. This, according to Pausanias. *Mess.* is the earliest mention of her divinity. See Pindar. *Ol. xii., v. 2*, et Boeckh, ad loc. Pausan. *Achaïc.* Anthon's *Class. Dict. Tit. "Fortuna."*

tints, which so strongly distinguished it from the eternal uniformity of the East.

It was a beautiful allegory of the Greek philosophy, which represented the soul struggling in the body, under the semblance of a butterfly in the chrysalis state, divesting itself, by constant though unperceived efforts, of its grosser nature, creating out of its own essence the bright colors of its glorious beauty, and preparing the wing which shall raise it from earth to flutter and disport itself in the gladdening breezes of heaven. What the Greek thus applied to the soul, we may with peculiar propriety apply to the intellectual character of Greece itself; but we must extend the allegory, and, instead of confining the resemblance to the chrysalis, we must see it principally in the butterfly. The former state well typifies the earlier condition of Greece, before history sheds its light over the picture, and thence through those traditions, which cannot be termed history, down to the times of Solon,—the period during which the foundations of Grecian character were laid. In Athens, and especially in the age of Pericles, we behold the Grecian spirit emerge from her living tomb: it attracts the gaze of all by the richness and splendor of its hues,—their love by its beauty and its grace,—and their admiration, by the fairy-like ease of its incessant motions. We may carry the allegory even farther,—while the East, like the caterpillar, never leaves the shrub whereon it was born, but crawls slowly along from leaf to leaf, eating as it goes the food provided for it, without dreaming of a choice; Greece, like the butterfly, is ever on the wing, sipping the sweetest nectar of the flowers, and distilling honey wherever it settles. This restless life of the butterfly,—its wild and uncertain flight,—its constant and delightful association with all that is loveliest,—may well be taken as a type of Greece in her palmy days. And, as in the former, we can scarcely detect the colors which adorn it, or the arrangement of its many eyes, while we see the purple and gold with which it is robed, flashing now here, now there, in the glad sunshine; so, amid the fitful changes of Greek fancy, it is difficult to determine, through the universal brilliancy poured around it, those distinguishing peculiarities for which we look. Still, there are periods when the butterfly folds its gorgeous wings, as it lights upon the flowers, and the representations of itself which Greece has left, may prevent us from wandering far from a true estimate

of its nature. The restlessness of the butterfly, and the ever-varying play of its many colors, are not more remarkable than the same peculiarities of the Grecian mind. It is in constant motion and change,—it develops itself with equal energy and freedom in all the departments of intellectual action, and, as if never wearied with its exertions, transforms itself without effort into every possible variety of shape. We see little in Greece to remind us of the motionless and inanimate grandeur of the East. Instead of that uniformity of religion, of laws, of government, to be observed in the latter, in every city of the former are different customs, different laws, different ceremonies of religion, different gods, and a different polity.

The Greeks, like the Orientals, lived in an atmosphere of religion, but the wide chasm which separated the two nations is in nothing more apparent than in this. The uniformity of the one is strongly contrasted with the multiformity of the other,—the few divinities of the East with the indefinite multitude of the gods of Greece. In this remarkable country, they were numbered by tens and by fifties,—Mnemosyne and the nine Muses,—the fifty Nereids,—and the countless tribes of the Nymphs,—Oreades, Napæans, Limniades, Naiads, Leimoniades, Meliads, Dryads and Hamadryads. For there was a divinity to every hill, every vale, every lake, every stream, every meadow, every garden, every grove and every tree. Besides these, and the other well-known deities, in the early Theogony of Hesiod, there were thirty thousand unnamed immortals, ever traversing the earth, veiled in the circumambient air.* To the Greek, the whole universe was the dwelling place of the unnumbered gods, and every region of earth was made multitudinous with their continual presence. There was little of this in the East.

But, if the difference in the outward form of religion was so great, how much greater will appear the difference of the inner and moving spirit. In every ceremony of Grecian adoration,—in every page of Grecian literature,—in all the

* Τρις γὰρ μύριοι εἰσιν ἐπὶ χθονὶ πουλυβοτείρῃ
 Ἀθάνατοι Ζηνὸς, φύλακες θνητῶν ἀνθρώπων.
 Οἳ ἅα φυλάσσουσιν τε δίκας καὶ σχήτλια ἔργα,
 Ἡέρα ἐσσάμενοι, πάντῃ φοιτῶντες ἐπ' αἶαν.

Hesiod. Op. and Dier. v. 250. Ed. Winterton:

works of Grecian art, is indelibly imprinted that first feeling of the Greek,—a most intense and enthusiastic love for nature and his gods. There is none of that dread of the superior powers to be found in Greece, which was prevalent in Hindoostan,—even the Furies, divinities so foreign in their functions and attributes to the spirit of the Greek mythology, become the Eumenities or bountiful goddesses.* The grammarians call this an Euphemism, but it was an Euphemism of the heart. There was more than a philosophic theory latent under the myth, that before the day was born, or the blue expanse of heaven unrolled, or the sun and moon hung up, or Time created, Love arose as the eldest born of Eternity.† Over all things, at their creation, this Love had presided; he had breathed his spirit into all things, and the Greek, filled with the sweet effluence,‡ turned to nature and his gods, which were nature embodied, with an ardor and almost frenzy of affection which we can scarcely conceive. The gods of the Orientals were far, infinitely far removed above them; between them and man there could be no intercourse but that of prayer, and often the only prayers were the deprecations of despair,—but to the Greek the divinities themselves descended,—the Nymphs met him in his wanderings, the Fauns danced around him as he passed, Pan whispered to him in the solitudes and greeted his ear with the pastoral music of Arcadia.

Here is another point of the most marked dissimilarity, when compared with the peculiarities of the East. The gods of the Orientals were invisible, spiritual essences, in Greece they were all incarnated,—in the East, the idolatrous symbols which represented them were either grotesque, uncouth monsters, or singular animals,—always receding as far as possible from humanity and ordinary forms,—in Greece they were rapturous idealisms of a purified and spiritualized humanity. The gods of the Greeks were their friends, their brothers, their companions; like themselves they were dwellers upon earth, and were subject to like

* Vide Soph. *Oed. Col.* v. 487. Ed. Hermann., and that most beautiful of chorusses in their honor, v. 674, which Bulwer has translated with much grace, in his *Athens*, B. v., c. iv., § 6, note.

† Hesiod. *Theogon.* v. 121. Ed. Winterton. Plato. *Symposium.* tom. ii., p. 180. Ed. Stephani. *Simmiæ Rhodii* Alas.

‡ See the chorus in Soph. *Antig.* v. 777—in Eurip. *Hippol.* v. 1213. Ed. Bothe: and the opening of Lucretius. *De Nat. Rer.* which is an evident translation from some Greek original.

passions and like pains with themselves. The only perceptible difference between them was, that the God was immortal, the man mortal. Yet, even this distinction was narrowed down, for certain divinities had put off their immortality, and the instances were numerous, and fresh in their memory, of men, elevated from the mortal state, to partake of the ambrosia and nectar of heaven. The divinities were, indeed, to them, only a higher order of the same race,* more glorious in beauty, more excellent in attributes, more mighty in power, and enjoying a more enduring and blissful existence than themselves. They had the same frailties, the same virtues, and instead of being reverently adored as gods, they were enthusiastically loved as fellow-beings.

The grand enigma of Grecian civilization seems to be the absorption of all things into humanity,—the gods are human, nay, sometimes mortal. The religion of the Greeks is the spiritualized affection of man for his fellow-creatures. There is no longer any cringing subservience to the powers of nature. The atmosphere which they breathe is an atmosphere of love, but there is no awe mingled with it. Every where there is life—human life,—and as if mankind were riotous in this first emancipation from the thralldom of the powers of this world,—“the dark and beggarly elements,”—there is a rapturous display of freedom and a continual manifestation of energy. These characteristics reveal themselves clearly in the manners, polity, arts, literature and science which they have formed. They have no hierocracy,—no constituted order of priests,—they have despotism neither in religion nor in state. Unshackled by restraint, they develop their feelings in the most beautiful and perfect forms,—they have naturalized the divinities on earth, and, at the same time, have brought down the ideal from heaven, and crystalized it in terrestrial shapes.

When the difference between the Eastern nations and Greece was so great, it may be asked, where was that simi-

* The Sixth Nemean opens thus,

Εν ἀνδρῶν, ὅν θεῶν γένος ἐκ μᾶς δὲ ἀνέομεν
μᾶτρός ἀμφοτέρου. Pind. Nem. vi. v. 1. Ed. Boeckle.

Boeckle's explanation of the passage gives it a different meaning from that in which we quote it. But the obvious sense of the words is supported by the Scholiast, and by comparison with the Schol. Venet. ad. II. a. v. 222, cit. apud Bloms. P. V. v. 85, with the Orphic Hymn, apud Clem. Alexandr. incohortat. ad Gentes. e. vii. and Hesiod, Op. et Dier. liv. i. v. 106. Ed. Winterton.

larity which should unite the two together, as successive developments of the same fundamental and actuating spirit? First, it is to be traced in the constant presence of divinity among these people. The Greek could not eat, nor drink, nor travel, nor do any important act in life without libations or sacrifices, while the public observance of the deities may be estimated from the fact, that that there were seventy festivals annually at Athens alone. Secondly, their religious system was still the worship and deifications of nature and her powers. Thirdly, it was still indissolubly connected with the state. Thus, humanity had been progressively emancipating itself from the tyranny of the external world, but had never yet left the stadium in which it had started. Nature-worship is the grand phenomenon of this earlier period of the world's history, and explains its spirit and its productions.

With Greece, ends the first grand era of human progress. Rome collected into herself all the forms of preceding civilization,—all the shades of previous opinion. She absorbed them, confused them, amalgamated them, and undermined the colossal fabric, which was composed of incongruent materials, “part of iron and part of clay.”* Christianity introduced the germ of a new system and more perfect civilization, it precipitated the elements of the crumbling fabric and swept the wrecks away. The old world had exhausted itself, a renovated and re-impregnated world commenced. And here, for the present, we must stop. The examination of the Jews and Romans is the preliminary to this new inquiry, but, as we have been already led far beyond our design, and though we confess our sketch to be partial, and lamentably, perhaps hopelessly, imperfect, yet we have struck out some new suggestions which may be profitably attended to by other writers, who have that time, learning and ability to make them available, which we have not.

The necessity of closing this long and tedious article brings us back to the point from which we started,—the

* The foregoing observations on India, Persia, Greece and Rome, were written without any reference to the Scriptures. In verifying, however, the quotation just made, we read the whole chapter of Daniel, (the second,) in which it occurs. It has given us new confidence in our inferences, and, at the same time, has become more profoundly significant to ourselves from our researches. That part which refers to Rome, though a prophecy, contains more of his *Philosophy of History* than we can pretend to develop. We entreat our readers to study it.

consideration of Herder and his Philosophy of History. The course of our reflections has led us into paths never trodden by Herder, and so wholly foreign to the style and tone of his book, that we have long lost sight of him and have almost forgotten him. Hesiod, and the early Greek poets, commenced their songs with

"All things begin with Jove, and all things end with Jove."

We will follow the example, and as we commenced with Herder, so we will end with him. After our long and weary investigations we have become thoroughly sensible of the extreme difficulty of the task assumed by him; and we feel therefore, a tenderness for his failures, and a gratitude for whatever good may be in his volumes. But we have been no less thoroughly convinced of his utter incapacity for the labor set before him, and as the world is to be benefitted or injured by the good or bad results of the work, not by the palliations which may be alleged in compassion for the author, we must condemn Herder's Philosophy of History, without introducing any saving clause. We would say of it, in rather awkward Latin, but most profound truth

Sunt mala, sunt quædam mediocria—pessima plura
Quæ legis hæc :

others, desirous of taking the sting out of these words, may add, if they please,

Aliter non fit, Avite liber.*

* Martial. Epigram, lib. i. Ep. xvii., slightly altered.

ART. II.—THE REFORMED ISRAELITES.

1. *Twelve Sermons, delivered in the New Temple of the Israelites at Hamburgh*, by Dr. GOTTHOLD SALOMON. Translated from the German, by ANNA MARIA GOLDSMID. First American Edition. London and Charleston. 1841.
2. *Instructions in the Mosaic Religion*, from the German of Johlson, translated by the Rev. ISAAC LEESER. Philadelphia. 5594.
3. *The Mosaic System, in its fundamental principles*, by the Rev. Dr. LEWIS SALOMON, Minister of the Congregation Rodif Shalone. Philadelphia. 5601.
4. *The Voice of Jacob*,—*Newspaper*,—*Semi-Monthly*.—London.

THERE are manifestations of late of a considerable movement among the Israelites of England and America, having for its object some radical reforms in their doctrines and modes of worship. What we note, is not an abandonment by modern Jews of their ancient name and their ancient religion, but a disclaimer of the authority of mere tradition,—a disuse of idle, superstitious and burthensome ceremonies,—a higher respect for the unadulterated Law of God, than for the human testimony of dogmatical Rabbins,—for the Bible than for the Talmud. What we note, is a determination, on their part, to restore Judaism to its original simplicity, to render the doctrine of Moses and the Prophets,—the inspired Scriptures,—more authoritative than “the commandments of men,” and without altering the substance of their religion, and fully retaining its spirit, to adapt their institutions and their worship, in some good degree, to the demands of an enlightened age, and to the feelings, expectations, and even necessities of an intelligent and educated people. Such a reform is greatly needed. The Jews have long owed it to themselves, to their children, their country and their age, to render their religion respectable by rendering it intelligible, not only to the mass of those who are to be more immediately benefitted by the worship of the synagogue, but to all others, who are curious to know what the real faith of the Israelite is. On this subject much might be said, and much in which the honest Israelite might not concur with us, as our standards of faith are different, and the measures of reform, which we might respectively consider demanded in

order to render religion and its observances perfect, would be different also, but we rejoice, and have a right to do so, in any decided indications,—and such are beginning to attract general attention, of the religious advancement of the Israelite.

In order to appreciate fully, the position occupied by the Reform party, and their present plans, purposes and prospects, it will be necessary to review, briefly, the history of the theological opinions professed and maintained by the Jewish nation.

The theological history of the Jews, since the age of the patriarchs and prophets, naturally divides itself into two great epochs. 1. The period that elapsed from the Babylonish captivity to the destruction of Jerusalem. 2. That which has intervened between the destruction of Jerusalem and modern times.

From the time of the Babylonish captivity, the descendants of the patriarchs ceased to exist as an independent nation. From that period they lost their distinctive appellation of Hebrews, and have since been called Jews,* probably from Judah, the name of the principal of the two tribes who returned to Palestine. The history of the Jewish theology is the history of the opinions entertained by this remnant, that of the other ten tribes being involved in so much doubt and obscurity, that little is satisfactorily known respecting it.

The first epoch in their religious history embraces the rise and progress of the Jewish sects, which severally maintained their influence for centuries. The origin of these sects has not been well ascertained. It appears,† however, that soon after the termination of the prophetic age, a disposition was manifested to introduce innovations, particularly by setting up the claims of an oral and traditionary law as supplementary to, and of equal value with, the written law of Moses. The Jews were thus divided into two classes of religionists, who respectively maintained the claims, the one of the written and the other of the traditionary law. These were again sub-divided, by reason of some peculiarities, into other sects, forming, altogether, four leading ones, viz: the Sadducees, the Karæites, the Pharisees and the Essenes.

The Sadducees were so called from Sadoc,‡ their founder. They adhered to the written law, as contained in the five

* Basnage Hist. Jud. l. vii. c. 4. Budd. Hist. Eccl. V. T. t. ii. p. 523.

† Enf. Hist. Phil. l. iv. c. 1. p. 388. ; Enf. Hist. Phil. l. iv. c. 1. p. 388.

books of Moses and the Prophets, and rejected all laws and traditions, not contained in these sacred records, as human inventions.* They maintained the doctrines of free agency and of a superintending Providence, but denied those of the resurrection of the dead, the existence of angels and spirits, and a future state of rewards and punishments. For a long period, the Sadducees were a powerful sect in Judea, and were elevated to high civil and sacerdotal offices.† They were always, however, obnoxious to the hatred of the Pharisees, on account of their opposition to the traditionary law, of which the latter were the special advocates and champions. After the destruction of Jerusalem, they lost their influence, and became the object of contempt, both to Jews and Christians.‡

The term Karæite, given to another of the leading Jewish sects, denotes a scripturist or textuary.§ This sect, like that of the Sadducees, adhered strictly to the written law of Moses and the Prophets, as the only law of binding authority, rejecting traditions and allegorical interpretations of the Scriptures, but they differed from them widely in some of the opinions which they deduced from the written law. They maintained the doctrines of Providence and of a divine agency, as not inconsistent with human liberty, but they insisted that penitence takes away guilt, that the soul is immortal, that the good, after death, "ascend to the intellectual world to live there forever," but that the guilty are "consigned to a state of pain and ignominy."|| This sect continued to flourish and maintain its doctrines through several successive generations, but, after the destruction of Jerusalem, when the traditionary theology became generally popular, its power sensibly declined. In the eighth century, through the instrumentality of the Rabbi Amari ben David,¶ it was restored to much of its former consequence. It has produced, from time to time, many able expounders of the law, and although it has suffered much from the persecution of its own countrymen, it is said still to exist as a distinct body in Turkey, Russia and Lithuania.**

* Tertull. de Præscript, l. i. c. 14. Orig. Contr. Cels. l. i. p. 39.

† Joseph. Antiq. l. xiii. c. 18, 24. Basnage, l. ii. c. 15.

‡ Novell, 146.

§ Enf. Hist. Phil. l. iv. c. 1, p. 390.

|| R. Japhet. Lev. Conf. Wolf. Bib. Heb. l. i. p. 671.

¶ Abr. Ben Dior. Kabb. Hist. sect. 66.

** Basnage, l. ii. c. 6.

The Pharisees constituted by far the most powerful and numerous of the Jewish sects. The term, Pharisee, means a *separatist*.* The separation implied by it consisted in certain differences of food, clothing and religious observances, which distinguished them from the other sects.† The Pharisees maintained the authority of the oral law, "which they alleged to have been delivered to Moses by an archangel, during his forty days residence on Mount Sinai, and to have been by him committed to Seventy Elders, who transmitted it to posterity."‡ They regarded this law as of equal importance with the written law. It had respect, principally, to mere external ceremonies, such as fasting, almsgiving, ablutions, confessions and the like. By observing both laws, they supposed that they would not only recommend themselves to the favor of heaven, but would be able to attain a degree of perfection which the written law had neither anticipated nor required.§ Their apparent sanctity rendered them exceedingly popular with the multitude, who, mistaking the pomp which they spread around worship, for the spirit and substance of religion itself, looked upon them with a degree of superstitious veneration. The origin of the Pharisees may be traced to the period of the return of the Jews from the Babylonish captivity, and the introduction of traditionary rites and legends among them. There is no evidence of their possessing or claiming a higher antiquity. They were probably cotemporaneous, in their origin, with the Sadducean sect,|| from whom they yet differed widely in opinions. The Pharisees, though not denying the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, yet believed in the Pythagorean notion of metempsychosis, which they borrowed from the Egyptians.¶

The rise and progress of the Jewish sect of Essenes,**—a fraternity of religious ascetics—are points upon which learned writers have differed, but, fortunately, the objects of their association, and the doctrines professed by them, are better understood. This singular sect appears to have been the

* Suidas in Pharis.

† Lightfoot ad loc. cit. Goodwin Mos. and Aaron p. 180, 202.

‡ Joseph. Ant. Jud. l. xiii. c. 18, 23, 24, l. xvii. c. 3.

§ Enf. Hist. Phil. l. iv. c. 1, p. 392.

|| Enf. Hist. Phil. l. iv. c. 1, p. 392.

¶ Enf. Hist. Phil. l. iv. c. 1, p. 393.

** The name is derived from a Hebrew word which signifies *holy*.

first, which practically carried out the theory of a community of rights and of property.* Between them and our modern Shakers, Owenites, Transcendentalists, and Equal-Rights-Men, there is a strong resemblance:—Like the Shakers, they practised celibacy, the women living separately from the men, and, like them, they adopted the children of other people to bring up and educate in their peculiar principles and customs. In their religious assemblies, their preachers spoke under the impulse of immediate inspiration, or, in the absence of that gift, they enjoyed a silent meeting. Dancing, formed also a part of their religious rites, as in the Shaker meetings. So strict a regard was paid to silence in their assemblies, that no one was permitted to whisper or even breathe aloud. The Essenes were not a single community, but consisted of many distinct societies, formed in the country, where they practised agriculture. They held, with the Socialists of our own country and Europe, that all domination of one man over another, is unjust and inconsistent with the law of nature. They were averse to war and had a perfect community of goods. A portion of their fraternity, detaching themselves wholly from secular affairs, withdrew into solitary places, where they devoted themselves to a holy life, thus furnishing a model of those monastic orders and institutions which form so striking a feature in the history of the Romish Church. Were it not that both Philo and Josephus speak of the Essenes as a leading Jewish sect, existing in their day, we might naturally have supposed, that they were a school of Pagan philosophers, who had adopted this peculiar mode of life as most promotive of virtue, and most conducive to happiness. There can be no doubt of their title to be ranked with the Jewish body, and, of all the Jewish sects, they seem to us have been the best, the purest, the least worldly, the most conscientious, the least dogmatical, and the most worthy of respectful mention, and, in some respects, even of imitation,—we do not mean in the matter of celibacy, or a community of goods, but we may very safely recommend their respect for religion, their peaceful propensities and habits, their moderation and self-control, and their industrious devotion to agricultural pursuits.

* Joseph de Bell. J. l. ii. c. 12. Ant. J. l. xviii. c. 2, l. xiii. c. 9. Philo de Essen. Op. p. 876.

The Jews form a striking contrast to Christians in the number of sects which have divided the two bodies. Among the former, we reckon only four leading ones, which we have just described ;—among Christians, sects are almost numberless, and the mantle of our heaven-descended religion is torn into a thousand fragments, through which the winds blow keenly and unmercifully, till they freeze up all the sweet charities of life. What is the reason of this ? Why should the Jews form so compact a body, united in most of the cardinal features of their faith, while the Christian world is so miserably divided ? The answer is,—that the spirit of party in the Jewish communion has been kept down and smothered effectually by the spirit of persecution, to which, as a nation, the Jews have always been exposed, and from which they have every where severely suffered. Ill-fated, isolated nation ! They have stood up against a world in arms,—a world ready to devour and exterminate them. Their strength has been expended in warding off the assaults of a common enemy, rather than in fratricidal quarrels with their own countrymen. Yet the animosities and bitter feuds that existed between the Pharisees and Sadducees, about “questions of their law,” and between both and the Samaritans, whom they unjustly charged with idolatry, furnish sufficient evidence, that if they had been left to themselves, without any external foes to combat, the spirit of sectarian bigotry might have raged as fiercely and extensively in their ranks, as it has among the followers of a peaceful Prince, so often shaking Christendom to its centre.

During the first epoch of their theological history, the Jews produced some distinguished scholars, and some eminent moralists and historians. Among these are to be reckoned the author of the book of Ecclesiasticus, Jeshua, who flourished about 300 years before Christ ; the renowned Hillel, and his equally famous disciple, but subsequent opponent, Shammai,—the founders of two opposite schools in theology, the one of the written, and the other of the oral or traditionary law ; the accomplished Philo, who devoted himself with so much assiduity to the study of Grecian eloquence, that he has been called a second Plato ; and, finally, the celebrated historian, Josephus, born in the 37th year of the Christian era, who accompanied Titus in the siege of Jerusalem, studied philosophy in the schools of Alexandria,

and whose voluminous annals, familiarly known, exhibit evidence, at once, of his national vanity, rare attainments and varied learning.

The history of the Jewish theology, from the destruction of Jerusalem to modern times, which constitutes its second epoch, is characterised by an enthusiastic devotion of the Jewish doctors and rabbins to the study of the heathen philosophy, as taught in the Oriental, Egyptian, Pythagorean, Platonic and Peripatetic schools; and it may be distinguished, at this period, into two branches, the esoteric or public, and the exoteric, hidden and cabbalistic.

The exoteric doctrine consisted of the popular articles of faith and rules of manners, whether derived from the written law, tradition or the lessons of the Alexandrian schools, with which last it appears to have had an intimate alliance.

The esoteric, or concealed doctrine, consisted of the Cabbala. The traditionary law was embodied in the Mischna and the Gemara, both of which form the Talmuds, of which last there were two, the productions of different schools, the one framed at Babylon, the other at Jerusalem, usually known by the names of the Jerusalem and the Babylonian Talmuds. The Mischna, according to Mr. Milman, was founded on the written law of Moses, on the oral law, supposed to have been received by him on Mount Sinai, and handed down by uninterrupted tradition, on the decisions and maxims of the Wise Men, on opinions of particular individuals upon which the schools were divided, and which still remained open, and, finally, upon ancient usages and customs. Truly a heterogeneous mixture of elements, partly divine and partly human! The Mischna, like our modern law books, was soon, however, discovered to be deficient in authorities. It did not provide for many cases that arose in the practice of ecclesiastical law, and to meet the difficulties that were constantly arising from the want of established precedents, new traditions of the archangel were gathered in, and new opinions of the Wise Men and of the schools were sported, which being added to the Mischna, formed the Gemara.

The commentaries and additions which make up the Jerusalem Gemara were collected, according to Brucker, by the Rabbi Jochanan ben Eliezer in the fifth century. Those which constitute the Babylonian Gemara were commenced under the superintendence of the celebrated Rabbi Asche,

and were completed in the beginning of the sixth century. Thirty years were expended upon the latter work, which being added to the Mischna, forms the Babylonian Talmud. This comprises the great body of Jewish traditional law, which, being recorded, has long since ceased to be traditional, but constituting now a written code, has become a permanent oracle of faith, conduct and manners, and is regarded as a sacred book, equal to the inspired volume, by all orthodox Israelites. "Its influence on European superstitions, opinions, and even literature," says Milman, "remains to be traced. To the Jew, it became the magic circle, within which the national mind patiently labored for ages in performing the bidding of the mighty enchanters, who drew the sacred line, beyond which it might not venture to pass."

As far as the authority of the Talmud rests on mere opinion, it is entitled to the same degree of respect which is usually extended to the fallibility of all human judgments. Regarded as a collection of traditions, it is entitled to no respect whatever, especially when the monstrous pretension is set up, that these traditions were actual revelations from heaven! That a law of divine enactment, intended for the regulation of human conduct, should be transmitted from age to age and from generation to generation, through the instrumentality of tradition, depending for its integrity and permanence on the frail tenure of human memory, and liable to any additions which a warm imagination or a sectarian interest might suggest, is too absurd and even monstrous a proposition to be believed by any man in his sober senses, however credulous or however unenlightened.

The cabbalistic tenets of the Jews, date their origin many centuries earlier than the Talmudical traditions delivered to Moses. They were called *Cabbala*, from a Hebrew word which signifies *to receive*, and Adam, our great progenitor, was the first to receive them, and that, too, strange to say, in the shape of a book, which was presented to him by the angel Rasiel,—we believe on his birth-day,—as a kind of keepsake. This book contained many wonderful revelations, and Adam, we are told, had a great regard for it. So interesting and extraordinary were its contents, that the angels of heaven frequently came down from their celestial abodes and solicited him to submit the work to their inspection. But Adam was placed in possession of arcana too important

to be revealed, even to angels, and he would not gratify their curiosity. After his fall, the book was taken from him, by way of punishment, and carried back to heaven, upon which occasion, overwhelmed with sorrow and mortification, he wept like a child. Eve did not more grievously lament her expulsion from Paradise, so pathetically described by Milton, than did Adam mourn over the loss of his Cabbala. In consequence of his confessions, tears and entreaties, God had compassion on him and returned him the book, with injunctions that he should not again transgress, or the heavenly revelations would be taken from him forever. Adam gave the book to Seth,* as a most precious legacy; Seth lost it, but after the flood, the contents were communicated, by special revelation, to Abraham, who committed them to writing in a book called Yetsera. This book, which we may presume Abraham wrote on the bark of trees, (as paper was not then invented, and the papyrus had not come into use,) was lost through the carelessness of the patriarch, and the revelation was renewed to Moses, at the same time that he received the Talmudical traditions. The book was lost a third time by the Jews in Babylon, in the midst of their calamities, and its contents were once more revealed to Esdras. It was afterwards preserved with great care in Egypt, and transmitted to posterity through the hands of Simeon ben Setach, Elkanah, Akhiba, Simeon ben Jochai, and others.†

It would thus seem, that the book of the Cabbala rests on higher authority than even the Talmud. We are not surprised that the Jews should regard a system of revelation which they believed to have been actually five times communicated from heaven, as altogether divine. The Talmud was revealed but once, the Cabbala five times. It was revealed to Adam in his state of innocence, but the Talmud was not given until the world had grown wicked, and people were unable to appreciate the merits of so high an order of truth. There are several things in respect to the Cabbala that strike us as remarkable; 1st, The great carelessness of our primeval ancestors in preserving their sacred records, by reason of which this rare production was repeatedly lost to the world. 2d. The exceeding value of those records,

* Eisenminger, *Jud. Detut.* p. i., c. 8, p. ii., c. 13. Basnage, l. iii., c. 10. Wachter. *Euclid. Cabbal.* c. i., sec. 1.

† Buxtorff. *Bib. Rabba* p. 184. Reuchlin, *de arte Cabb.* l. i., p. 622. Wolf. *Bib. H.*, p. i., p. 112.

which should be worthy of five direct interpositions of the Deity, with a view to their restoration and perpetuation among men. 3d. The difficulty of recording revelations at a period when libraries were unknown, and before the arts of writing and printing were invented. As for the difficulty of accounting for the existence of such a work, at a period so long antecedent to the invention of letters, it has been regarded by the rabbins a sufficient answer to say, that the Cabbala came directly from heaven, where the best arts were practised long before they were known or even dreamt of in this sublunary state of being; and that if the angels, who set the types, were ignorant of the contents of the book, it is nothing more than what happens, every day, to our worthy friends, the publishers, who, although they practise "a mystery," which is seldom revealed to vulgar eyes, are yet often themselves profoundly ignorant of the light which they shed upon the world by their labors.

We are sorry to detract, in the slightest degree, from the merits of the angel Rasiel, whether he be regarded, in the present instance, in the light of author of the Cabbala, or only as publisher of the book, but we shrewdly suspect the Rabbins have, on this occasion, conferred upon him an unmerited honor, and that they have made use of his name, as well as those of Adam, Seth, Abraham, Moses and the other worthies, in order to gain credit for opinions, which they have appropriated to themselves as peculiarly national, but which they borrowed, from time to time, from the Pagan philosophers with whom they were on terms of intimacy.* The doctrine of the Cabbala is—if we mistake not—the Chaldean or Persian doctrine of emanations,—a refined and sublimated pantheism, in which God is regarded not so much the Author and Creator of a world, which is distinct from him in all its several parts of mind and of matter, but in which God is every thing, and every thing is God, even to a ray of sunshine, a drop of water, or the thought of a human soul. This strange theory has some advocates in our day, and that, too, in a very polite meridian, but it was not invented in Boston, where these advocates are, nor by the Cabbalists, who claim it as a trophy, or rather bulwark, of the Hebrew faith. It was wholly of Oriental parentage, having been first taught by the Chaldean and Persian nations, and adopted from them by the Alexandrian philoso-

* *Enf. Hist. Phil.* l. iv., c. 3, p. 413.

phers of the Eclectic school, from whom it passed to the Jewish Rabbins, who studied philosophy in Egypt, after their dispersion.* No system of religious opinions—if they are not rather to be regarded as philosophical vagaries,—has so little claim to divinity, as the Cabbala, if we consider the external evidence by which it is supported; and, when we consider the internal proofs, resulting from the intrinsic merit of the tenets themselves, we are at no loss in what light speculations so fanciful, unphilosophical and unscriptural are to be regarded. Yet the Jewish doctors, with an unparalleled degree of effrontery, insist that Pythagoras, Plato, Zoroaster, and the founders of the various Oriental and Egyptian schools, were indebted to the Cabbala for the peculiar and distinguishing tenets of their respective systems; and it was doubtless under such impressions, that the early Fathers of the Christian church, Pantænus, Origen, Justin Martyr, Theophilus, and others, addicted themselves to the study of the Platonic, and even the Peripatetic philosophy, under the vain expectation of deriving from those obscure, secondary sources, additional light in respect to the sacred mysteries of religion. If there be in the Scriptures a hidden sense which the letter does not reveal,—if there be a veil thrown over the Holy of Holies, in order to protect it from the profane eye and from vulgar handling,—and this we shall not pretend to deny,—it is very certain, that this higher and more spiritual truth is no where to be found in the senseless jargon of the Cabbalists.

We have said, that the Cabbala were wholly of Oriental origin. This much is intended to apply to the Theoretical, and not to the Enigmatical and Practical Cabbala, which latter were doubtless of Jewish invention. The Enigmatical Cabbala consisted of certain curious transpositions of the words or letters of the Scriptures, and the Practical Cabbala of the rules by which such transpositions might be efficaciously employed for the cure of diseases, and for protection against the influence of evil spirits. Of the names of the Supreme Being, the Jews, for example, reckoned seventy-two; from which, by different arrangements in sevens, they produced seven hundred and twenty. The principal of these were arranged in a figure, which, from its potency in guarding off all assaults, spiritual and physical, they called *the*

* Wachter. Euclid. Cabb. c. ii., p. 19. Knorr. Cabb. Denud. t. ii., p. 399, 181. Philo Op. p. 877, 893.

*Shield of David.** This figure consisted of two equilateral triangles, transversed and intersecting each other, in the centre, and in each angle of which was placed the ineffable name. The Jewish devotee wore this amulet in battle, and it was a security against wounds, or it healed them if received. If sick, it restored his health; if bewitched, it cast out the evil demon; if distressed, it brought cheerfulness; if angry, it subdued his passions. It was, in short,

"A sort of universal charm,
To keep the pious Jew from harm."

Among the most distinguished Jewish scholars who flourished during the second epoch in their history, we must not omit to mention Moses Maimonides and Moses Mendelsohn. The former was a Spanish Jew, who flourished in the twelfth century. He was master of many Eastern languages, and of the Greek tongue, in which he studied the doctrines of the schools. Rising above the superstitions of his country and his age, he inculcated opinions and insisted on reforms which exposed him to much persecution. Sir James McIntosh says of him, that he was "the first in times that are to be called modern, who attempted to rationalize a positive religion. He was produced by the infidelity of his masters, the Mussulmen, Peripatetics, Averroes," &c. "He retreated," says Milman, "to the court of the Sultan of Egypt at Cairo, where he lived in the highest estimation as the family physician," being, in Eastern phrase, called "the Eagle of Doctors." He rejected the Talmudical fables and traditions, with which the religion of his ancestors was encumbered, and out of the intricate mass reduced the law to a system. His opponents accused him of innovation and heresy, and would gladly have committed both him and his book to the flames.

Mendelsohn, who flourished during the last century, was scarcely, in his life-time, in better repute, while "*Phædon*," translated into almost every living and dead language, has carried his fame over Europe. The great effort of his life seemed to be the moral and intellectual improvement of his brethren of the house of Israel. He brought all the resources of his learning and genius to the illustration of the Hebrew Scriptures, and his translation of the books of Moses and the Psalms—the latter in verse—are among his greatest

* *Enf. Hist. Phil.* l. iv., c. 3, p. 410, 411.

efforts. He attempted a periodical work, to consist of short essays of such parts of science and morals as could be most easily made popular and interesting, called the "*Moral Preacher*." "Of this work, the first in which Mendelsohn tried his powers as a public writer, only two numbers appeared; when he felt it his duty to discontinue it, in consequence of the outcry raised against it by his more bigotted brethren, to whom such an attempt to displace their ancient rabbinical manuals of instruction, seemed fraught both with presumption and profanity. Had the friend of Lessing lived a few years longer, his duty and his ambition would have had ample scope."*

It might be interesting to consider, what influence has been exerted upon the theology of the Jews by different political institutions, both their own and those of other nations, by the downfall of the priestly power and the growth of Rabbinism, by the establishment of theological schools both in the East and West, by the study of the Pagan philosophy, to which they were greatly addicted, by the overthrow of the Temple and its worship and the substitution of that of the Synagogue, by the introduction of Christianity and Mahometanism, and by the persecutions to which they have been exposed on account of their religion, and the wars they have waged in defence of it. To do justice to these interesting matters, would require volumes. We would barely remark, therefore, that the position which the Jews have for ages occupied, has been peculiarly unfavorable to their progress and improvement. Denationalized by circumstances, without any connecting bond but their religion, and enjoying little sympathy from those nations whither they fled for refuge, their situation has been truly deplorable. It is on this account that the Rabbinical and Talmudical institutions, and the tenets of the Cabbala, held longer sway among them than did the doctrines of the schoolmen during the dark ages of Christendom. It is on this account that the Jewish Reformation was postponed from the 16th, to be commenced, as we have reason to hope and trust it will be, in this 19th century. The struggle which has existed, since the age of the prophets, between the advocates of the written and inspired law, on one hand, and those of the oral, traditionary and human law, on the other, seems more likely than ever, now, to be brought to a crisis.

* *Life by Samuel.*

The testimony of frail and erring man, as a rule of moral action and as a guide to happiness, is to be gradually put down, and that of the Arbiter of man's destiny is to be ultimately set up as the only paramount law. A great and radical revolution is thus to take place in the religious principles of the majority of the Jewish nation, and the contest, though fairly commenced, and with prospects of final success for the Reform party, will be a severe and protracted one.

The position of the two parties at present seems to be this : The Reform party maintain that the old written law,—the law of Moses and the Prophets, is the only divine and binding law, but that the Talmud and the decisions of the Rabbins, though to be viewed with respect, are not divine and not binding on the conscience. This position is not as bold as we could wish. It is, however, high and tenable ground, and a higher, more imposing, and equally tenable position may be taken hereafter. The Reform party also insist, that the use of the Hebrew,—a dead language,—shall be at least partially abandoned in the worship of the Synagogue, and that religious instruction shall be given in a living, spoken and intelligible tongue,—that is to say, in the vernacular language of the worshipper,—a sensible and reasonable measure of reform certainly. They insist further, that the Talmudical ceremonies and observances, and many of the festivals, which have no other authority than tradition, are non-essentials of true religion, which consists simply in a reasonable faith and a good life. They maintain also, that whatever has a tendency to kindle pure devotional sentiment and raise the soul to God, forms a proper accompaniment of religious worship, and such they consider the Jewish practice, of chaunting the hymns of praise, with the aid of instrumental music, especially that of “the high sounding organ,” which the ancient and sweet “singer of Israel” employed in his devotions, and recommended to others to do likewise in theirs. And, inasmuch as the law often requires an interpreter and expounder, and the instructions of the living and breathing orator, coming from a clear understanding and a heart deeply moved, are often found more effective, than the recorded wisdom of the most learned sages, in producing salutary, holy and ennobling impressions, and in awakening the best resolutions, they, therefore insist that discourses composed and prepared by scribes well instructed in the things of the kingdom of heaven, form also

a very appropriate portion of the religious service, in an age of inquiry and intelligence, and in countries where such modes of religious teaching universally prevail, and are found to be eminently beneficial. Such are the positions assumed by the Reform party among the Israelites, at the present time, and such are the measures which they propose to carry out into action for the benefit of themselves and their children, and for the honor and vindication of their ancient faith. We need not say, that we heartily approve of these measures. They are worthy of their authors and worthy of the age, and creditable to the country where they originated, whether it be England, Germany or America. If they are accomplished, those who are agents in the great and good work, will be eminently entitled to the praise of Reformers and of real ones.

On the other hand, the *soi-disant* orthodox party are the special advocates of the oral and traditionary law, of the authority of the Rabbins, the Talmud and the Cabbala. These, they insist, are divine, and must be obeyed to the letter, as well as the written law of Moses, whose divinity they do not deny, while, at the same time, their efforts are chiefly expended,—where they are certainly most needed,—in vindicating the integrity and divine original of the oral revelations. They dislike any abandonment of the use of the Hebrew tongue in the Synagogue, regarding it as a wholly sacred language,—the only proper vehicle of divine truth. They insist upon the strict observance of all the ceremonies and festivals, handed down as essential by the Rabbins, and maintain that forms are not only right and becoming, but indispensable, if a man would be saved. They are opposed to the use of instrumental music in the Synagogue. The harp has no favor with them, and the organ they detest as abominable. Written discourses, also, are regarded as innovations, unless adapted to enforce Rabbinism. Such is the position of these two parties in respect to the principles which divide them. As to their relative strength, if numbers are to settle the question, the Orthodox is, by far, the stronger party. The great body of the Jews in Europe and America, embracing the majority of the Rabbins, are with them. The Reform party constitute a respectable minority, but they have intelligent leaders, and are altogether a well informed class or portion of the nation, strongly attached to principles which

they believe to be right, and determined to maintain them with zeal, energy and perseverance. It is no cause, we think, for despair, that their numerical force is less than that of the other party. Truth does not depend for her victories on such a contingency. When the Reformation of the sixteenth century commenced, Luther stood alone.

What are the prospects of the Reform party, and what are the obvious difficulties they will have to encounter in the progress of their labors? The Christian world, doubtless, stands well affected towards this movement. It should do so, consistently with its own principles and its own convictions. The written law of Moses and the Prophets is equally claimed by the Christian and the reformed Jew, as a portion of inspired revelation, and both are equally opposed to the binding authority of any traditionary law. No opposition nor hindrances, therefore, but rather sympathy and co-operation are to be expected in this quarter. The shadow of persecution, which, under various gigantic forms, has so often terrified the conscientious Jew, now sinks to dwarf-like dimensions, and is about to pass, if it have not already passed, from the earth's orbit forever! The power of ecclesiastical statesmen is in the tomb of the Capulets. Christianity is not what she was, in the days of Ximenes and Torquemada. No one dreams of a fourth Crusade, even for the rescue of the holy sepulchre. In our century, Peel, or Guizot, or Metternich (the country of each possessing more means for the object than all Christendom during the age of enthusiasm) would smile alike at such a project, and Louis Philippe, or Nicholas, or any other Catholic potentate, would deem it a pleasantry, if his Holiness were to thunder from the Vatican an old-fashioned mandate interfering with their concerns. The world is changed in its character, and changed for the better. The Christian perceives it; the Jew feels it; all rejoice at it. Thanks to the influence of letters, to the spirit of liberty, to the light of Revelation, the principles of which have now begun to operate!

In a political aspect, also, the position of the Jew, whether Reformed or Orthodox, is sensibly improved. This amelioration cannot be referred to any Established Church in European States, but is the result of more general causes, marching with popular feelings, controlling, where the laws are partial, and also of increased liberality on the part of rulers, where public opinion is unenlightened. Thus, we

find, in the North of Europe, in Protestant countries, great intolerance, while, in some Catholic countries, countenance is extended to the Jews, on the part of the government. We have all distinctions destroyed in France, under the Gallican Church, and even the clergy sustained in the enjoyment of their rights and privileges by the power of the State. Equal rights are enjoyed by Israelites in Protestant Holland; and while, at present, the law disqualifies in England, and party feeling sustains a majority of Lords and Bishops in the House of Peers against passing laws for their relief, the Commons, the mouth-piece of public sentiment in England, appears as much advanced in liberality as their French and Dutch neighbors. In this spirit of universal toleration, as in all the great rights of man, our own country presents the beau-ideal which will slowly find adoption every where.*

The difficulties, on the other hand, which the Reform party will have to encounter are sufficiently obvious. The Jews remain scattered, and if a General Congress were called among them, such a convention might have representatives from the most enlightened down to the most barbarous condition of society, reflecting the character of their various countries. How then, it may be asked, can any comprehensive scheme of religious improvement be adopted with a prospect of success? There is no central mass to act upon. Each broken fragment, scattered over the earth, seems to have acquired a peculiar cohesion for the soil where it is

* After the spirited career of General Eaton, he received instructions to seek out, in the dominions of the Dey of Tripoli, the heir of a certain Jew, whose vessel had been captured for a violation of blockade, though finally released by the Federal Court. During the law's delay and pending the trial, the owner committed suicide, and government was anxious to make restitution. After great search, Eaton found the proper heir, and informed him what the American government was ready to do. "He wept, and turning his face upwards in devotion, added, 'Is there, then, a government so just as to seek out and render justice to a poor despised Jew?'" Despatch of Eaton.

"The history of the Jews," says D'Israeli, no indifferent observer, "like the chameleon, reflects the color of the spot they rest on. Like waters running through vast countries, tinged, in their course, with all the varieties of the soil in which they deposit themselves, after some generations the Jew assimilates with the character, and is actuated by the feelings, of the nation of which he becomes a native, and politically becomes distinct from the Jews of any other nation." And as there is an advance in all things, even with this people of unshaken habits, it is obvious that their character, and even their opinions, will be favorably affected by the influence of free institutions.

imbedded. The Rabbin, generally a dependent being, if imbued with the spirit of reform, would at once be pronounced an infidel, the moment he should attempt to expose what was irreligious or absurd. The difficulties increase, where the reformer has to contend with a fixed ritual, which every ignorant person believes to be identical every where, and where form appears to supersede all things,—where devotion to the ceremonial law excludes, for the time being, devotion of the heart. In such a state of religion, there never fails to exist a strong repugnance to a pure and rational worship of a spiritual Being. It is true, the Israelite learns this lesson from most of the sublime prayers founded on scriptural Judaism, but it is a feather in the scale against prescriptive authority, which holds the mind in iron fetters, and insists, that salvation depends on the judgment of men, whose conflicting and contradictory interpretations entitle them to but little credit for ecclesiastical infallibility.

Besides, there is little or no pulpit eloquence to lay siege to the heart, nor has there been any theological preparation, practically to supersede the dead letter statutes of Rabbinism, for the enlightened German, Englishman, Frenchman, Italian and Pole, and we must add, also, American. The difficulty is increased by the habit of listening to the Ritual in Hebrew alone, while the vernacular language of the worshipper, so necessary for the purpose of appealing to the heart, is considered as unworthy, and as too unholy to be employed in the service of addressing the Deity. Under all these discouraging circumstances, any attempt to effect the immediate overthrow of Rabbinism,—a system so long and so well established, and held in such high esteem and veneration by the great mass of the Jewish nation, would be futile and impracticable. The most that can be expected, at present, is, to induce people to listen,—to carry out practically what the most able sages themselves have made the law, while, at the same time, they rid themselves of the grosser absurdities never authorised by the wisest. This is the first step preparatory to ulterior measures, and its influence will be sensibly felt, although it may not be apparent. In the great transitions of human opinion, our sagacity seldom anticipates results which have been secretly fermenting, and which are developed unexpectedly. There is an under-current at work, which, we think, will appear on the surface in the next generation. The alarm of reform has set in

motion the honest endeavors of the Orthodox Jew to repair Orthodoxy. So, hundreds of schools, infant, adult, daily and weekly, have been established, to explain the why and the wherefore of Judaism. The works and materials, in the hands of the rising generation, are, it is true, for the most part, Talmudical, but not, on that account, the less admirable in many respects. In this country, we have seen some of the Christian Sunday School books, adopted by the Sunday Schools for the religious instruction of Jewish children,—of course excluding dogmas, and such things as render them improper for Judaic instruction.

These schools are almost universal in Europe and America, originated, organized and perfected by that sex always associated with what is lovely in goodness and virtue, and this fact alone furnishes evidence that the popular Jewish mind is awakened to the subject,—that the *vis inertiae* no longer exists,—that inquiry is in progress, endeavoring to revive an old but mistaken school. If every book were rabbinical in its ethics, and every school orthodox, yet so long as enlightened Jews of all parties agree to add to religious instruction the diffusion of knowledge, of science and literature generally, it will be enough to develope and confirm fundamental principles, and, at the same time, to suggest the most appropriate means of carrying them out successfully; and, from the signs given by the press, especially in Germany, there is evidence of activity having succeeded supineness, notwithstanding the intolerance of government, which, almost every where in Europe, seems, for its own views of policy, doubtless, more disposed to give ecclesiastical power to the Synagogue, than political freedom to the Jews. Thus,

"The Wurtemberg Jews," (under political disqualification, being ineligible to office,) "have an ecclesiastical code, sanctioned and enforced by the State in every detail. They (the Jews) are congratulated on the advantages they enjoy, in a *religious* sense, over the Jews of France, Holland and other countries, where full emancipation has been conceded; inasmuch as in those countries the ecclesiastical government is only not interfered with; in Wurtemberg, it is fostered, protected and maintained!" Voice of Jacob (Newspaper.)

It is a good evidence, too, that reform is needed, and will certainly take place, when those, among whom the greatest abuses exist, voluntarily confess their errors. From a file of the above paper, now lying before us, we quote the following answer of the Rabbi I. Embden, to questions propounded to

him regarding the Payuteem,—certain prayers bequeathed by the Great Synod in the daily service, and in the hymns contained in the Talmud,—said to be crude specimens of composition :

“Whilst,” says he, “incongruities, never contemplated by our ancestors, are adhered to, even at the sacrifice of life itself, that which our sages, of blissful memory, have ordained as its safeguard, is cast aside, albeit the institution is good and laudable, and divested of the inconvenience attendant on the lengthy Payuteem, which are gabbled and muttered, and which fail in effect. Hence, it is apparent to every intelligent mind, that alas! all we do is perverted and that we retrograde. Never have I rebelled, nor deviated from the decisions of our pious ancestors,—decisions on which our very existence depends; but oh! that God would direct our minds to correct our customs in consonance with the sublime opinions and traditions of our erudite Talmudists, who strove to bequeath them to us for an everlasting inheritance, purified from the dross and alloy which are calculated to call forth the contumely of all around us, and to render our prayers exceptionable. Unintelligible to the angels themselves must be the jargon, incongruous and various, with which they are woven, and which rather cause them to resemble the effusions of an untutored people, than the productions of a nation peculiar, and favored with a sound and pure language.”

Here is corruption worse corrupted, showing how much is to be done by the Israelite to restore to the standard even of the traditionary code, what the inroads of vicious *customs* have effected, making it heresy now to defend the integrity of the written law, against the alloy of tradition, and the same crime to sustain the Talmud against the corruptions of custom. And this fact leads us to remark, that the conflict or question, at the present time, seems to be, not so much between written revelation and tradition, as between the latter and the corruption of custom. Even the Talmud has been corrupted, and the decisions of the Wise Men have been misunderstood. Ceremonies and practices, derogatory to religion, have crept into the Synagogue, for which even the orthodox conformist finds no authority in the embodied traditionary law. Of this he is beginning to be conscious, and it is against these corrupt customs, acknowledged as such by the very party that is addicted to them, that the efforts of reform are to be first directed. The Talmud will be suffered to stand, at present, containing, as it does, the embodied wisdom of the Jewish sages. Its divinity is, and will continue to be, disputed, but whatever it contains of value will receive the respect that is paid to any other human composition of

merit, and it will be still used as an aid to religion, where any substantial benefit can result to the pious Jew from the use of it.

"Let the sages," say the Reform party, "receive the respect which we pay to other men and no more; that is, their authority should be in proportion to their knowledge, good sense, freedom from prejudice, honesty and opportunities of forming a correct judgment. The disadvantages they labored under, place many of them below the first class of students of a later time. Many of them, indeed, were men of genius, of large erudition (such as it was) and portions of their writings may be read with profit,—but they were all of them more or less tainted,—most of them deeply, with the false maxims and pernicious prejudices of their day; and from the influence of which, without being more than human, it was impossible that they could be free. This is no disparagement to their genius or their learning, any more than it is disrespectful to Des Cartes or Kepler to affirm, that having been early imbued with false principles of science, they constructed theories, which we do not feel bound to reverence, because we respect the men."

The Jewish Reform, then, will first be directed to the overthrow and abandonment of such ceremonies and customs as derive no authority even from the Talmud, and which are recommended not by any intrinsic merit they possess themselves, but are the result merely of vicious usage long acquiesced in. 2dly. The Talmud itself will be subjected to a thorough scrutiny and revision,—what is good will be retained, what is bad rejected from it; and, 3dly, all the precepts of this code, being framed by men, however wise and pious they may have been, will be placed on the footing of the lessons and dicta of uninspired persons, to be estimated according to their real worth, or their real weakness, and, in no case, to be regarded as of co-ordinate authority with the inspired Word of God, which will be henceforth set up, in contradistinction to all inferior and human standards, as the only infallible rule of faith and conduct. To expect that a plan of Reform so thorough and radical, will be peacefully accomplished, would be idle. The strongest opposition will be raised by the uninstructed mass, by whom customs and ceremonies are always held in the highest veneration,—a homage that never stops to inquire into the utility or reasonableness of any practice, but which simply asks, Has it long existed? and, Has age consecrated it? But the Rabbins themselves will not be indifferent to this movement. There are men among them whose theological acumen and

tolerance are not unlike those of Fielding's orthodox parson, and who are ready to say with him, "What I mean by religion is the Jewish religion, and what I mean by the Jewish religion is the unconditional belief in the Talmud, as interpreted by our orthodox Rabbins; and what I mean by this is Custom, which your infidelity wishes to destroy." To men who reason thus, it would be vain to talk of reform or improvement. With the Rabbins, therefore, who are learned, but prejudiced, the Reform party will have the strongest battle to wage.

Two years ago, an important effort was made in London, for the first time in England, establishing a Reform Synagogue, composed of highly respectable persons, under the name of the "British Jews," proposing to restore purity to the worship, denying the divinity of the oral law, but acknowledging the opinions of distinguished Rabbins as aids to the faith, adopting their reasoning when in accordance with the Mosaic code, rejecting the second days generally kept of the Festivals, but enforcing the strict observance of the Mosaic laws, especially the Sabbath, curtailing the service and prayers, and publishing their rituals, omitting all but those of scriptural authority, and making other salutary improvements to suit the times, and excluding antiquated customs both useless and offensive to pious feelings. Among the supporters of this establishment, we understand that there are persons of great intelligence, worth, influence and wealth. Since the organization of this Synagogue, it has met with opposition, but the weapons employed against it were novel,—such as we had supposed out of fashion in our day, and examined only occasionally by the curious antiquarian. They were hurled first, in the shape of a "Proclamation," from the chief Synagogue, ordering the Declaration of the ecclesiastical authorities to be read before every congregation, and circulated every where abroad for effect. This Declaration being a curious document, we have copied it from the newspaper whose title is at the head of this article, as follows:

DECLARATION.

24 ELUL, 5601 A. M.

"Information having reached me, from which it appears that certain persons, calling themselves British Jews, publicly and in their published book of prayer, reject the oral law, I deem it my duty to declare, that according to the laws and statutes held sacred by the whole house of Israel, any person or persons publicly declaring that

he or they reject and do not believe in the authority of the oral law, cannot be permitted to have *any communion* with us as Israelites, in any religious rite or sacred act. I therefore earnestly entreat and exhort all God-fearing Jews, especially parents, to caution and instruct all persons belonging to our faith, that they be careful to attend to this declaration, and that they be not induced to depart from our holy laws.

J. HIRSCHHELL, Chief Rabbi."

The excommunication "in religious rites and sacred acts," may be made to extend to all the social relations of life, from birth to marriage, and to the grave, possibly beyond it, if there be yet vitality in the edict. It has several degrees of severity, and may extend even to those who approach within a certain distance of the outlawed, inflicting excommunication on such also. This clause of the law remains musty on the statute book, and while it is too absurd, possibly, to attempt to use it in Western Europe, we doubt, on the other hand, if there is sufficient moral power to expunge it. The enlightened orthodox laity, no doubt, will see this policy; but if no relief can be looked to from this quarter, or if the abstract right to meddle with this mouldy excrescence be questioned, it cannot fail to have the usual effect even on the ignorant, and will defeat itself. It has been shown, however, in Wurtemberg, where political disqualification prevails, that ecclesiastical power is viewed as a compensation of more value, and those willing to launch such thunder, would have little objection to see it armed with an electric power beyond mere sound.

A similar missile appears to have been issued from the spiritual chief in Hamburg, against the reformers of the "Temple," where the matter had been brought before the Hamburg Senate, which body ordered, "that the manifesto concerning the seceders, over whom there is no legal control, should be withdrawn, under a penalty named—also a censure on the synagogue authorities for giving it currency;" and a censure on the Templars for promulgating a rejoinder, instead of referring the matter to the ecclesiastical court of the Senate. But in this utilitarian age, when reason supplants poetry in the practical affairs of life, such empty vauntings, unaided by the power of imagination, are spiritless and flat. Early in the 17th century, the following was the mode of excommunication fulminated against the philosopher Spinoza at Amsterdam, as described by his biogra-

phers, and extracted from the Westminster Review of May last :

"The day of excommunication at length arrived; and a vast concourse of Jews assembled to witness the awful ceremony. It began by the solemn and silent lighting of a quantity of black wax candles, and by opening the tabernacle wherein was deposited the books of the law of Moses. Thus were the dim imaginations of the faithful prepared for all the horror of the scene. Monteiro, the ancient friend and master, now the fiercest enemy of the condemned, was to order the execution. He stood there pained, but implacable; the people fixed their eager eyes upon him. He, above the chanter, rose and chanted forth, in loud, lugubrious tones, the words of execration; while, from the opposite side, another mingled with these curses the thrilling sound of the trumpet; and now the black candles were reversed, and were made to melt, drop by drop, into a huge tub filled with blood! This spectacle—symbol of the most terrible faith—made the whole assembly shudder; and when the final *Anathema Maranatha!* were uttered, and the lights all suddenly immersed in the blood, a cry of religious horror and execration burst from all; and in that solemn darkness, and to those solemn curses, they shouted, Amen! Amen!"

Looking backward into a dark and persecuting age, we are not surprised that such contrivances were in part resorted to, as the most effectual means of forcing spiritual allegiance, and that the gross ignorance of the people of all denominations made them a prey, through the operation of their fears, to unspeakable oppression. The greater the attachment to priests, the more imposing became such a spectacle. The idea of tampering with the right of conscience, and the absurdity of coercion to force it, were as unknown, as the belief of a sacred, inalienable right to resist was held wicked. But the *animus* remains, stripped of the means of inflicting misery, and ecclesiastical influence now relies on the stronger links of reverence and love, than of revolting fear. Notwithstanding the manifesto, "The British Jews," it appears. have stood this fire without blenching.

"I may, (recently writes an English Jew of undoubted authority,) I believe, with truth infer, that you will hear with satisfaction, that the West London Synagogue more than realizes the best hopes of the small body of British Jews, its founders. In the attainment of their object, the generating deeper feelings of devotion, and a higher sense of religious obligation, they have been entirely successful. For the success, however, they feel they are in a great measure indebted to the zeal, capability and talent of their young but efficient minister. A service so conducted, cannot fail to have a most salutary influence (as we find it has) on all who join it. The gladdening change which is

every where going on—slowly but surely—in the political condition of our co-religionists from without; and more, far more actively and rapidly in their religious, moral and intellectual state from within,—teaches us, that no one should abstain from contributing his or her efforts, however humble and feeble those efforts may be, to the great cause of Israelitish regeneration, mental and material. Surely the dawn of that day is breaking, at whose noon-tide hour we shall hear the name, Israelite, used not as a term of disgrace, but as a title of honor. We, in our own persons, perhaps, may not greet that meridian sun, but we may hasten him on his course, by doing all we can to render the generations to come worthy to enjoy his brightness."

We hope so too, in all sincerity, and, as we have already hinted, are clearly of the belief, that scriptural Judaism, for many centuries, has been trodden down so harshly by the Church and State, that the pressure has assisted the corruptions complained of. Where injustice is exercised in the State, and the Jew has no choice of private judgment among his co-religionists, losing all respect for what is forced on that judgment by inferior men,—in such a condition, he finds fewer scruples that bind him to early impressions,—these become less intense by the powerful influence of distinction awaiting his derelictions.

We have already pointed out, how corruption of custom pioneers the way to this, by producing levity and indifference, because solemnity is wanting; because the heart cannot respond in a language the ear cannot understand. Conscientious bigotry may support bigots, but what is to satisfy the conscience of others, or stop the almost positive tendency of such a course, when indifference prevails, to the next step, viz: deism, or the denial of all religion? More of the nauseating dose is forcibly to be administered on a disgusted stomach, which turns for relief any where.

This is the cry every where. We fix our eye on the file of orthodox newspapers, (the Voice of Jacob,) which shows occasionally the light shining through the obscurity.

"The Jewish youth (says an article dated Stettin, Sept. 1841,) are reproached for levity and indifference to religious observances. All is attributed to a neglect on the part of the Elders to adapt the manner of public worship to the effect which ought to be produced on the mind and heart. In proof that their impulses are of the right order, they give the evidence of having recently founded a charitable institution on Jewish principles."

We have but access through this partisan print to what

is passing in continental Europe,* where the press is busily at work, in periodical journals and newspapers; but enough

* Since writing the above, we have seen the following interesting statement, from "Kohl's Austria."

"The changes introduced into their temples of late years by the more enlightened Israelites, have altered none of the essential parts of divine service, which, in spirit and form, remains precisely such as it is prescribed by the ancient law. It is only the innovations, that had crept in during the course of time, that have been reformed; and in complying with the letter of the law, they have endeavored to avoid, as much as possible, whatever is calculated to offend the enlightenment of modern times. Thus, in the reformed Jewish temples, the women still continue to be separated from the men; but by open railings, and not by thick walls. The ancient hymns have been retained; but they are more carefully performed, and a suitable choir of singers is maintained for the purpose. The doctrine of the sermon may be also little altered; but some oratorical ability is looked for in the preacher, who is expected to cultivate a purer style, and to refrain from a perpetual repetition of Hebrew quotations.

"It was in Berlin and Hamburg that the first associations were formed among the Jews, with a view to bring about these reforms, and the example was soon followed in every part of Germany. In Prague, about a hundred men joined together, built a new synagogue, and sent a deputation to Berlin and Hamburg, to obtain more complete information respecting the reformed mode of worship, and to select a preacher of learning, piety, and oratorical ability. The first selection was not a fortunate one; for the new teacher obtained but little favor in the eyes of his flock. The second, Mr. Sax, who, like his predecessor, came from Berlin, has, however, become so popular, that even Protestants and Catholics will often go to hear him preach. I went to hear him on the day kept in commemoration of the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus; but, unfortunately, I arrived too late, the sermon being just over. The women, like the men, were sitting in the lower space of the temple, with this difference only, that the men occupied the centre, and the women the side aisles. The choir was composed of a number of young men and boys, in a black costume, with small black velvet caps. As they sung, they were accompanied by a small organ, and the psalms had been rendered into a pure and well-written German version.

"The reform in the Jewish temple took root in Vienna somewhat sooner than in Prague, and is now extending its influence from these two centres to all the Hebrew communities of the Austrian empire. Schools, hospitals and other institutions connected more or less with religion, will not fail to be beneficially affected by the movement; which, indeed, they already feel, as I had subsequently more than one occasion to remark. The Austrian government has tolerated and even encouraged these reforms; the more readily, as they have not hitherto led to any religious cabals and dissensions. These, indeed, the friends of reform and progress are sedulous to avoid, and for that very reason they always protest against their being called or treated as a separate party. Nevertheless, something like a feeling of aversion shows itself between those of the old faith and the new. The old Jews look upon their innovating brethren, however cautious they may be, as violators of the law, and murmur at their proceedings accordingly; but if the reformers continue to observe the same moderation, they will carry their whole nation with them in time. "Our chief rabbi, Rappoport, is an enlightened man," said one of the Reformers to me, "and in his heart he is certainly on our side; but he must not quarrel with either side, and therefore does not choose to pronounce himself too openly against the old ones."

is seen to ascertain that there is agitation, not fully developed.

Doctor Jost, celebrated as the author of the latest History of the Jews, gives his impressions of his English co-religionists, after a tour in that country, assuming what follows to be a correct report, which we copy from the newspaper already named. After assigning national causes for it, Doctor Jost says :

"There is a dislike of neutrality which the English Jew has in common with his countrymen ; but it is the more strongly marked, from the circumstance that his religious laws are so minutely prescribed by established usage, that tangible principles for dissent are difficult of attainment. Hence it is, that we find in the Jewish community of England a constant unity of purpose, opposed to which and its innate qualities of endurance, the few who are non-conformists almost sink into insignificance.

"The punctilious observance of religious requirements, which is found there, both in the Synagogue and at home, astonishes, if we are not mistaken, the most orthodox German. Whatever sentiment this produces in the reflecting mind, whether of profound respect for the independence (?) of principle which it betokens, (a principle which, though the consciousness of it be weak, is still powerful in its manifestations,) or whether the sentiment be that of regret at the congealing influence in which all movement is extinct—he is unable to decide. His own feeling inclines to the former, notwithstanding his reverence for a truly religious progression, and his ardent wish that such an impulse should operate more vigorously and bring upon the stage more numerous representations of genius than have yet appeared. In the representations of Jewish doctrine, especially in the spiritual heads, Doctor Jost sees men who discharge merely their avocations as counsellors in matters of conscience and church government, and as necessary agents in certain social rites, (as marriages, etc.) but who do not aspire to further influence than is due, in some measure, to their functions, and is partly conceded from feelings of piety. Therefore, they individually present no scale by which we can estimate or define the sentiment or relation to the mass ; though it cannot be denied that the pious deference of an octogenarian,* who has for a half century presided over spiritual affairs, may have been carried too far, and to the obstruction of a progress suited to the times. But the less the impulse towards amelioration has been felt by the spiritual guides, (probably from the attachment to some forms as hallowing in their tendency,) the more have the civil leaders in the community, men selected for their intelligence and accomplishments, yielded to the impulse. These have been conscious of the inaptitude of certain forms, especially in public worship, and their opinions have so far prevailed, that many excellent modifications have already been

* Since dead.

effected, notwithstanding the persevered indisposition to them of the spiritual head.

"He states that the London community yearns after the living word, and consequently a private inquiry was made, if he would preach a sermon in English, if invited. He adds that the invitation was resolved upon, but the chief Rabbi declined to confirm it, as he supposes, from a hostility to English lectures, and partly from a difference of views."

The newspaper then remarks :

"That Doctor Jost, in his examination of all things, makes those remarks which might be expected from an observant stranger, *not familiarized with old defects.*"

This of a philosopher and historian, who has given the fullest History of the Jews down to the present time, in nine volumes, 8vo ! The editor adds, that, "In comparing the Synagogues with each other, Doctor J. prefers those in which the interpolations which interrupt the service have been abolished;" from which it would appear that the principle of immutability is abandoned. Doctor J. concludes this part of his remarks, by bearing testimony to the improved state of the music in the Synagogues he visited ; and it is admitted "that religious sentiment is by no means torpid, only needing a fit nourishment to blossom still more freshly and vigorously."

"Doctor J. in 1841," (continues this paper devoted to the conformists,) "treated the effort of the seceders as an attempt to improve the form of public worship. In remarking on a pastoral letter to call back the reformers, he says, no effect can be expected from it, chiefly because it neglects to point out *where the principles of the attempt are schismatic.*"

"In reference to the selections of the new Liturgy of the British Jews, Doctor J. characterizes them as made with much ability," and adds, according to this version, "It seems from all which has transpired, that with regard to the integral principles by which they are to be regulated, much is left to time, since even the most material points have not been developed ; and the members, generally educated men, cannot express an opinion on theological questions, as long as they have no spiritual guide of comprehensive views and learning, and of character competent to such an undertaking—the young man they have assuming no responsibility.

"He finds fault with the manner in which the general Synagogue service is now conducted in London, saying that 'propriety and solemnity have yet to be properly appreciated,' theological studies 'still lie fallow,' 'Homiletics are only now cultivated, and that mainly by Liturgies.' He does not draw a favorable picture of the elementary schools, and refers to the reports for the justness of his strictures ;

'but from the Jews, who of themselves have ever been well disposed to an intellectual training, more might have been expected. From the infant schools since established, and the Jewish educational association, which he applauds, he hopes a better era is dawning.'"

There is enough in this, seen through the spectacles of an opponent to proper reform, to assure the distant reader that all is not stagnant, and that the immutable principle, extended to disputes about trivial matters that offend propriety, is shaken only to be overthrown.

There appears little doubt, to those who look calmly on this question for a practical purpose, that the introduction, at present, of unfruitful polemics regarding the written and oral law, unnecessarily clogs the subject with endless and useless controversy, and tends to defeat what really appears to be the honest desire of all men, except inveterate bigots and the uneducated mass,—we mean reform. The Talmud, so far as we have the means of judging, when it speaks for itself in sensible language, is itself a Reformer.

The second work prefixed to this article, adopted for the use of schools, is an orthodox manual, and the American translator, who is a strict conformist, also avows his object to be—

"To give his brethren a clear knowledge of the religion which they have inherited from their ancestors. Having been appointed lately a fellow laborer in the vineyard of the Lord, I thought it best to translate this foreign shoot into that part of the vineyard entrusted to my care," etc.

Recognizing this authority, we read in page 113:

"What duties do, according to this law, (Dent. 17th chap., 11th v.) devolve upon the teachers of the people, the Rabbins and consistories of every generation?

"They must instruct the people in matters of faith, that they may learn to distinguish between true religion on the one side, and superstition and foolish addition on the other.

"They ought to draw the attention of the people to their real duties, which the laws of God and of the State demand of them. They should have a watchful eye over the religious education of children; and, in short, make such regulations and provisions, as the circumstances and wants of any particular time may demand as necessary and expedient. And if they should in some cases act even against established customs, which have become almost of equal force with laws, through public opinion, they ought to say with the above-named pious teacher of the people, 'There is a time when such a law should be repealed, in honor of the Eternal.'"

To this the translator adds, that,

"As the words of Mr. Johlson may perhaps be misunderstood, an explanation is offered," which is curious enough. "From the tenor of our law," says he, "it is apparent that no old established custom, which has become general, can ever be abolished for the benefit of one particular section of country, as through such means the uniformity of our institutions would be abolished. Let us, for instance, name the worship in the Hebrew language, which is now universal throughout all the dispersions of Israel. It is, no doubt, a great misfortune, that the Hebrew is so little understood by many persons; but it would nevertheless be more injurious to adopt, as the *sole* language of public worship, the language of the country in which we live; for the uniformity of our institutions would be greatly injured by the substituting of *many* languages for the *single* energetic Hebrew. My limits will not permit me to enter at greater length into a discussion of this point, which would, besides, be also out of place here; but this one example will clearly prove, that reform such as our author recommends from time to time, must be confined to *excrescences* only, but should never be extended to *essentials*. What the essentials in the *ceremonial* part of our law are, I am unable to detail; but, in general, they are all those rules and regulations which we have adopted as a distinguishing mark of *our* people from *other* nations, which can, therefore, never be stigmatized as superstitious.

"The remarks of our author, however, are directed against superstitious customs solely, and *these* should be abolished, no matter how sacred they may be regarded by the mass of our nation, since all superstition is contrary to the Mosaic law."

We confess that we understand the text better than the interpretation. The suppositious case of dispensing entirely with Hebrew, has no existence, and it is much easier to reconcile the tested and popular exposition of Johlson to the common sense capacity of the general reader, than to the explanation and interpretation of his translator, which task we must leave to our readers. It would have been curious, perhaps, to have read what the translator considered superstitious, if "the essentials were part of the ceremonial law he is unable to detail, but in general adopted as a distinguishing mark of Jews from other people."

If this be the case, essentials of the most decided kind, and of a practical bearing, have unfortunately been abandoned. What could have been stronger, for instance, to "mark the Jews from other people," than the yellow cap of the middle ages, or confining and impounding them in fixed quarters of a town? And, seriously speaking, why is not the beard worn by orthodox Jews, as directed? These orthodox evidences of "a distinguishing mark," should scarcely be looked for in a comment on a law that reflects honor on the sages,

and which should be regarded with wonder, as the light shining through the darkness of the age in which it was written.

It is enjoined and made a duty to read certain prayers in the Hebrew, "or in any other language, so as to avoid incorrect phrases," and they (the Rabbins) "make it a requisite condition in reading, that a person should *well understand* what he is saying." *Ib.* page 119. The same is enforced on page 121,—“The Talmudists teach, that he who understands not the Hebrew, would do well to pray in any language he may understand.”

Now we are not aware that practically, the most ultra reformer could reasonably ask more, if as much, as this authority has yielded. There must be something stronger than the law book or the school book, that opposes itself to this high authority, but to which the scrupulous have always been willing to subscribe, as a proper and expedient measure suitable to the age.

In the appendix to the same work, giving some account of the ceremonial laws and customs, page 136, 38th article, we extract the following reason why the Israelites residing out of Palestine always prolong the prescribed duration of the Festivals one day :

“In the olden time, when the calculation of the year was yet uncertain, and the rules for regulating the calendar were not yet laid down, it was impossible to know, if a month should have twenty-nine or thirty days, until a formal decree of the Sanhedrim at Jerusalem had been issued concerning the same. This decree could not be made till after the appearance of the new moon; but immediately thereafter messengers were sent out to the provinces, who travelled with the utmost expedition, to make those at a distance acquainted with the day on which the Festivals ought to commence. Those Israelites, therefore, who lived so far from Jerusalem, if they could not receive the account till after the 14th of the month, were compelled, since they were ignorant of the proper period of the commencement of the feast, to observe *two* days, instead of *one*, not to miss the proper period of the festival. And this *second day* of the festival, of the *distant*, (captive,) was sanctioned by the Talmudists; and it was decreed, that it should be observed by the Israelites out of Palestine, *even then* when the calendar had been every where established according to fixed and certain rules.” Maimonides.

When this was written, the luxury of a printed almanac was certainly unknown, and astronomical knowledge, since the days of the Talmudists, or the twelfth century, when Maimonides wrote, has sufficiently increased to remove this observance from “the essentials,” as now “contrary to the

Mosaic Law," "however sacred it may be regarded by the mass." There can be no possibility of committing error, and it is too monstrous and absurd, that the same law, to govern the same people, should enjoin in Palestine what is forbidden out of it; more especially when the higher mandate of the Scripture confirms what is so obvious in its imperative law on the subject, made inexorable by Deut. iv. v. 2.* "Ye shall not add unto the work which I command you, neither shall ye diminish *ought* from it, that ye may keep the commandments of the Lord your God which I command you."

It is curious to trace how it is, that custom fastens itself upon society, when the necessity that first made its introduction expedient no longer has existence; tending, in the course of time, to undermine the very cause that first gave it existence. There appear to be some curious facts connected with this corruption, now so universal in Western Europe.

Esthori B. Parchi "the first and most important author on the topography of Palestine, who, according to Dr. Zunz, was prompted by a desire of acquiring an accurate knowledge of the Holy Land, and the real position of biblical sites, spent seven years in his researches about the middle of the fourteenth century." Touching this point, our traveller says, (c. 51, p. 426,)

"Lod celebrates only one of the holydays, but Gath, (Ramla) though but fifteen hundred yards distant therefrom, keeps two days. Adshlun, a town situated on the other side of the Jordan, keeps only one day, but in the adjacent Gadara, (implying a hill,) two days are celebrated. c. 14, fol. 97a. Usha, Shefaran, Lod, Jabneh, Nob, Tiberias, celebrate only one day holyday."†

This would agree with the extract from Maimonides, excepting the discrepance in the instance of Gath. This matter, turning on no principle except the necessity of the case, still, it appears, is simply a custom and corruption defined by geographical limits, but supported by no reason for its continuance, unless conjecture is resorted to.

* Something like these reasons, delivered by the learned and estimable minister of the Synagogue in Hasell-street, Charleston, (*the Rev. G. Poznanski*), while expounding the Divine Law, we understand, gave great offence to some of his congregation, and for this strong measures have been resorted to, for the purpose of destroying their admirable worship, at least as far as strangers can judge. From what we have seen published, we regret the necessity that calls upon the tribunals of the country to interfere.

† Vide Itinerary of Benjamin of Tudela. London and Berlin. Ed. by Asher. 2 vols. p. 446.

Doubtless, some laudable purpose, under the sanction of authority, tolerated its exclusive practice among the Western Jews. From the higher state of civilization in the East, the condition of the poor was far superior to that of their Western brethren. The charitable example, under the monastic system, around them in Europe, was a hint to carry out the charitable impulses among the spiritual guides, and giving this practice of keeping two days, their entire and legal sanction, was the means of increasing two-fold the support of the poor, always maintained during such a time. Even at this day, the itinerant poor flock to the towns and villages, and are fed, lodged and billeted among the residents. If charity, by virtue of the forms and sanction of a statute, could be made of two-fold force, the end justified the means. It might have secretly, according to this conjecture, been one of the "pious frauds that humanity pardons." It gave two days of food and lodging during "the holy convocations," when but one, without such a contrivance, stunted the obligations of charity due to religion.

The policy, aside from other considerations, at the present day, is pernicious, even though the conscientious scruples of bigotry claim respect. They must, however, be made to yield to the force of truth, and spiritual rulers, where the population is numerous, have a serious moral responsibility of more weight than is apparent.

The poor Jew, in efforts to support himself or his family, must achieve as much in five days, as his Christian neighbor in six, taking no holydays into account. Why should his efforts be so cruelly tasked? It is seen how this violation of Scripture has become a custom. Why press the poorest class of men with improper and additional burthens that are ruinous?

It is not necessary to turn to the frightful mass of destitution in Europe, to connect it with this usage, as partly the cause. We know that the operatives in some cities of the South of Europe and the North of Africa are of this faith and scrupulously conform. The interesting work of Mr. Borrow, (*the Bible in Spain*), shows that excommunication has all its moral vigor, and if labor be so fearfully overburthened, what possible consequence can result, but destitution or dishonest practices? It well becomes those, more especially in Europe, whose position and intelligence give them influence, humanely to look into this matter, and ex-

amine the connection between these corruptions and the evils that surround poverty. The remedy is not difficult, in making humanity concur with the Judaic law.

The introduction of instrumental music, or an organ, into the Synagogue, is no novelty. According to Doctor Burney, there was one in the City of Prague, nearly a century ago, "*allowed*," says a German historian, (Jost) "as a reward for the patriotic efforts of the Israelites for the defence of that city during the thirty years war;" and organs occasionally appear, when allowed, and disappear, when privileges are revoked, by petty despots.

Instrumental music appears to have been introduced into the Christian Church about the twelfth century, according to Bingham, Jennings and others.* The Fathers made strong objection, "because it would judaize the Church." It appears that the nineteenth century is as wise as the twelfth in the like notion, but *reversing* the phrase in relation to its introduction, when first the oracles of God commanded it. It is an auxiliary that is used for its solemnity, and, devoted to the Psalms, it is exclusively Judaic, as these sacred melodies so often show. These sounds accompany them in the language in which the royal and sacred poet wrote them. Every association of our nature uplifts the inward man, at such a moment, and it is not enviable to be proof against such impressions. Instruments are introduced under the sanction of Judaism and its laws, (except the cavil, that it violates the fourth command,) as mere Church utensils; those who are indifferent about their aid, are willing to see them serve as a means by which others are won to attend for higher purpo-

* "The use of organs came into the Church since the time of *Thomas Aquinas*, Ap. 1250. For he, in his sermons, has these words, our Church does not use musical instruments, as harps and psalteries to praise God withal, *that she may not seem to Judaize*. The same may be gathered from the words of St. Chrysostom, who says, it was only permitted to the Jews as sacrifice was, for the heaviness and grossness of their souls; God condescended to their weakness, because they were lately drawn off from idols. But now, instead of organs, we may use our own bodies to praise him withal." Bingham Antq. vol. iii. 233

Nevertheless, the evidence of six centuries leaves the Church safe from this musical heresy, and that even Saints and Fathers are not, in all things, infallible.

The mandate of pious Saints and learned Doctors in Israel proclaims, as in the thirteenth century, the same sentiment, substituting Synagogue for Church. The absurdity is far greater now, considering the century and the judaic origin of instrumental music. The Synagogue promises to be at least as safe, for the next six centuries, as the Church has proved to be for the past six.

ses, involving no reasonable scruple of conscience. It is a mistake to believe that the order of prayers and their selection are identical in all countries;—they vary in every country in some degree; but there is little alike in the music of the Synagogue in different countries. Its melodies are generally antiquated, but it is not, properly, ancient music. If that were the case, a fact so interesting to the learned world, would indeed be highly prized. The melodies appear to have been introduced, from time to time, without any reference to authority, as the taste of the chanter or singer directed.

The old Hebrew Spanish ritual books have the popular names of the Spanish tunes over the Psalm for direction, but other tunes have superseded them. The chants, with their measured and peculiar rhythms,—the recitative mode of reading the law, and some others, with the responses, may possibly be exceptions; but comparison and research have never tested so interesting a subject, that possibly might furnish some fact to accord with some one of the theories on the subject of the music of the ancients. Dr. Burney took the pains of introducing into his *History of Music* many of the "Lamnatsaachs," (or Psalms to the Chief Musician,) but he could make nothing of them for his purpose. He does not notice, however, the recitative reading of the pentateuch and the lyrical changes, where impressive parts or the song of triumph occur. But even in the reading of the Pentateuch there is a variation in different countries, yet, with all this, it carries a higher antiquity than the melodies.

Benjamin of Tudela, who appears, by his *Itinerary*, to have visited Bagdad, from 1160 to 1173, (Vol. I. p. 100,) describes the ten Jewish Colleges of that city.

"El'azar Ben Tocmach, presiding over the 5th College, is master of the studies, and possesses a pedigree of his descent from the Prophet Sh'muel, who rests in peace; and he and his brothers know the melodies that were sung in the Temple, during its existence."

From this statement it is obvious, that Benjamin did not know them, nor could they have been in use, as no mode of notation, that we know of, existed, when they were in use. It is certain that, in the twelfth century, it was not pretended that the melodies of the Synagogue were those of the Temple, and their disagreement in every part of the world at this day, shows how slovenly, not to say irreverently, many, of

multifarious character, have found their way into the worship. So the conformity and immutability of subordinate things have no existence to give them importance. If we consult our worthy traveller, honest Benjamin, whose name is so respected in the republic of letters, we shall find that in more important matters of form, there is no identity:

"Four days, says he, (Itinerary Vol. I. p. 147,) from thence to Mitsraim, (Memphis,) this large city stands on the banks of the Nilus, called Al-nil, and contains two thousand Jews.* Here are two Synagogues, one of the congregation of Palestine called Syrian, the other of the Babylonian Jews, (or those of Irac.) They follow different customs, regarding the division of the Pentateuch into Parashioth and S'darim.†

"The Babylonians read one Parasha every week, as is the custom throughout Spain, and finish the whole of the Pentateuch every year, whereas the Syrians have the custom of dividing every parasha into *three* S'darim and concluding the lecture of the whole *once in three years*. They uphold, however, the long established custom to assemble both congregations and to perform public service together, as well on the day of the Joy of the Law, as on that of the dispensation of the Law."‡

But, in what are supposed fundamental points, from Talmudical arrangements, there is certainly discrepance. Thus we find the creed of Maimonides, or "Articles of Jewish Faith," as inscribed on the tablets in the new Synagogue in Charleston, which appear to be identically the same as collated by that great light, vary from other authority held in

* "In the whole of the Austrian States there are, at present, 652,000 Jews; more than one-third of the whole, 265,000, being included within Austrian Poland, and nearly as many, 260,000, in Hungary. About one-sixth, or 110,000, inhabit Bohemia and Moravia, and the remainder are distributed, in small portions, over the remaining provinces of the empire. Thus, in Transylvania, there are 3,500; in Tyrol, 1,900; in Dalmatia, 500; in Lombardy, 2,000; in Venetia† Lombardy, 4,000; in the Military Frontier, 400, &c. Hence, it would seem, that in ancient times, the Slavonians and Magyars must have been the most tolerant to the Israelites, while the Germans and Italians must always have been less willing to admit them as residents. The purely German provinces of Austria contain only 5,000 Jews, the purely Italian only 7,000; whereas, in those provinces in which the Slavonian and Magyar elements of population preponderate, the Jews number no less than 620,000. Moreover, in the German and Italian provinces, the Jews is yearly decreasing in numbers, although the population generally is increasing; in Hungary, on the other hand, the Jews are increasing at a far more rapid ratio than any other class of the population." Kohl's Austria.

† Exod. I. 2. The Pentateuch is divided into fifty-six Parashioth of seven portions each, and the custom of the Babylonians, as described in the text, is practised universally.

‡ The former celebrated on the last day of the feast of Tabernacles. (Deut. xvi. 13-15.) The latter with the feast of Weeks. (Ibid. 9.)

equal estimation in his day. The thirteen articles referred to, in the Synagogue, from Maimonides, are as follows :

ELEMENTS OF JEWISH FAITH.

I. We believe in the existence of a SUPREME BEING, who created, governs and sustains the Universe.

II. We believe that this Being is the ONLY true and living God, the ONLY Divine Being, ONLY ONE IN UNITY, and without plurality in any sense whatever.

III. We believe that God is incorporeal and incomprehensible, that He has never put on the figure or body of any thing in Creation, and that there is nothing like him in the Universe.

IV. We believe that God is without beginning and without end, and that He is the ONLY ETERNAL BEING.

V. We believe that God, reigns ALONE over the Universe ; that there exists no Mediator between man and his Maker, and that it is proper to pray to HIM only, and not through the merits of any other being.

VI. We believe that the Prophets were the ONLY persons inspired by God, and that all their words are true.

VII. We believe that Moses was the greatest of the Prophets, and that none has appeared like unto him.

VIII. We believe that the Divine Law in our possession, is that which was delivered to our Fathers by Moses, and that all Divine communication ceased with Malachi,—the last of the Prophets.

IX. We believe that the Divine Law delivered by Moses, will never be changed nor altered.

X. We believe that God knows all our thoughts and actions.

XI. We believe that God rewards all who observe His commands, and punishes those who transgress them.

XII. We believe that the Messiah announced by the Prophets is not come,—the Prophecies in relation to his coming not being fulfilled.

XIII. We believe that the soul is IMMORTAL, and that we shall be accountable for our actions in the life to come.

There certainly is some obscurity regarding the twelfth, in the opinions of the Jews, and on such an imposing subject, we can only turn to the great theologians,—the Rabbins, as far as they have unsealed their documents from the Talmud by translation. So far as we know the opinions of their learned men, there is any thing but a conformity of views among them.

In the book for the use of schools, called "the Mosaic System," &c., by the Rev. Dr. Salomon, the title of which is prefixed to this article,—a work approved by another erudite Jewish minister, also presiding over a congregation, the author introduces, in substance, the thirteen articles,

"But," says the Rev. Teacher, "they are all comprehended in the following *Three* fundamental articles:

- I. Belief in the existence of God.
- II. Belief in a Divine Revelation.
- III. Belief in the immortality of the soul."

The learned Doctor then proceeds to attach this note to the thirteen articles according to Maimonides :

"This sketch agrees with Maimonides' method of teaching the thirteen articles of faith. I have presented the thirteen articles in three divisions, not only because in instructing youth, a survey arranged according to the various contents, is unavoidably necessary for awakening thoughts and strengthening memory, but also because the *Rabbi Joseph Albo*, (see his work, 'The Book of Elements,' published in Florence, 1425,) *who is held in equal regard with Maimonides*, afforded me powerful aid for arranging them in this manner. It must be admitted that the above named celebrated work contains a vehement dispute on the thirteen articles of faith of Maimonides, and that they are reduced, by Rabbi Simon Cairo, in his 'Reception of the kingdom of God,' (or heaven,) to *one single article*, namely, the belief in the existence of God. But it would be unbecoming in me to offer a decision of my own, between these great contending learned men." p. 155.

And in p. 173, he extracts from the Talmud, Sanhedrim 11.

"When will the Messiah come ?

To-day, if you will obey the voice of God.

The Son of David will not appear, till the pride of Israel shall cease."

These opinions are made still more conflicting, by the learned and subtle *Orobio*, whose sincerity and Judaism have the recommendation of the Inquisition stamp,—he having undergone the torture. No copy of his work, that we know of, can be procured in this country, but there is Bayle, 7th vol. p. 86, Eng. Ed. the report of his controversy with the learned Limborch,* from which it appears, that Orobio does not recognize, in his creed, a Messiah at all.

Here are three giants in theology differing, Maimonides giving thirteen articles of faith, Joseph Albo three, and Orobio not making the belief of a Messiah indispensable. We have strayed almost into a road in which we may be lost, and return to say, that from the signs of what is passing, in almost every part of Europe, the activity of the press, in Germany especially, the increased and increasing number of public schools,

* *De Veritate Religionis Christianæ, Amicæ Collatio cum erudito Judæo Basle 1740*, is the favorite production of this subtle disputant referred to.

using the vernacular tongue in religious instruction, and even from the folly of excommunication, serving "as a negative example to deter," in future, others from such teachings; it is evident that improvement has become a subject of deep interest every where, chastened with all veneration for the hoary head of antiquity, and tempered with respect for all time-honored things, that belong to a mind imbued with reverence for that volume, which enjoins to "take away the dross from the silver, and then shall come forth a vessel for the finer." Such movement may be traced, for the most part, to the same causes that govern society under the progressive diffusion of knowledge, and the increased and increasing sympathy that we trust man is feeling for man.

If the surest means of securing happiness in domestic life, is to render home attractive beyond all other places, the same view must point out, to the ancient and faithful house of Israel, the necessity of reforming themselves. This is the view of the Jewish reformers, who propose carefully to separate the pure from the impure,—to repair what corruption has made defective,—to restore what time has decayed,—to engraft upon the heart what is venerable and sublime, and to arrest enfeebled decrepitude with its demoralizing effects.

We now turn from the subject of Reform to the work of Dr. Salomon, one of the distinguished leaders of the Reform party in Germany, and who is represented, and we have no doubt justly, as being one of the most learned, able and eloquent teachers in that land of profound Hebrew historians, scholars and theologians.

The Sermons, lying before us, published in the English language, of which we have an American reprint, make part of many, delivered by their author in the New Temple of the Israelites at Hamburg, and which have already appeared from the German press. The accomplished translator, Anna Maria Goldsmid, informs the English public, that her object in translating the work, is the hope of being useful to such of her co-religionists as are unacquainted with German, and therefore unable to avail themselves of the varied sources of religious instruction, which a knowledge of that language opens to its readers, and she believes likewise and correctly, that they will be found conducive to the attainment of clear and comprehensive views of the Mosaic faith, by her Christian countrymen, whom she supposes to be ignorant of the real tenets of the Israelite.

"I do most sincerely rejoice," (writes an individual of the Jewish persuasion, whose position in English society, and whose varied knowledge and worth entitle the opinion to respect,) "that my American co-religionists have found a means, in this volume, of extending the influence of Dr. Salomon's salutary and exalted teachings. I rejoice yet more, in the evidence this reprint affords, that Judaism is indeed every where awaking from its long slumbers,—that in America, as well as throughout continental Europe, and more especially in Germany, our co-religionists are once more becoming alive to the high duties they are called on to perform for posterity, as well as the exalted vocation that is theirs, in which they are the living evidences of the truth of that revelation, which, by their means, has become the portion of the civilized world."

The republication of these discourses, doubtless, widens the sphere of the Rev. author's usefulness, and we hope that the seed sown will prove fruitful among the descendants of the patriarchs. They breathe a mild benevolence and love, un-mixed with less exalted feelings, winning the most indifferent by powerful appeals to the better parts of our nature, soothing those who seek relief from the aids of religion, and directing such as are struggling with cares and misfortunes to the great and never failing Source of consolation. They may, indeed, be read with profit by any denomination, whether Jew or Christian, and those whom feeling and education have prepared to relish such a work, cannot fail to admire in its pages, much that is pure and beautiful in morals, and just and elevated in religious sentiment.

We quote from the first sermon, on "the Path of Light," the following striking passages, as conveying a good idea of this Hebrew theologian's style of writing and mode of thinking:

"*Light*, my friends, is synonymous with *reason*. Without light we should grope in eternal obscurity, even in the most beaten path. Without reason, without this fountain of light, we should be incapable of perceiving, in all things, what is good or evil, true or false. If, then, God calleth upon us to *walk in his light*, He calleth upon us to seek to know Him and His holy word according to reason and truth; to meditate and search for light upon the matters most important to us,—upon our destiny, our duties, our view of the future, our relation to our fellow-men, and to our Creator *himself*. To seek after truth, to see with our own eyes, to allow to the reason the exercise of its powers and rights, will bring us near unto the Lord, and enable us to behold Him in *his light*. To this goal we are all to approach; the whole *house of Jacob*, says our text, should be led towards this goal; we should combat pernicious errors and prejudices; we should correct false representations and opinions; we should oppose superstition and fanaticism, in order that there may be *day* within us and around

us,—in order that we may walk in the light of the Lord. To walk in the light of the Lord, to use our reason in the examination of His word, we term *enlightenment*,—*religious enlightenment*. Doubtless, my friends, you have often heard *religious enlightenment* lauded by some of our co-religionists as the greatest blessing granted to man; and we have all, in truth, ourselves experienced the good and cheering results which this heavenly gift has produced. But are you not aware that others of our brethren, shudder and recoil at the mention of its name? Are you not aware that this portion of our community regard enlightenment as a disturber of peace,—as the deadly foe of religion? Whence does it arise, that one and the same thing can be so differently judged and treated? that one sees light where another beholds nought but darkness, which is to him, as to the lisping child, an object of terror? Whence does it arise, my brethren, that one feels the *blessing* of heaven, where another fears the *curse* of hell? Whence does it arise, that one considers this enlightenment as the herald of evil, another of good?" pp. 15, 16.

"*Religious enlightenment* consists, in the correcting and fixing of our opinions on all matters which are connected with our religion, in the purifying our belief, and in freeing it from the additions heaped on it by pernicious fanaticism and silly prejudices, in forcing on us the conviction that true religion is not a matter of memory, but the *occupier* of the *heart*; religious enlightenment relieves our spirit from *slavish dread* of worldly rulers; it points out to us the true end of our existence, and the true relation in which we stand to our Creator, and teaches us, that to serve our brother, is to serve God; to love our brother, is also to love our Heavenly Father. It teaches us, that a pure and true faith leads men by the chords of love; and bids us not raise the sword of vengeance against those whose belief differs from ours, if they do but right, and fulfil their duties. It teaches us to seek to imitate our Heavenly Father, who embraces all creation with the bond of love, who presses them fast to His parental heart, on which each of His children may pour out alike joy and sorrow, and there seek eternal repose! It teaches us, that between our future and our present being, there exists the closest connection,—that the former is but a continuation of the latter,—that the degree of advancement which we reach here, will determine our position in the world to come; and that he who voluntarily disregards the object of his existence while on earth, must not expect acceptance in heaven."—pp. 16, 17.

"'But,' continue the opponents of enlightenment, 'look what fruit enlightenment produces! What monsters follow in its train! *Scepticism—sensuality—folly*—the most holy is ridiculed: the boy exalts himself above the old man: the son censures the father, and looks down with contempt upon his actions; the closest family ties are loosened, and parents and children live in animosity and disunion. They begin with the unimportant, and go on to all that is most essential; and thus do they proceed, from corruption to corruption, until the whole fabric of religion lies in ruins before our eyes!'

"What shall we reply to these accusations? Do they not appear to be well-founded? and do they not reduce us to silence? Have we

not ourselves come in contact with men who, priding themselves on their enlightenment, term this establishment, where youth and age are taught, and where we seek to raise our thoughts in pious devotion to heaven, a *retrograding* step,—to whom it appears, (to use a mild expression, for let me not utter their thoughts,) to whom, I say, it appears *strange* and inconsistent with reason to worship God. Yes; if such opinions are the result of enlightenment, then those of our brethren are indeed in the right, who maintain that we ought still to wander blindly in our path of night. But no, no; those who thus speak are *wanting* in *enlightenment*; they are wanting in clear apprehension, they are wanting in the power to distinguish between truth and falsehood, the immaterial and the material, they are wanting in all the lovely qualities which true enlightenment must develop. What these term *enlightenment*, is the *love of ease, a disposition to sensuality, selfishness, ill-digested erudition*, drawn from impure sources, *pride, self-interest, error and darkness*. Hence, the notion appears to them ridiculous, that there should be something transcendent, something beyond the reach of their senses; yes, that what is invisible, should be more powerful and more glorious than what is visible. What they cannot see and hear, and taste and handle, is to them of little worth. The enlightenment of which *they* speak, should serve to make life agreeable. What did they? Ancient and venerable ordinances were rejected; even the most beneficial religious emotions were ridiculed, as if they were unnecessary to their belief, as though they were so full of the spiritual, that they needed the spiritual alone. Sensuality began to take the place of reason, and what was not in accordance with it, was rejected, dismissed; for they regulated, as one of the wise men beautifully and truly says, when speaking of a similar class, *they regulated their understanding according to their desires, and not their desires according to their understanding.*"

From the seventh sermon, entitled "Manna in the Wilderness, or Daily Bread," we cite the following impressive views on the observance of the Sabbath, which are well worthy of the serious attention of Christian denominations:

"Only consider what fine and flattering things are composed and written in honor of rich men; consider how their word is every where respected, and what numbers are constantly pressing around them, courting their favor, and their society. And wherefore? On account of their wealth. Surely it is not to be wondered at, if rich men adopt the idea that money is invaluable, 'is of power,' as the sage says, 'to render an unclean thing clean.' Add to this, the everlasting pushing and striving for the sake of accumulating more and more, and you will see that men can hardly fail to persuade themselves at last, that *'Money answereth all things.'* Now, what is to be done to counteract a delusion so injurious, and to point out to both rich and poor, the real worth of all worldly advantages? It would have been difficult to discover a method; but that method has been disclosed to us by

* Eccles. x., 19.

God. The same means which he commanded our ancestors to use in the wilderness, will be found excellent and efficacious for us also. Let us look again at our text: *'Six days shall ye gather it, but on the seventh day is the Sabbath.'* I speak unwillingly on this subject, because I find my admonitions are of so little avail. I almost think it would be easier to induce you to keep holy all the six working days, than the one Sabbath. There are persons in our congregation who have, in all other respects, a ready and keen susceptibility to good impressions, and an honest desire of improvement, on whom God has bestowed so much, that truly they have no need to use the Sabbath as a working day; yet these persons cannot resolve on laying aside their business, even for one hour. Ought I to be silent on such a subject? I must not be silent; for I say unto you, the observance of the Sabbath is the most effectual means of making you attentive to the fact, that it is not for earth and her golden entrails only, that ye live and ought to live. Observe, my brethren, that all our prophets, who teach in their discourses nothing but pure morality and the simple truths of religion, and who scarcely made mention of the ceremonial law,—all the prophets, I say, insist on the celebration of the Sabbath day. You cannot regard them as being in the dark on such matters; would to God that the enlightened among us possessed as much light! Neither can you class them with the Rabbis of later times, who bestowed their attention on the outer shell of religion, loading the husk with ornament, and neglecting the kernel. The prophets, in particular, strive to impress on men the worth of the kernel, and represent the shell as despicable and ridiculous without it. And these men insist on the solemnization of the Sabbath. The greatest of them all, Isaiah, thus speaks: * *'If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on My holy day, and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable, and shalt honor Him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words, then thou shalt delight thyself in the Lord, and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth.'* In your incessant striving after worldly aims, you must soon learn to imagine that you have the same lot, the same destination, as the beasts of burden. You, especially, my poorer friends, who pass the whole week in hard and mechanical labor, like your soulless half-brethren, may but too easily adopt this dangerous idea. And you too, ye rich men, will and must at last say unto silver, *'Thou art my confidence, and to gold, behold thy gods, O Israel!'* *'Gather during six days, but on the seventh is the Sabbath.'* It is true, that I cannot say to you, as our text goes on to say, that *'In it ye shall find none.'* Could I say this, I should at once have gained my point; for when ye shall find nothing on the seventh day, ye will leave off seeking soon enough. But you ought, with power of finding, not to desire to find. For the sake of God, think you? No, I say unto you, but for your own sakes, that you may save the man within you, lest your animal nature gain the ascendancy. It was necessary that your ancestors should be compelled, like children, to do what was for their good. You should congratulate yourselves that you are no longer treated like children, by the Divine Master who is educating you. Ye are men, and able to

* Isaiah, lviii., 13, 14.

do that of your own free-will, which they were to do from compulsion. Your fathers gathered a double portion on the sixth day, that they might not want on the seventh. You, my more highly favored friends, can, during all the six days, be gathering manna for the seventh; and can thence, on the Sabbath, not only here in the sanctuary, but likewise in your domestic circles, feel yourselves higher beings in the scale of humanity. The Sabbath is peculiarly the day on which you ought to look inwards, both to yourselves and to your families. Observe your sons and daughters; examine what advances they have made and are making; see what they are and what they will be, when you, my dear friends, stand by them no longer, but are gone to seek manna in other fields. It is on the Sabbath that you can enjoy with your families, the intercourse of the soul, that communion of spirits, which, alas! is too rare a fruit, to many, a fruit entirely unknown. It is the Sabbath, and the Sabbath only, which can bring this fruit to maturity. I am persuaded, that if the rich and poor alike would not permit the grasping world to rob them of this day, they would find its blessedness poured forth on every other day. You would then devote your refreshed energies to the right work,—you would then learn to exercise and to value the virtue of temperance. This day would teach you to consider well the right way of giving and distributing the blessings which you have received. This is the very knowledge which we so especially want, and for want of which the world abounds in poverty in the midst of riches. The poor man would learn better the dignity which belongs to him as man, and would refrain from sighing and craving for the most perishable of all earthly things; and the rich man would know, for he would have time to learn that he is indeed little, if riches be his all, and that his wealth can be valuable, only in proportion as he uses it to a good end, according to the will of God."

The discourse on "the Spirit of the Mosaic Religion," is one of the most valuable in the collection, and explains the views entertained by Reformed Israelites on the subject of local institutions, and the importance of introducing a spiritual and rational worship suited to the age and country of the worshipper, in place of the forms and observances of the ancient ritual, whose life and power, in the opinion of this divine, passed away with the occasions that gave birth to them:

"You have heard that it is the aim of the Mosaic religion to make us good and useful members of society; so that we may, with all the powers we possess, labor for the welfare of the country to which we belong. These men, however, ignorant of the world and human life, act and speak as though Israel still formed a distinct and separate state; consequently, they observe as parts of the universal religion of Israel, institutions which possessed value in Palestine only, because there only they had spirit and life. They require and inculcate the strict observance of these, although, by such observances, much of our power to act usefully as citizens must necessarily be destroyed.

Besides this, they envelope the jewel of religion in so many folds, that numbers of our brethren cannot, or will not, penetrate the covering, see not the jewel itself. It is true that gold, when pure and soft, must be mixed with copper before it can be wrought; but, my friends, be moderate in the use of the ignoble alloy. Do you not consider that the gilded copper, or the coppered gold, must, by degrees, lose all its lustre? Do you not reflect that the impression that gives value to your coin, will be corroded and eaten away by the *aqua regia* of the world? Or are you quite ignorant of the aspect of things around you? Ignorance would, perhaps, be pardonable; but with many of you there is more than ignorance—there is obstinacy. Many (I grieve to say it) belong to the hypocrites, who have more regard for their own wilfulness and advantage than for our religious weal. They care not whether some treasures may not be saved from the wreck, or all be lost in the bottomless abyss. Were you real servants of God, true shepherds in Israel, like those who have gone before you, your care would be *to save what is essential,—you would be the first to improve our temples and the form of worship,—* you would be the first to prepare for our youth books of religion, in which the husk should be distinguished from the kernel, out of which they should learn that the religion of the Israelite never is, and how it never is, in any way inconsistent with the fulfilment of any of our duties as subjects or as citizens. But, alas! ye are like the woman who feigned a mother's affection before the judgment-seat of Solomon; for ye say, respecting the child that was not destroyed in the night-time, *neither of us shall have it*. Yet you know what the real mother did: she yielded her claim willingly to save from destruction the child that had lain on her bosom. (1 Kings iii., 16—28.) If religion really lies near your hearts, *teach it and preach it in its real purity and simplicity, and divest it of all that can make us ridiculous to the eyes of other nations,—* divest it of all excrescences and additions, so that it may be again what it was originally; and all truly rational and wise men may be forced to exclaim, in the words of our text, 'Surely this great nation is a wise and understanding people.'

The same subject is dwelt upon more at length in the last sermon in the collection, entitled "Outward Aids to Religion," in which the line is distinctly drawn between reasonable observances and rites and such as are regarded burthen-some and superstitious:

"The outward man is usually the reflection of the inward man. Thus, and not otherwise is it with religion; she must and does make known her inward being, by outward manifestations. Ceremonies and customs should present a faithful image. The religion of the Israelites is great, is pure, in its doctrines and truths; the ceremonies by which that religion is expressed, must be in accordance with that greatness, that purity. That which is superadded and manifestly opposed to its spirit, that which offends the moral sense, shocks the feelings, and disregards the laws of order and beauty, should not be accepted and practised, either in our domestic, or in our public worship. The elders and teachers of the congregation, if they would

be worthy of these names, should direct all their energies to giving to the public service of God, a form, more lovely, more pleasing unto Him, in order that piety and devotion may return, and dwell in houses whence they have long since disappeared. Alas, O Israel! that in so many of thy synagogues, the house of God, the gate of heaven, should no longer be found. Thy houses of God should present a true picture of the doctrine which refreshes the soul, rejoices the heart, enlightens the eyes, makes wise the simple. But is it thus? The jewel is so precious, so rare; wherefore do ye not seek for it in a fitter setting? Employ all physical, visible means, for the promotion of piety, rationally and advisedly. If reason is not exercised, if she is not permitted to use her right of judgment, then imagination assumes unbridled sway, and customs and ceremonies come to be considered as religion itself, in the observance of which reason can discover nothing reasonable, of whose signification and appropriateness it can furnish no account. Men, then, delight in vague feelings, and are satisfied if the heart is touched for a time, but not permanently improved. Many among the educated classes are disposed now to this mysticism, this visionary and dreamy state. They find pleasure in this childish sport with feelings and emotions. You will object to me, that among us there is no danger of this. What mean you by this reply? for in Israel, truly, there are but too many men and women, who are satisfied with this half-light, and consider it piety. Do you mean that there is no danger for you, because you seek often this house of prayer; for you, you would say, who are tolerably enlightened, have selected but a few of the many ceremonies. But, I say unto you, that your's is not a reasonable selection, for I know many among you, who, in the few physical aids they do employ, make many errors; they adhere to empty, superstitious customs, to cabalistic mysteries and sayings, and reject suitable and appropriate aids to virtue. Do you desire examples? I will give you some. The holy solemnization of the Sabbath and festivals, is, to many among you, a matter of indifference; but ye fear, *ye observers of times, to commence a business, or to remove into a new dwelling on certain days.* Some of you consider prayer and devotion as objects of small import, but when you do pray, you fear to pray in any language except Hebrew, which you do not comprehend. You disobey the Mosaic ordinances for the Day of Atonement without self-reproach, but you fear to be present at the service of the dead, lest it should injure your parents, who are still living.* Religious customs that would ennoble and exalt life, remain unobserved; but, in cases of death, customs are observed, which owe their existence to prejudices, which, probably, originally sprang from heathenism. Why is this? Whence is this? Because imagination rules, and reason is become her handmaiden. But where the reason is not exercised, it is impossible to look around freely, to judge rightly. Who can deny that profound, heartfelt devotion, is almost indispensable to the attainment of true piety? But, if reason is not consulted, you adhere anxiously to certain modes and moments of prayer, that are directly opposed to the essence of prayer itself. Who can deny, that the outward distinction of festival and fast-days may give a pious tendency and tone to

* An ancient prejudice among unthinking men.

the heart, and in this way lead it to religion. But, if you do not also employ your reason, you may be induced to consider that observance as a sufficient pretext for begging or borrowing the outlay it involves; nay, you might even thus find an excuse for dishonesty, when, in fact, it would be better even to make the day of the festival a day of work for honest maintenance, than thus render religion a pretext for a recourse to fraud. In short, if you do not employ these means according to reason, error cannot be avoided, and you will lose much more than you appear to gain. (Isaiah i. and lviii.) Do not place too high a value on such aids to virtue; they are the means and not the end. There ever were, and are yet, many individuals in Israel, who imagine themselves to be pious and better than the rest, because they observe a vast number of ceremonies, whose whole meaning has long been forgotten; because they keep many fast days, utter many prayers, read much and often in the sacred writings, as if the dead letter could open heaven to them. And these things are held to be religion, while religion itself is disregarded. O, it is a grievous disease, from which ye suffer much, ye children of my people! Thence there arise so many pretended saints, who form such imperfect and pernicious conceptions of a godly life, which consists really in the most exact fulfilment of our duties. Thence the ridiculous blindness, with which so many look down with contempt on such as think differently and more justly. Pride is concealed beneath their tatters. Thence the blind zeal with which they oppose all institutions that agree not with their ideas. Thence it is that important objects are neglected, because they are occupied with minor matters. They have written those words on the hand, the brow, the door-posts, 'Love the Lord, serve him with all your heart, worship not idols, dedicate your children to virtue;' but they are but lifeless tokens, they sustain not life in life, dead letters and words they remain. O deluded ones! they hope to be healed, merely because they read the prescription of their physician, and frequently comprehend not the language in which that prescription is written. No! to over-value these means is just as sinful as to neglect their use altogether, and perhaps more so, because we may at last persuade ourselves that they are in themselves religion, whereas they can only *lead* man to religion."

We do not know when we have been more edified and delighted, than by the perusal of these high-toned and elegant Discourses of the *Hamburgh Israelitish Pastor*. They do not exhibit the vehemence and impassioned eloquence of the French prelates of the time of Louis XIV., but they have all the unction and earnestness displayed by the best German divines of that and a subsequent era. We are strongly reminded, when reading them, of *Zollikoffer*. There is the same earnest tone of expostulation, as in the discourses of that distinguished divine, the same masculine good sense, the same indifference to formality, the same respect for heart worship, and equal devotional feeling, clothed in a style of

even greater power, freedom and beauty. In his deep and thrilling tones, we almost seem to hear another Moses speaking to the world, and announcing the everlasting truths of religion in the spirit of the ancient prophet, and in language scarcely less sublime and moving. We are glad, inasmuch as the Reformed Israelites have determined to introduce pulpit exercises into their forms of worship, that they have so perfect a model of pulpit oratory as these Discourses furnish to the Jewish student of theology,—nor can we envy the feelings of the Christian, who can rise up from the perusal of them without an increased respect for those great truths of religion which they so powerfully and eloquently enforce.

In conclusion we would remark, that the eyes and ears of Christendom are open to the movements of the Reformed Israelites, in all parts of the world. The tie that connects Jew and Christian is very intimate, although it may not have been, in times past, of the most tender and endearing character. The Founder of the Christian Religion was by birth a Jew. So were his Apostles Jews. Judaism—that of the Old Testament—receives its full development in Christianity. They both form parts of one and the same system, though the connecting links are not recognized by the Jew, nor, perhaps, as fully understood, as they some day will be, by the Christian. The enlightened Israelite, witnessing the sad corruptions into which primitive Judaism has run, insists upon Reform. Probably the Christian world stands equally in need of it at present;—probably the vaunted triumphs of Christianity during the Reformation of the sixteenth century, were only the first important steps in a still greater revolution that the world is yet to witness. Will any one who reflects for a moment on the bitter wars of churchmen, and the mischievous quarrels of the numberless sects into which Christendom is divided, venture to assert, that Christendom is not corrupt,—foully so,—and that a miserable and fatal disease—the disease of party spirit, engendering the worst and basest of passions, is not at this moment preying upon her vitals and mingling the springs of life with a deadly poison? The Jews are to have their golden age. They are all some day to take down their harps from the willows, and chaunt the song of God in a new Jerusalem. But when?—where? Now—every where—if it so please God, and they are so disposed themselves. Religion is the same immutable

principle in every age, and among all nations—true religion, we mean. What is it? Opinion, certainly,—or rather principle,—but less opinion than feeling, less feeling than practice, in which the opinion should be sound, the feeling kind and correct, and the practice good. If Judaism, rightly understood,—if the moral law, properly interpreted, be love to God and love to the human race, imbuing and controlling the thoughts, feelings, motives, actions and lives of individuals, Christianity, we hope, is nothing less,—for if it be, it is worthless, since these two elements comprise the sum and substance of religion, whether it be called by one name or by another. It is idle to look for any improvement or any reform, where these principles are not fully recognized and acted upon. They are the golden links that are yet to bind all the nations of the earth and all the tribes of men together. Then will there be one kingdom, of which God alone shall be sovereign,—and one brotherhood, of which all good men shall be members! The theocracy of the Jews, which, in an evil hour, they abandoned, will then be restored, not for them alone, but for the race of mankind,—a thing at which, in our folly, we now smile; and it will then at length be discovered, after ages of pride, usurpation and misrule, that men are not fit to govern men, or even to govern themselves, without the intervention of a higher and controlling Power, which is to be constantly exerted, and perpetually acknowledged with deep homage and reverential awe.

ART. III.—AMERICAN ORATORY.

1. *Speeches of John C. Calhoun.* Delivered in the Congress of the United States, from 1811 to the present time. New-York: Harper & Brothers, 82 Cliff-street. 1843.
2. *The Life and Speeches of Henry Clay.* 2 vols. New-York: Greely & McElrath, Tribune Buildings. 1843.

AN opportunity has been afforded the reading portion of the people of the United States, in the publication of the works prefixed to this article, of becoming acquainted with the public lives of two of the most distinguished statesmen of their age and country. Justly celebrated as they are, by common consent, above most of those who are with them on the stage of life, these volumes tell the tale of their history in a way that is both instructive and authentic. Each narrates his own story,—each is the witness and advocate in his own case. If, therefore, the proof be wanting, or the argument feeble, the conclusions that are fairly drawn are just results, and even the parties to be affected have no right to complain. These volumes, also, have the undoubted and most desirable quality of being considered accurate on every question that can arise of a public nature, in relation to these distinguished men. Biography, although the most delightful mode in which information can be communicated, is too often affected by the passions and prejudices of the writer, to come to us with the strong recommendation it should possess. And the zeal of friendship, the selfishness of enmity, or some other circumstance, too often makes it the distorted medium through which we contemplate the passion of the writer, and not the character of the subject. From all these objections, the materials before us are free. The parties have spoken for themselves, and out of their own mouths, if there is conviction, will it be rendered.

Mr. Clay and Mr. Calhoun have now passed through life's most eventful scenes. Each, endowed with mental gifts of the highest order, has found, in the circumstances of his own times, a wide sea on which to launch the bark of enterprise; and, in the affections of a large portion of their countrymen, a gale that has wafted that bark to a haven of high renown. Neither found, in birth, the adventitious aid which so often calls on the descendant of an illustrious sire to perpetuate, but not to create, the character that consecrates his

name. Each sprung from an origin, respectable though humble. The one by birth was entitled to a small patrimony,—the other had not even this advantage. Each studied law, intending to pursue it as the means of livelihood. Each has found in it a system of logic, admirable in the advantages it has afforded. The one soon relinquished its active duties for the more noisy contest of a legislative hall; the other has, to this day, bowed an obedient head to the call of his first and favoring mistress, and has obtained a name as imperishable in the Forum, as in the wider theatre of the Senate Chamber of this country. On some few occasions they have been united, and then the result of such an union of strength could only be in triumphant victory. But, throughout a long life, they have found in each other worthy foemen,—and allowing to both the merit of honesty in the opinions they have formed, we may yet conclude that the natural jealousy which is implanted in the bosom of man, has made each look to the other, as a rival to be overcome; and contemplate the glory of that conquest, as the highest reward of the most lofty ambition.

Each is identified with some of the most prominent and useful acts of legislation, that are recorded in the statute book of the land. Nor is it only in matters of public utility, where the proposer could be secure in looking to the immediate support of the people, that these distinguished men have alone been concerned. Each has given evidence of a higher devotion on more than one occasion; each has risen superior to the narrow calculations which limit and confine the sphere of action, and exhibited a willing and high zeal in the cause of the public good, that emulates the brightest stories of Grecian patriotism or Roman firmness. Rome, in her palmiest day, has no brighter instance of chivalrous devotion, than is found in the opposition of Mr. Calhoun to the progress of imperial sway under the rule of President Jackson, in the early contest with his Cabinet; and the disgraceful scenes which marked that period of politico-domestic history. And illustriously as his patriotism shone forth on that occasion, it pales before the more noble and high purpose with which, throwing aside all considerations of private gain, in the war of Nullification, he made his duty superior to his place,—and, like the far-famed soldier of a former day, stood exposed to the fire of a whole army, sooner than be secure, where the faintest tinge of dishonor would attach

to his name. Men seldom so act. The strong impulse of present interest, too far outweighs the "still, small voice of conscience." And, when the most noted individuals of their day, afford to their countrymen these examples of high and noble conduct, they are then truly the benefactors of their race. The well-being of a people can be advanced by a law, that the next year may be repealed. But the lesson of true patriotism that is told and seen in such acts, lives throughout all times; becomes the inheritance of the age and the people, and, like the stamp that gives a fixed value to a precious metal, will circulate through all classes, and make every person familiar with the form and feature of its excellence.

Nor can it be said that Mr. Clay has ever been remiss, when the occasion required that he should do battle single-handed in the cause of his country; or when the chances of politics would seem to show that danger and difficulty environed the way in which his duty directed him to go. In the much famed Missouri controversy, he exhibited a wide love to his whole country, that has justly made him dear to all classes of his fellow-citizens. And, perhaps, no contest will ever occur again, when a single individual will be able, by the gallant exposure of his own name and fortune, so successfully to oppose the growing spirit of faction and discontent, and lead back into the paths of pleasantness and peace, the passions that, like untamed beasts, roamed uncontrolled in the madness of their rage. On a still later occasion, the same love of country has been developed, in the question that seemed to threaten a fatal interruption of the amicable relations between the State of South-Carolina and the General Government. To us, it has always seemed that, in this instance, no picture in the history of our common country is more beautiful, than that which records his interposition in this much-excited dispute. The only man, perhaps, in the nation, who could have then brought back quiet to a stormy sea, he seemed to rise superior to the occasion. Lifting himself above the angry passions of men, he stood forth the advocate and exponent, not of the State, or of the General Government, but of an assembled nation of freemen in this hemisphere,—of suffering humanity throughout the world. He sided not with either of the parties who contended for the right to offer sacrifice at the altar of Liberty. He stood the representative of Liberty herself; and so acted that if he

failed, he would not live to see either, in so dreadful a contest, adorn the march of triumph with his person and name, as a captive or conqueror. It was an occasion where high intellect alone would not have been sufficient. More, much more was required. The heart, that element of true greatness, so seldom asserting its existence in the conduct of a public man,—the good heart, to make interference available, must be equal to the good head. Both were united eminently in Mr. Clay. Both were taxed to the highest pitch, but each yielded full tribute to the requisition.

In this very momentous contest, which we know as the war of Nullification, the two master-spirits of the day were the distinguished men with whose works we are now engaged. Entertaining, as we do, the same principles that were then upheld by the strong intellect of Mr. Calhoun, and ranged, as we then were, under his banner, it is but justice in us to render to Mr. Clay the fullest measure of praise for the part he played on that occasion. The conduct of public men, like that of more private individuals, is much determined by the position they occupy in reference to the particular question which agitates the community in which they are. And though the assertion be bold, it has always been a favorite opinion with us, that if Mr. Calhoun had been in the Senate Chamber from Kentucky, and Mr. Clay the Senator from South-Carolina, the latter would have been the advocate of State Interposition, and the former the pacificator of the nation. Both have cherished a warm attachment to the whole country in which they lived. Both have looked to the union of these States, as not only a proud theatre for their genius and power, but also as one of great interest to the world,—of great moment to the people of the States to which they are respectively attached. But each loves his own State, with a love that seems almost in its fineness to rival the soft love we bear the mother who has watched our infancy, and is proud of our manhood. Both have been favorite sons, and both have returned that love with intense earnestness.

The written and spoken eloquence of these two statesmen, is perhaps as accurate a reflection from nature as can be exhibited by any men who have been so much on the theatre of public life. Neither in manner nor style have they sought to bend the gnarled oak of the forest to the graceful form which the tree of the parterre exhibits, when

contrasted with the wild but singular luxuriance of the woods. To each Nature, in the gifts of mind, has been so prodigal and lavish, that it would have been the meanness of avarice for either to have borrowed from weaker associates the aid which art affords to those who are not so fortunate. Dissimilar as are many of the opinions they entertain, these are not more dissimilar than either the mode or style of speaking they exhibit. All of the productions of Mr. Calhoun are distinguished by great reflection. Perhaps no man ever lived, whose opinions bear a deeper impress of the thorough investigation of the particular question which he discusses. His mind seems a vast machine which acts only, for the time being, on the one subject with which it is engaged. In every conceivable form in which it can be considered, it is well digested. The good that it possesses is extracted, without the alloy of any other matter. The ill that it contains is sifted out in the same manner. No mathematical demonstration is more exact, than the conclusion which he draws. No train of reasoning so well spun. So intent is he upon the conclusion, that although occasionally a figure obtrudes itself on his mind, it is overborne in the onward sweep of his intellect. To the understanding alone he appeals, and would as soon think of playing with the fancy of his hearer, as Hercules would of doing battle with the distaff of Omphale.

It would be, however, doing great injustice, if we would even seem to imply, that the speeches of Mr. Calhoun are deficient in spirit, or wanting in those qualities which serve to keep excited the mind of his auditor. On the contrary, no one ever speaks to an audience more attentive. It is not the attention of idle curiosity,—it is not the attention we give to one who, skilled as a rhetorician, makes us admire the perfection of art. Far different from this is the interest which he awakens. To the indifferent auditor, he is commanding, because his exposition is the most lucid and conclusive in respect to the opinion he advocates; to him who agrees with him, because he gives a reason for the faith that is in him; to his opponent, because every thing that can be said, he is certain of having said in its simplest form, and in a manner which, if it fail to convince when coming from Mr. Calhoun, will most assuredly be weak from any other source.

Nor are the speeches of Mr. Calhoun wanting in fervor. On the contrary, in many of them there are passages of deep,

very deep passion and feeling. It is in these that his eloquence is best exhibited. Like his demonstration, his passion seems to be *sui generis*. It borrows nothing from language. It is a single intense expression of deep, heartfelt sympathy or indignation. When it bursts forth, it needs not the adventitious aid of words to fan the flame, or keep it from expiring. Coming from the inaccessible depths of the soul, living while it burns, it leaves its ineffaceable marks upon the place where it rages. Before the spectator has recovered from the surprise and terror it produces, it has ended,—a calm and sullen darkness reigns over the scene,—and the orator marches onward to the end he has to accomplish, while his course is marked with the evidences of retributive punishment, as just as it is terrible.

Of the speeches of Mr. Calhoun, contained in the volume before us, we give the preference to that on the Force Bill, and the one in reply to Mr. Webster, delivered the 26th Feb., 1833. When we say that we prefer these, we do not assign to them any intrinsic superiority on the score of adaptation to the subject, over many other efforts contained in this volume; but as exhibitions of the peculiar turn of mind, and the style of reasoning, which distinguishes Mr. Calhoun, we know no better specimens. They are interesting to us as philosophical essays on government. They are instructive, as spoken lectures on its origin and structure, from one of the greatest statesmen of the day, and the admitted head of one of the leading parties into which the country is divided;—and they should be read as the exposition of the acts and opinions of an individual, who is now identified with the history of his country, and on whose opinions and conduct posterity will give judgment. Nothing, that we are aware of, is better than his reply to Mr. Webster, at p. 100 :

“The senator from Massachusetts, in his argument against the resolutions, directed his attack almost exclusively against the first, on the ground, I suppose, that it was the basis of the other two, and that, unless the first could be demolished, the others would follow of course. In this he was right. As plain and as simple as the facts contained in the first are, they cannot be admitted to be true without admitting the doctrines for which I, and the State I represent, contend. He (Mr. W.) commenced his attack with a verbal criticism on the resolution, in the course of which he objected strongly to two words, ‘constitutional’ and ‘accede.’ To the former, on the ground that the word as used, (constitutional compact,) was obscure,—that it conveyed no definite meaning,—and that the Constitution was a noun-substantive, and not an adjective. I regret that I have exposed my-

self to the criticism of the senator. I certainly did not intend to use any expression of a doubtful sense, and if I have done so, the senator must attribute it to the poverty of my language, and not to design. I trust, however, that the senator will excuse me, when he comes to hear my apology. In matters of criticism, authority is of the highest importance, and I have an authority of so high a character, in this case, for using the expression which he considers so obscure and so unconstitutional, as will justify me even in his eyes. It is no less than the authority of the senator himself—given on a solemn occasion, (the discussion on Mr. Foote's resolution,) and doubtless with great deliberation, after having duly weighed the force of the expression.

(Here Mr. C. read from Mr. Webster's speech in reply to Mr. Hayne, in the Senate of the United States, delivered Jan. 26, 1830, as follows:)

"The domestic slavery of the South I leave where I find it—in the hands of their own governments. It is their affair, not mine. Nor do I complain of the peculiar effect which the magnitude of that population has had in the distribution of power under the Federal Government. We know, sir, that the representation of the States in the other house is not equal. We know that great advantage, in that respect, is enjoyed by the slave-holding States; and we know, too, that the intended equivalent for that advantage, that is to say, the imposition of direct taxes in the same ratio, has become merely nominal: the habit of the government being almost invariably to collect its revenues from other sources, and in other modes. Nevertheless, I do not complain, nor would I countenance any movement to alter this arrangement of representation. It is the original bargain—the compact—let it stand; let the advantage of it be fully enjoyed. The Union itself is too full of benefits to be hazarded in propositions for changing its original basis. I go for the Constitution as it is, and for the Union as it is. But I am resolved not to submit in silence to accusations, either against myself individually, or against the North, wholly unfounded and unjust: accusations which impute to us a disposition to evade the CONSTITUTIONAL COMPACT, and to extend the power of the government over the internal laws and domestic condition of the States."

"It will be seen, by this extract, that the senator not only uses the phrase 'constitutional compact,' which he now so much condemns, but, what is still more important, he calls the Constitution itself a compact—a bargain; which contains important admissions, having a direct and powerful bearing on the main issue involved in the discussion, as will appear in the course of his remarks. But, as strong as his objection is to the word 'constitutional,' it is still stronger to the word 'accede,' which, he thinks, has been introduced into the resolution with some deep design, as I suppose, to entrap the Senate into an admission of the doctrine of state rights. Here, again, I must shelter myself under authority. But I suspect that the senator, by a sort of instinct, (for our instincts often strangely run before our knowledge,) had a prescience, which would account for his aversion for the word, that this authority was no less than Thomas Jefferson himself, the great apostle of the doctrines of state rights. The word was borrowed from him. It was taken from the Kentucky Resolutions, as

well as the substance of the resolution itself. But I trust that I may neutralize whatever aversion the authorship of this word may have excited in the mind of the senator, by the introduction of another authority—that of Washington himself, who, in his speech to Congress, speaking of the admission of North-Carolina into the Union, uses this very term, which was repeated by the Senate in their reply. Yet, in order to narrow the ground between the senator and myself as much as possible, I will accommodate myself to his strange antipathy against the two unfortunate words, by striking them out of the resolution, and substituting in their place those very words which the senator himself has designated as constitutional phrases. In the place of that abhorred adjective ‘constitutional,’ I will insert the very noun-substantive ‘constitution;’ and in the place of the word ‘accede,’ I will insert the word ‘ratify,’ which he designates as the proper term to be used.”

* * * * *

“I fear the senator, in calling it a compact, a bargain, has called down this heavy denunciation on his own head. He finally states that ‘It is founded on compact, but not a compact results from it.’ To what are we to attribute the strange confusion of words? The senator has a mind of high order, and perfectly trained to the most exact use of language. No man knows better the precise import of the words he uses. The difficulty is not in him, but in his subject. He who undertakes to prove that this Constitution is not a compact, undertakes a task which, be his strength ever so great, must oppress him by its weight. Taking the whole of the argument of the senator together, I would say that it is his impression that the Constitution is not a compact, and will now proceed to consider the reason which he has assigned for this opinion.

He thinks there is an incompatibility between constitution and compact. To prove this, he adduces the words ‘ordain and establish,’ contained in the preamble of the Constitution. I confess I am not capable of perceiving in what manner these words are incompatible with the idea that the Constitution is a compact. The senator will admit that a single State may ordain a constitution; and where is the difficulty, where the incompatibility of two States concurring in ordaining and establishing a constitution? As between the States themselves, the instrument would be a compact; but in reference to the government, and those on whom it operates, it would be ordained and established—ordained and established by the *joint authority of two*, instead of the single authority of one.

The next argument which the senator advances to show that the language of the Constitution is irreconcilable with the idea of its being a compact, is taken from that portion of the instrument which imposes prohibitions on the authority of the States. He said that the language used in imposing the prohibitions, is the language of a superior to an inferior; and that, therefore, it was not the language of a compact, which implies the equality of the parties. As a proof, the senator cited the several provisions of the Constitution which provide that no State shall enter into treaties of alliance and confederation, lay imposts, &c., without the assent of Congress. If he had turned to the articles of the old confederation, which he acknowledges

to have been a compact, he would have found that those very prohibitory articles of the Constitution were borrowed from that instrument; that the language which he now considers as implying superiority, was taken verbatim from it. If he had extended his researches still farther, he would have found that it is the habitual language used in treaties, whenever a stipulation is made against the performance of any act. Among many instances which I could cite if it were necessary, I refer the senator to the celebrated treaty negotiated by Mr. Jay with Great Britain in 1793, and in which the very language used in the Constitution is employed.

To prove that the Constitution is not a compact, the senator next observes that it stipulates nothing, and asks, with an air of triumph, Where are the evidences of the stipulations between the States? I must express my surprise at this interrogatory, coming from so intelligent a source. Has the senator never seen the ratification of the Constitution by the several States? Did he not cite them on this very occasion? Do they contain no evidence of this stipulation on the part of the States? Nor is the assertion less strange that the Constitution contains no stipulation. So far from regarding it in the light in which the senator regards it, I consider the whole instrument but a mass of stipulation: what is that but a stipulation to which the senator refers when he states, in the course of his argument, that each State had agreed to participate in the sovereignty of the others?

But the principal argument on which the senator relied to show that the Constitution is not a compact, rests on the provision in that instrument which declares that 'this Constitution, and the laws made in pursuance thereof, and treaties made under their authority, are the supreme laws of the land.' He asked, with marked emphasis, Can a compact be the supreme law of the land? I ask, in return, whether treaties are not compacts, and whether treaties, as well as the Constitution, are not declared to be the supreme law of the land? His argument, in fact, as conclusively proves that treaties are not compacts, as it does that this Constitution is not a compact. I might rest this point on this decisive answer; but, as I desire to leave not a shadow of doubt on this important point, I shall follow the gentleman in the course of his reasoning."

As another argument on the same question, we introduce the following from p. 83, which is an admirable specimen of the great perspicuity and closeness which marks the reasoning of Mr. Calhoun:

"Notwithstanding all that has been said, I must say that neither the senator from Delaware, (Mr. Clayton,) nor any other who has spoken on the same side, has directly and fairly met the great questions at issue: Is this a federal union? a union of states, as distinct from that of individuals? Is the sovereignty in the several States, or in the American people in the aggregate? The very language which we are compelled to use, when speaking of our political institutions, affords proof conclusive as to its real character. The terms union, federal, united, all imply a combination of sovereignties,—a confederation of States. They are never applied to an association of

individuals. Who ever heard of the United State of New-York, of Massachusetts, or of Virginia? Who ever heard the term federal or union applied to the aggregation of individuals into one community? Nor is the other point less clear—that the sovereignty is in the several states, and that our system is a union of twenty-four sovereign powers, under a constitutional compact, and not of a divided sovereignty between the states severally and the United States. In spite of all that has been said, I maintain that sovereignty is in its nature indivisible. It is the supreme power in a state, and we might just as well speak of half a square, or half of a triangle, as of half a sovereignty. It is a gross error to confound the *exercise* of sovereign powers with *sovereignty* itself, or the *delegation* of such powers with a *surrender* of them. A sovereign may delegate his powers to be exercised by as many agents as he may think proper, under such conditions and with such limitations as he may impose; but to surrender any portion of his sovereignty to another, is to annihilate the whole. The senator from Delaware (Mr. Clayton,) calls this metaphysical reasoning, which, he says, he cannot comprehend. If by metaphysics he means that scholastic refinement which makes distinctions without difference, no one can hold it in more utter contempt than I do; but if, on the contrary, he means the power of analysis and combination,—that power which reduces the most complex idea into its elements, which traces causes to their first principle, and, by the power of generalization and combination, unites the whole in one harmonious system—then, so far from deserving contempt, it is the highest attribute of the human mind. It is the power which raises man above the brute,—which distinguishes his faculties from mere sagacity, which he holds in common with inferior animals. It is this power which has raised the astronomer from being a mere gazer at the stars, to the high intellectual eminence of a Newton or Laplace, and astronomy itself from a mere observation of insulated facts, into that noble science which displays to our admiration the system of the universe. And shall this high power of the mind, which has effected such wonders when directed to the laws which control the material world, be forever prohibited, under a senseless cry of metaphysics, from being applied to the high purpose of political science and legislation? I hold them to be subject to laws as fixed as matter itself, and to be as fit a subject for the application of the highest intellectual power. Denunciation may, indeed, fall upon the philosophical inquirer into these first principles, as it did upon Galileo and Bacon, when they first unfolded the great discoveries which have immortalized their names; but the time will come when truth will prevail in spite of prejudice and denunciation, and when politics and legislation will be considered as much a science as astronomy and chemistry.”

* * * * *

“In the same spirit, we are told that the Union must be preserved, without regard to the means. And how is it proposed to preserve the Union? By force! Does any man in his senses believe that this beautiful structure—this harmonious aggregate of states, produced by the joint consent of all—can be preserved by force? Its very introduction will be certain destruction of this Federal Union. No, no. You cannot keep the states united in their constitutional and federal

bonds by force. Force may, indeed, hold the parts together, but such union would be the bond between master and slave: a union of exaction on one side, and of unqualified *obedience* on the other. That *obedience* which, we are told by the senator from Pennsylvania, (Mr. Wilkins,) is the Union! Yes, exaction on the side of the master; for this very bill is intended to collect what can be no longer called *taxes*—the voluntary contribution of a free people,—but tribute—tribute to be collected under the mouths of the cannon! Your custom-house is already transferred to a garrison, and that garrison with its batteries turned, not against the enemy of your country, but on subjects, (I will not say citizens,) on whom you propose to levy contributions. Has reason fled from our borders? Have we ceased to reflect? It is madness to suppose that the Union can be preserved by force. I tell you plainly, that the bill, should it pass, cannot be enforced. It will prove only a blot upon your statute-book, a reproach to the year, and a disgrace to the American Senate. I repeat that it will not be executed: it will rouse the dormant spirit of the people, and open their eyes to the approach of despotism. The country has sunk into avarice and political corruption, from which nothing can arouse it but some measure, on the part of the government, of folly and madness, such as that now under consideration.

"Disguise it as you may, the controversy is one between power and liberty; and I will tell the gentlemen who are opposed to me, that, as strong as may be the love of power on their side, the love of liberty is still stronger on ours. History furnishes many instances of similar struggles, where the love of liberty has prevailed against power under every disadvantage, and among them few more striking than that of our own Revolution; where, as strong as was the parent country, and feeble as were the colonies, yet, under the impulse of liberty, and the blessing of God, they gloriously triumphed in the contest. There are, indeed, many and striking analogies between that and the present controversy; they both originated substantially in the same cause, with this difference, that, in the present case, the power of taxation is converted into that of regulating industry; in that, the power of regulating industry, by the regulation of commerce, was attempted to be converted into the power of taxation. Were I to trace the analogy farther, we should find that the perversion of the taxing power, in one case, has given precisely the same control to the Northern section over the industry of the Southern section of the Union, which the power to regulate commerce gave to Great Britain over the industry of the colonies: and that the very articles in which the colonies were permitted to have a free trade, and those in which the mother country had a monopoly, are almost identically the same as those in which the Southern States are permitted to have a free trade by the act of 1832, and in which the Northern States have, by the same act, secured a monopoly: the only difference is in the means. In the former, the colonies were permitted to have a free trade with all countries south of Cape Finisterre, a cape in the northern part of Spain; while north of that the trade of the colonies was prohibited, except through the mother-country, by means of her commercial regulations. If we compare the products of the country north and south of Cape Finisterre, we shall find them almost identical with

the list of the protected and unprotected articles contained in the act of last year. Nor does the analogy terminate here. The very arguments resorted to at the commencement of the American Revolution, and the measures adopted, and the motives assigned to bring on that contest, (to enforce the law,) are almost identically the same."

The cursory reader cannot fail to be struck with the passage,—the statesman and logician will regard it with great admiration. It is as fine a specimen of reasoning as exists in written language. There is no superabundance of words. Every sentence is full of meaning. Add any thing, and the severe and simple beauty of the argument is lost. Attempt to take the least away, and you find that the pruning hook has nothing on which it can operate. In the heat and conflict of battle, with the keenness of the scimeter of Saladin, his argument descends through the cloud of dust and smoke, like the flash of lightning, and cleaves its way through the heaviest head-piece; and even when at rest, its tone and temper are so well preserved, that the idle gossamer that floats on its edge is severed in twain, and falls dissected to the ground.

There is no charge to which an American statesman is more obnoxious—none so often thrown out reproachfully—and yet none to which less blame is justly to be attached, than that involving a change of opinions, which may have been entertained either on matters of governmental policy or constitutional law. No one should be ever so weak and uncertain in purpose, as to give occasion for the suspicion, that his conclusions as a statesman were matters of whim, or that his recommendations were not the result of the most careful deliberation. His own self-respect would require this at his hands, and a decent regard for the welfare of those whose trusted agent he is, should prompt him not to expose their interests to the curse of fickle change. But a more fatal error than this, would be found in an obstinate adherence to any opinion, when he who professes it has become satisfied that it was conceived in error. Our government was an experiment, and the only light which the framers of the Constitution had to guide them, was that derived from their experience of the inefficiency of the old articles of confederation. Through these, they knew the deficiencies that were to be remedied in time of war; but the independence of the country having become established, this was destined to become a matter of comparative unconcern.

When England admitted her inability to keep her colonies in North-America longer in subjection, she gave them the evidence and badge of perpetual freedom. The separate existence which the American people had so dearly won, they were well able to protect forever, unless internal divisions should intervene to break the unity of strength the nation then possessed, and make each separate State a mark for the conquest of a bold invader. But Peace, with Commerce, and the thousand ramified interests springing from it, were matters full of difficulty. The jarring interests of so many sovereignties, where rights were surrendered not in whole, but in part, and that, too, for special purposes, was a subject calling for the gravest deliberation, and one in which previous experience existed only to a limited extent with the members of the Convention who framed the Constitution. The polar star, therefore, that alone could be consulted either then, or in after times, was and is the good of the whole. But, although this would seem to be sufficient, when brought to the actual workings of government, what so difficult to decide as what is the good of the whole? Besides, who are to judge of what is the good of the whole? Nor is this all. The adjustment of the respective departments of the Federal and State Governments, is, in practice, often found almost impossible to be so made, as to give satisfaction. All admit, that in every written charter, implication, to some extent, must increase the expressed power; but how far shall this implication extend? who is to fix the limit? Very far is it from removing the difficulty to say, that implication only extends to such power as necessarily results from the granted power. For who will be the umpire to decide whether the implication is necessary or not? It changes only the course of the argument, without in the least degree removing the difficulties which ever have and ever will be in the way of a harmonious adjustment of the powers of the government, upon any settled principle of the Constitution. The Constitution is but a law; and we all know that in the enactments even of a local legislature, the doubts and differences are almost without number; and were it not that our Courts are the final resort, where the construction that must govern is had, upon what an endless sea of difficulties should we be launched, in questions, for instance, under the act abolishing Primogeniture, or any other statute where a principle was to be established, and

its application decided? We allude not to these matters to signify dissatisfaction. Not if it were in our power, with a dash of the pen, to alter a word in that venerable Charter of our Rights, would we do so sacrilegious an act. In the word of God,—in the Revelation made to man from the source of all goodness,—the human mind has found sources of disagreement in opinion, and wise and good men have been mutually astonished at the mental obliquity exhibited in the interpretations which each has made of that which they read in the same language. Shall the law made by man command that unanimity, which the law of God fails to produce? But it is not because men differ in certain particulars, that the Bible is cast aside. It is not because doctrinal points are learnedly discussed, that therefore men cease to pray. Nor should it be,—and thank Heaven it is not so,—because men in our land differ in opinion, in the construction of certain articles of our compact, that the spirit of freedom is less worshipped, or a generous love of country, and admiration of her institutions, less warmly characterize the happy citizens of our land, whether they live at the North or the South,—whether they call themselves Federalists or Republicans. But these matters of difference furnish us with abundant reason why, in all portions of the country, we perceive those who are engaged in the active life of politics, either entirely changing, or altering, in some particular, the views and opinions which they had previously entertained, perhaps strenuously urged. The opinion of a statesman as to the existence of a certain power, might very well be in its favor, when the proposition was nakedly submitted to him; but if, in its practical operation, he found it full of abuse,—if he considered it not the means of doing good, but the instrument of working deadly injury, when in the hands of an ambitious or unprincipled man, he would be well justified in reconsidering that opinion, and, if he changed it totally, should be entitled to as much praise for so doing, as he would earn obloquy and contempt from obstinately adhering to it, although convinced of its error.

Although there is no one, the least informed on the subject, who would not agree with us, and consider that it was the most natural thing in the world that a politician should change his opinion, nevertheless the mere suspicion of it is enough to raise a popular clamor against him.

Fœnum habet in cornu.

Hunc, tu Romane, caveto.

And few are the charges against which the individual will contend with more eagerness. For a long portion of his life, mixed up with the most active political affairs of his country, and introduced on the theatre of life at an early age, it would have been strange if the opinions of Mr. Calhoun, often uttered in the heat of debate, were the same opinions which, after mature reflection, and the experience derived from the practical tendencies of such an opinion, should in every case have been such as he would be willing to continue through life. If he has a prominent weakness, it is his earnest desire to be classed among those who have never changed the opinions they have once expressed. It is true that, in many cases, he has been unjustly charged in this particular; yet there are instances in which his powerful intellect has developed its gigantic power in attempting to reconcile the opinions he may have maintained at different times, when, to our limited conception, they were as dissimilar and wide apart as the poles. In all these exculpations, there is the same earnestness and directness that belongs to his other efforts; and, as a specimen of their style, we will let him on one occasion speak for himself:

"The charge that I was the author of the protective system, has no other foundation but that I, in common with the almost entire South, gave my support to the tariff of 1816. It is true that I advocated that measure, for which I may rest my defence, without taking any other, on the ground that it was a tariff for revenue, and not for protection, which I have established beyond the power of controversy. But my speech on the occasion has been brought in judgment against me by the senator from Pennsylvania. I have since cast my eyes over the speech; and I will surprise, I have no doubt, the senator, by telling him that, with the exception of some hasty and unguarded expressions, I retract nothing I uttered on that occasion. I only ask that I may be judged, in reference to it, in that spirit of fairness and justice which is due to the occasion: taking into consideration the circumstances under which it was delivered, and bearing in mind that the subject was a tariff for revenue, and not for protection; for reducing, and not raising the revenue. But, before I explain the then condition of the country, from which my main arguments in favor of the measure were drawn, it is nothing but an act of justice to myself that I should state a fact in connexion with my speech, that is necessary to explain what I have called hasty and unguarded expressions. My speech was an *impromptu*; and, as such, I apologized to the House, as appears from the speech as printed, for offering my sentiments on the question without having duly reflected on the subject. It was delivered at the request of a friend, when I had not previously the least intention of addressing the house. I allude to Samuel D. Ingham, then and now, as I am proud to say, a personal and political

friend—a man of talents and integrity—with a clear head, and firm and patriotic heart; then among the leading members of the house: in the palmy state of his political glory, though now for a moment depressed—depressed, did I say? no! it is his state which is depressed—Pennsylvania, and not Samuel D. Ingham! Pennsylvania, which has deserted him under circumstances which, instead of depressing, ought to have elevated him in her estimation. He came to me, when sitting at my desk writing, and said that the house was falling into some confusion, accompanying it with a remark, that I knew how difficult it was to rally so large a body when once broken on a tax bill, as had been experienced during the late war. Having a higher opinion of my influence than it deserved, he requested me to say something to prevent the confusion. I replied that I was at a loss what to say; that I had been busily engaged on the currency, which was then in great confusion, and which, as I have stated, had been placed particularly under my charge, as the chairman of the committee on that subject. He repeated his request, and the speech which the senator from Pennsylvania has complimented so highly was the result.

"I will ask whether the facts stated ought not, in justice, to be borne in mind by those who would hold me accountable, not only for the general scope of the speech, but for every word and sentence which it contains? But, in asking this question, it is not my intention to repudiate the speech. All I ask is, that I may be judged by the rules which, in justice, belong to the case. Let it be recollected that the bill was a revenue bill, and, of course, that it was constitutional. I need not remind the Senate that, when the measure is constitutional, all arguments calculated to show its beneficial operation may be legitimately pressed into service, without taking into consideration whether the subject to which the arguments refer be within the sphere of the Constitution or not. If, for instance, a question were before this body to lay a duty on Bibles, and a motion were made to reduce the duty, or admit Bibles duty free, who could doubt that the argument in favour of the motion, that the increased circulation of the Bible would be in favour of the morality and religion of the country, would be strictly proper? Or who would suppose that he who adduced it had committed himself on the constitutionality of taking the religion or morals of the country under the charge of the Federal Government? Again: suppose the question to be to raise the duty on silk, or any other article of luxury, and that it should be supported on the ground that it was an article mainly consumed by the rich and extravagant, could it be fairly inferred that, in the opinion of the speaker, Congress had a right to pass sumptuary laws? I only ask that these plain rules may be applied to my argument on the tariff of 1816. They turn almost entirely on the benefits which manufactures conferred on the country in time of war, and which no one could doubt. The country had recently passed through such a state. The world was at that time deeply agitated by the effects of the great conflict which had so long raged in Europe, and which no one could tell how soon again might return. Bonaparte had but recently been overthrown; the whole southern part of this Continent was in a state of revolution, and was threatened with the interference of the Holy

Alliance, which, had it occurred, must almost necessarily have involved this country in a dangerous conflict. It was under these circumstances that I delivered the speech, in which I urged the house that, in the adjustment of the tariff, reference ought to be had to a state of war as well as peace, and that its provisions ought to be fixed on the compound views of the two periods—making some sacrifice in peace, in order that less might be made in war. Was this principle false? and, in urging it, did I commit myself to that system of oppression since grown up, and which has for its object the enriching of one portion of the country at the expense of the other?"

There are, we repeat, few finer specimens of Parliamentary eloquence in any language, than the speeches he delivered in opposition to the measures of the administration of General Jackson. At the head of a small but gallant band, he threw himself into the thickest of the fight, and by common consent, the chief place in the contest was assigned him. Professing to contend for principle, he sought not his share of the spoils, even when victory was perched on his banner. Retiring from the companionship of those with whom he was lately connected, and satisfied that the battle he intended to fight was but half won, he again buckled on his armor, and, though at desperate odds, and against those with whom he was lately united, we find him again espousing the cause of the Constitution, and casting off the laurels of former triumphs only to enwreath his brow with fresher and more imperishable evidences of fame.

We do not think it derogating from the reputation of Mr. Clay to say, that his command over his audience lies in the key with which he unlocks their sympathies and passions, and the power of controlling and directing them, he possesses. Bred to the bar, and much of his fame having arisen from his successful efforts in the Forum, his keen insight into human character gave him early in life an opportunity, and created in him a necessity, to cultivate the power which eloquence gives over the passions of an audience. Few men in the United States, who have been transplanted from the Bar to the council chamber, can be found, with whom this talent does not exist to a greater or less degree. The most gifted lawyers have been distinguished for the quick perception they possessed of the feelings of a jury, and for the adroitness with which they have wielded this knowledge to their own purposes; and no one has ever practised at the Bar, who has not felt the necessity of keeping in view this most important faculty. The natural con-

sequence of the great success which belonged to Mr. Clay in this particular, while at the Bar, has caused him on all occasions since, to value it highly as an element of his power. We would not be understood as entertaining the idea that there is trick in his eloquence,—the tinsel and foil which merely dazzle the sight, while the head and heart remain unaffected. Far from it. Mr. Clay may well be conscious of the lofty superiority which he enjoys over any audience he may address; and he may well be excused if, when their assent is the end he has in view, he should select the shortest road to the accomplishment of his wish. Whether, in this section of the country, we consider his schemes of governmental policy wise, or the reverse, none will refuse him the justice of expressing his opinions in bold and touching language. Under whatever prejudices we may labor, in passing judgment on him as a statesman, there can be but one opinion of him as a man. In every address that he delivers, we never fail to catch the spirit of the speaker, and to re-echo the heart-stirring appeals with which he has moved his hearers to the highest pitch of feeling. As, from the eloquent description of an individual, the mind will recreate, and its eye behold, as it were, the unseen form, so from his speeches, without seeing him, we can fancy the tall and spare Kentuckian,—the son of Nature,—the favorite of the West, erect and proud in the simplicity and unadorned figure he supports,—with a consciousness that Nature is not, in his presence, ashamed of her handiwork. And in the Senate Chamber of the United States, that field where trophies of his fame lie in heaps of careless confusion,—where the garlands of victory he no longer seeks for his brow, are allowed to remain at his feet,—there is no one whose name is recorded higher in the niche that enrolls the memories of the wise and good who have tenanted its walls. He is there a Senator,—a Senator such as Rome would boast of even in the days of Cato and Scipio,—a Senator with all the stern and unbending courage, the high honor, the severe character of him, whose fame is identified with the history of Syracuse; and seldom have we listened to the proud and eloquent self-vindication of Damon, without having in our mind this distinguished statesman of our day.

In closeness of reasoning,—in the uninterrupted linking of one argument to another, until the whole chain is completed, Mr. Clay is decidedly inferior to Mr. Calhoun. His mind

has never gone through the same process of training. We would not say that it has been trained less, but that it has not been trained in the same manner. Mr. Calhoun is not satisfied with his own conviction,—he has much of the zeal of the proselyte, and will make others either coincide with him, or appear unreasonable in their opposition. Mr. Clay has not, by any means, the same spirit, to the same extent. He cares little for controversy, because he feels that he has nothing to gain from conflicts of that kind. Success in such encounters can add nothing to the admitted superiority which he commands over all. He avoids not the contest, when it is offered, but when he advances to the attack we consider him as a political Bonaparte. His plan of assault is no where laid down in the books of tactics,—and the shame of defeat, on the part of his opponents, is more than half removed, by their admiration of the glittering genius that seems to flash over them like the sword of a destroying angel, superior to the power of resistance which mortals can oppose. As illustrations of what we have stated, we refer to the following extracts from his speeches. We begin with his speech on the emancipation of South-America, p. 82 :

"In contemplating the great struggle in which Spanish America is now engaged, our attention is first fixed by the immensity and character of the country which Spain seeks again to subjugate. Stretching on the Pacific Ocean from about the fortieth degree of north latitude to about the fifty-fifth degree of south latitude, and extending from the mouth of the Rio del Norte, (exclusive of East Florida,) around the Gulf of Mexico, and along the South Atlantic to near Cape Horn; it is about five thousand miles in length, and in some places near three thousand in breadth. Within this vast region we behold the most sublime and interesting objects of creation; the loftiest mountains, the most majestic rivers in the world; the richest mines of the precious metals, and the choicest productions of the earth. We behold there a spectacle still more interesting and sublime—the glorious spectacle of eighteen millions of people, struggling to burst their chains and to be free. When we take a little nearer and more detailed view, we perceive that nature has, as it were, ordained that this people and this country shall ultimately constitute several different nations. Leaving the United States on the north, we come to New Spain, or the vice-royalty of Mexico on the south; passing by Guatémala, we reach the vice-royalty of New-Granada, the late captain-generalship of Venezuela, and Guiana, lying on the east side of the Andes. Stepping over the Brazils, we arrive at the united provinces of La Plata, and crossing the Andes, we find Chili on their west side, and, further north, the vice-royalty of Lima, or Peru. Each of these several parts is sufficient in itself, in point of limits, to constitute a powerful State; and, in point of population,

that which has the smallest, contains enough to make it respectable. Throughout all the extent of that great portion of the world, which I have attempted thus hastily to describe, the spirit of revolt against the dominion of Spain has manifested itself. The revolution has been attended with various degrees of success in the several parts of Spanish America. In some it has been already crowned, as I shall endeavor to show, with complete success; and in all, I am persuaded that independence has struck such deep root that the power of Spain can never eradicate it. What are the causes of this great movement?

"Three hundred years ago, upon the ruins of the thrones of Montezuma and the Incas of Peru, Spain erected the most tremendous system of colonial despotism that the world has ever seen—the most vigorous, the most exclusive. The great principle and object of this system, has been to render one of the largest portions of the world exclusively subservient, in all its faculties, to the interests of an inconsiderable spot in Europe. To effectuate this aim of her policy, she locked up Spanish America from all the rest of the world, and prohibited, under the severest penalties, any foreigner from entering any part of it. To keep the natives themselves ignorant of each other, and of the strength and resources of the several parts of her American possessions, she next prohibited the inhabitants of one vice-royalty or government from visiting those of another; so that the inhabitants of Mexico, for example, were not allowed to enter the vice-royalty of New Granada. The agriculture of those vast regions was so regulated and restrained, as to prevent all collision with the agriculture of the peninsula. Where nature, by the character and composition of the soil, had commanded, the abominable system of Spain has forbidden, the growth of certain articles. Thus the olive and the vine, to which Spanish America is so well adapted, are prohibited, wherever their culture can interfere with the olive and the vine of the peninsula. The commerce of the country, in the direction and objects of the exports and imports, is also subjected to the narrow and selfish views of Spain—and fettered by the odious spirit of monopoly existing in Cadiz. She has sought, by scattering discord among the several castes of her American population, and by a debasing course of education, to perpetuate her oppression. Whatever concerns public law, or the science of government, all writers upon political economy, or that tend to give vigor, and freedom, and expansion to the intellect, are prohibited. Gentlemen would be astonished by the long list of distinguished authors whom she proscribes, to be found in Depon's and other works. A main feature in her policy, is that which constantly elevates the European and depresses the American character. Out of upwards of seven hundred and fifty viceroys and captains-general, whom she has appointed since the conquest of America, about eighteen only have been from the body of the American population. On all occasions, she seeks to raise and promote her European subjects, and to degrade and humiliate the Creoles. Wherever in America her sway extends, every thing seems to pine and wither beneath its baneful influence. The richest regions of the earth; man, his happiness and his education,

all the fine faculties of his soul, are regulated, and modified, and moulded to suit the execrable purposes of an inexorable despotism.

"Such is a brief and imperfect picture of the state of things in Spanish America in 1808, when the famous transactions of Bayonne occurred. The King of Spain and the Indies (for Spanish America has always constituted an integral part of the Spanish empire) abdicated his throne and became a voluntary captive. Even at this day, one does not know whether he should most condemn the baseness and perfidy of the one party, or despise the meanness and imbecility of the other. If the obligation of obedience and allegiance existed on the part of the colonies to the king of Spain, it was founded on the duty of protection which he owed them. By disqualifying himself for the performance of this duty, they became released from that obligation. The monarchy was dissolved; and each integral part had a right to seek its own happiness, by the institution of any new government adapted to its wants. Joseph Bonaparte, the successor *de facto* of Ferdinand, recognised this right on the part of the colonies, and recommended them to establish their independence. Thus, upon the ground of strict right,—upon the footing of a mere legal question, governed by forensic rules, the colonies, being absolved by the acts of the parent country from the duty of subjection to it, had an indisputable right to set up for themselves. But I take a broader and a bolder position. I maintain, that an oppressed people are authorized, whenever they can, to rise and break their fetters. This was the great principle of the English revolution. It was the great principle of our own. Vattel, if authority were wanting, expressly supports this right. We must pass sentence of condemnation upon the founders of our liberty—say that they were rebels—traitors, and that we are at this moment legislating without competent powers, before we can condemn the cause of Spanish America. Our revolution was mainly directed against the mere theory of tyranny. We had suffered comparatively but little; we had, in some respects, been kindly treated; but our intrepid and intelligent fathers saw, in the usurpation of the power to levy an inconsiderable tax, the long train of oppressive acts that were to follow. They rose; they breasted the storm; they achieved our freedom. Spanish America for centuries has been doomed to the practical effects of an odious tyranny. If we were justified, she is more than justified.

"I am no propagandist. I would not seek to force upon other nations our principles and our liberty, if they do not want them. I would not disturb the repose even of a detestable despotism. But, if an abused and oppressed people will their freedom; if they seek to establish it; if, in truth, they have established it, we have a right, as a sovereign power, to notice the fact, and to act as circumstances and our interest require. I will say, in the language of the venerated father of my country: 'Born in a land of liberty, my anxious recollections, my sympathetic feelings, and my best wishes, are irresistibly excited; whenever, in any country, I see an oppressed nation unfurl the banners of freedom.' Whenever I think of Spanish America, the image irresistibly forces itself upon my mind of an elder brother, whose education has been neglected, whose person has been abused and maltreated, and who has been disinherited by the un-

kindness of an unnatural parent. And, when I contemplate the glorious struggle which that country is now making, I think I behold that brother rising, by the power and energy of his fine native genius, to the manly rank which nature, and nature's God, intended for him."

The next extract will be found at p. 141, in his speech on Protection to Home Industry :

"The wants of man may be classed under three heads—food, raiment and defence. They are felt alike in the state of barbarism and of civilization. He must be defended against the ferocious beasts of prey in the one condition, and against the ambition, violence and injustice, incident to the other. If he seeks to obtain a supply of those wants without giving an equivalent, he is a beggar or a robber; if by promising an equivalent which he cannot give, he is fraudulent; and if by a commerce, in which there is perfect freedom on his side, whilst he meets with nothing but restrictions on the other, he submits to an unjust and degrading inequality. What is true of individuals is equally so of nations. The country, then, which relies upon foreign nations for either of those great essentials, is not, in fact, independent. Nor is it any consolation for our dependance upon other nations, that they are also dependant upon us, even were it true. Every nation should anxiously endeavor to establish its absolute independence, and consequently be able to feed, and clothe, and defend itself. If it rely upon a foreign supply, that may be cut off by the caprice of the nation yielding it, by war with it, or even by war with other nations: it cannot be independent. But, it is not true that any other nations depend upon us in a degree any thing like equal to that of our dependance upon them for the great necessities to which I have referred. Every other nation seeks to supply itself with them from its own resources; and, so strong is the desire which they feel to accomplish this purpose, that they exclude the cheaper foreign article for the dearer home production. Witness the English policy in regard to corn. So selfish, in this respect, is the conduct of other powers, that, in some instances, they even prohibit the produce of the industry of their *own* colonies, when it comes into competition with the produce of the parent country. All other countries but our own exclude, by high duties, or absolute prohibitions, whatever they can respectively produce within themselves. The truth is, and it is in vain to disguise it, that we are a sort of independent colonies of England—politically free, commercially slaves. Gentlemen tell us of the advantages of a free exchange of the produce of the world. But they tell us of what has never existed, does not exist, and perhaps never will exist. They invoke us to give perfect freedom on our side, whilst in the ports of every other nation, we are met with a code of odious restrictions, shutting out entirely a great part of our produce, and letting in only so much as they cannot possibly do without. I will hereafter examine their favorite maxim, of leaving things to themselves, more particularly. At present I will only say that I too am a friend to free trade, but it must be a free trade of perfect reciprocity. If the governing consideration were cheapness; if national independence were to weigh nothing; if honor nothing; why not subsidize

foreign powers to defend us? why not hire Swiss or Hessian mercenaries to protect us? why not get our arms of all kinds, as we do, in part, the blankets and clothing of our soldiers, from abroad? We should probably consult economy by these dangerous expedients.

"But, say gentlemen, there are to the manufacturing system some inherent objections, which should induce us to avoid its introduction into this country; and we are warned by the example of England, by her pauperism, by the vices of her population, her wars, &c. It would be a strange order of Providence, if it were true, that he should create necessary and indispensable wants, and yet should render us unable to supply them without the degradation or contamination of our species.

"Pauperism is, in general, the effect of an overflowing population. Manufactures may undoubtedly produce a redundant population; but so may commerce, and so may agriculture. In this respect they are alike; and from whatever cause the disproportion of a population to the subsisting faculty of a country may proceed, its effect of pauperism is the same. Many parts of Asia would exhibit, perhaps, as afflicting effects of an extreme prosecution of the agricultural system, as England can possibly furnish, respecting the manufacturing. It is not, however, fair to argue from these extreme cases, against either the one system or the other. There are abuses incident to every branch of industry, to every profession. It would not be thought very just or wise to arraign the honorable professions of law and physic, because the one produces the *pettifogger*, and the other the quack. Even in England it has been established, by the diligent search of Colquhoun, from the most authentic evidence, the judicial records of the country, that the instances of crime were much more numerous in the agricultural than in the manufacturing districts; thus proving that the cause of wretchedness and vice in that country was to be sought for, not in this or that system, so much as in the fact of the density of its population. France resembles this country more than England, in respect to the employments of her population; and we do not find that there is any thing in the condition of the manufacturing portion of it, which ought to dissuade us from the introduction of it into our own country. But even France has not that great security against the abuses of the manufacturing system, against the effects of too great a density of population, which we possess in our waste lands. While this resource exists, we have nothing to apprehend. Do capitalists give too low wages; are the laborers too crowded and in danger of starving?—the unsettled lands will draw off the redundancy, and leave the others better provided for. If an unsettled province, such as Texas, for example, could, by some convulsion of nature, be wafted alongside of, and attached to, the island of Great Britain, the instantaneous effect would be, to draw off the redundant portion of the population, and to render more comfortable both the emigrants and those whom they would leave behind. I am aware that while the public domain is an acknowledged security against the abuses of the manufacturing, or any other system, it constitutes, at the same time, an impediment, in the opinion of some, to the success of manufacturing industry, by its tendency to prevent the reduction of the wages of labor. Those who urge this objection, have their

eyes too much fixed on the ancient system of manufacturing, when manual labor was the principal instrument which it employed. During the last half century, since the inventions of Arkwright, and the long train of improvements which followed, the labor of machinery is principally used. I have understood, from sources of information which I believe to be accurate, that the combined force of all the machinery employed by Great Britain, in manufacturing, is equal to the labor of one hundred millions of able-bodied men. If we suppose the aggregate of the labor of all the individuals which she employs in that branch of industry to be equal to the united labor of two millions of able-bodied men, (and I should think it does not exceed it,) machine labor will stand to manual labor, in the proportion of one hundred to two. There cannot be a doubt that we have skill and enterprise enough to command the requisite amount of machine power.

"There are, too, some checks to emigration from the settled parts of our country to the waste lands of the west. Distance is one, and it is every day becoming greater and greater. There exists, also, a natural repugnance (felt less, it is true, in the United States than elsewhere, but felt even here) to abandoning the place of our nativity. Women and children, who could not migrate, and who would be comparatively idle if manufactures did not exist, may be profitably employed in them. This is a very great benefit. I witnessed the advantage resulting from the employment of this description of our population, in a visit which I lately made to the Waltham manufactory, near Boston. There, some hundreds of girls and boys were occupied in separate apartments. The greatest order, neatness and apparent comfort, reigned throughout the whole establishment. The daughters of respectable farmers,—in one instance I remember, the daughter of a senator in the State legislature, were usefully employed. They would come down to the manufactory, remain perhaps some months, and return, with their earnings, to their families, to assist them throughout the year. But one instance had occurred, I was informed by the intelligent manager, of doubtful conduct on the part of any of the females, and, after she was dismissed, there was reason to believe that injustice had been done her. Suppose that establishment to be destroyed, what would become of all the persons who are there engaged so beneficially to themselves, and so usefully to the State? Can it be doubted that, if the crowds of little mendicant boys and girls who infest this edifice, and assail us, every day, at its very thresholds, as we come in and go out, begging for a cent, were employed in some manufacturing establishment, it would be better for them and the city? Those who object to the manufacturing system should recollect, that constant occupation is the best security for innocence and virtue, and that idleness is the parent of vice and crime. They should contemplate the laboring poor with employment, and ask themselves what would be their condition without it. If there are instances of hard task-masters among the manufacturers, so also are there in agriculture. The cause is to be sought for, not in the nature of this or that system, but in the nature of man. If there are particular species of unhealthy employment in manufactures, so there are in agriculture also. There has been an idle attempt to ridicule the manufacturing system, and we have heard the expres-

son, 'spinning-jenny tenure.' It is one of the noblest inventions of human skill. It has diffused comforts among thousands who, without it, would never have enjoyed them; and millions yet unborn will bless the man by whom it was invented. Three important inventions have distinguished the last half century, each of which, if it had happened at long intervals of time from the other, would have been sufficient to constitute an epoch in the progress of the useful arts. The first was that of Arkwright; and our own country is entitled to the merit of the other two. The world is indebted to Whitney for the one, and to Fulton for the other. Nothing is secure against the shafts of ridicule. What would be thought of a man who should speak of a cotton-gin tenure, or a steamboat tenure?"

We next introduce an extract from his speech on the Compromise Bill, at p. 153. There are passages in this speech that makes us respect and admire the man, however strongly we may be opposed to certain political principles he advocates:

"Taking this view of the subject, South-Carolina is doing nothing more, except that she is doing it with more rashness, than some other States have done—that respectable State, Ohio, and, if I am not mistaken, the State of Virginia also. An opinion prevailed some years ago, that if you put the laws of a State into a penal form, you could oust federal jurisdiction out of the limits of that State, because the State tribunals had an exclusive jurisdiction over penalties and crimes, and it was inferred that no federal court could wrest the authority from them. According to that principle, the State of Ohio passed the laws taxing the branch of the United States Bank, and high penalties were to be enforced against every person who should attempt to defeat her taxation. The question was tried. It happened to be my lot to be counsel at law to bring the suit against the State, and to maintain the federal authority. The trial took place in the State of Ohio; and it is one of the many circumstances which redounds to the honor of that patriotic State, she submitted to the federal force. I went to the office of the public treasury myself, to which was taken the money of the Bank of the United States, it having remained there in sequestration until it was peaceably rendered, in obedience to the decision of the court, without any appeal to arms. In a building which I had to pass in order to reach the treasury, I saw the most brilliant display of arms and musquetry that I ever saw in my life; but not one was raised or threatened to be raised against the due execution of the laws of the United States, when they were then enforced. In Virginia (but I am not sure that I am correct in the history of it,) there was a case of this kind. Persons were liable to penalties for selling lottery tickets. It was contended that the State tribunals had an exclusive jurisdiction over the subject. The case was brought before the Supreme Court—the parties were a Mr. Myers and somebody else, and it decided, as it must always decide, no matter what obstruction—no matter what the State law may be, the constitutional laws of the United States must follow and defeat it, in its attempt to arrest the federal arm in the exercise of its lawful au-

thority. South-Carolina has attempted—and, I repeat it, in a much more offensive way, attempted to defeat the execution of the laws of the United States. But it seems that, under all the circumstances of the case, she has, for the present, determined to stop here, in order that, by our legislation, we may prevent the necessity of her advancing any further. But there are other reasons for the expediency of legislation at this time. Although I came here impressed with a different opinion, my mind has now become reconciled.

"The memorable first of February is past. I confess I did feel an unconquerable repugnance to legislation until that day should have passed, because of the consequences that were to ensue. I hoped that the day would go over well. I feel, and I think that we must all confess, we breathe a freer air than when the restraint was upon us. But this is not the only consideration. South-Carolina has practically postponed her ordinance, instead of letting it go into effect, till the fourth of March. Nobody who has noticed the course of events, can doubt that she will postpone it by still farther legislation, if Congress should rise without the settlement of this question. I was going to say, my life on it, she will postpone it to a period subsequent to the fourth of March. It is in the natural course of events. South-Carolina must perceive the embarrassments of her situation. She must be desirous—it is unnatural to suppose that she is not—to remain in the Union. What! a State whose heroes in its gallant ancestry fought so many glorious battles along with those of the other States of this Union—a State with which this confederacy is linked by bonds of such a powerful character! I have sometimes fancied what would be her condition if she goes out of this Union; if her five hundred thousand people should at once be thrown upon their own resources. She is out of the Union. What is the consequence? She is an independent power. What then does she do? She must have armies and fleets, and an expensive government—have foreign missions—she must raise taxes—enact this very tariff, which has driven her out of the Union, in order to enable her to raise money, and to sustain the attitude of an independent power. If she should have no force, no navy to protect her, she would be exposed to piratical incursions. Their neighbor, St. Domingo, might pour down a horde of pirates on her borders, and desolate her plantations. She must have her embassies, therefore must she have a revenue. And, let me tell you, there is another consequence—an inevitable one; she has a certain description of persons, recognized as property south of the Potomac, and west of the Mississippi, which would be no longer recognized as such, except within their own limits. This species of property would sink to one-half of its present value, for it is Louisiana and the south-western States which are her great market.

"But I will not dwell on this topic any longer. I say it is utterly impossible that South-Carolina ever desired, for a moment, to become a separate and independent State. If the existence of the ordinance, while an act of Congress is pending, is to be considered as a motive for not passing that law, why, this would be found to be a sufficient reason for preventing the passing of any laws. South-Carolina, by keeping the shadow of an ordinance even before us, as she has it in her power to postpone it from time to time, would defeat our legisla-

tion forever. I would repeat that, under all the circumstances of the case, the condition of South-Carolina is only one of the elements of a combination, the whole of which, together, constitutes a motive of action which renders it expedient to resort, during the present session of Congress, to some measure, in order to quiet and tranquillize the country.

"If there be any who want civil war—who want to see the blood of any portion of our countrymen spilt—I am not one of them. I wish to see war of no kind; but, above all, I do not desire to see a civil war. When war begins, whether civil or foreign, no human sight is competent to foresee when, or how, or where it is to terminate. But when a civil war shall be lighted up in the bosom of our own happy land, and armies are marching, and commanders are winning their victories, and fleets are in motion on our coast—tell me, if you can, tell me if any human being can tell its duration. God alone knows where such a war would end. In what a state will be left our institutions? In what state our liberties? I want no war; above all, no war at home.

"Sir, I repeat, that I think South-Carolina has been rash, intemperate, and greatly in the wrong; but I do not want to disgrace her, nor any other member of this Union. No: I do not desire to see the lustre of one single star dimmed, of that glorious confederacy which constitutes our political system; still less do I wish to see it blotted out, and its light obliterated forever. Has not the State of South-Carolina been one of the members of this Union in 'days that tried men's souls'? Have not her ancestors fought alongside our ancestors? Have we not, conjointly, won together many a glorious battle? If we had to go into a civil war with such a State, how would it terminate? Whenever it should have terminated, what would be her condition? If she should ever return to the Union, what would be the condition of her feelings and affections; what the state of the heart of her people? She has been with us before, when her ancestors mingled in the throng of battle, and as I hope our posterity will mingle with hers, for ages and centuries to come, in the united defence of liberty; and for the honor and glory of the Union, I do not wish to see her degraded or defaced as a member of this confederacy."

The two succeeding extracts are specimens of that earnest eloquence for which Mr. Clay is distinguished, and which, if read, require no apology for introducing them—no comment on them when read. The extracts will be found at pp. 566, 567:

"Mr. President, I have been accused of ambition, often accused of ambition. I believe, however, that my accusers will be generally found to be political opponents, or the friends of aspirants in whose way I was supposed to stand, and it was thought, therefore, necessary to shove me aside. I defy my enemies to point out any act or instance of my life, in which I have sought the attainment of office by dishonorable or unworthy means. Did I display inordinate ambition, when, under the administration of Mr. Madison, I declined a foreign mission of the first grade, and an Executive Department, both of

which he successively kindly tendered to me? When, under that of his successor, Mr. Monroe, I was first importuned (as no one knows better than that sterling old patriot, Jonathan Roberts, now threatened, as the papers tell us, with expulsion from an office which was never filled with more honesty and uprightness, because he declines to be a servile instrument,) to accept a Secretaryship, and was afterwards offered a *carte blanche* of all the Foreign missions? At the epoch of the election of 1825, I believe no one doubted at Washington that, if I had felt it my duty to vote for General Jackson, he would have invited me to take charge of a Department. And such undoubtedly Mr. Crawford would have done, if he had been elected. When the Harrisburg Convention assembled, the general expectation was that the nomination would be given to me. It was given to the lamented Harrison. Did I exhibit extraordinary ambition when, cheerfully acquiescing, I threw myself into the canvass, and made every exertion in my power to ensure its success? Was it evidence of unchastened ambition in me to resign, as I recently did, my seat in the Senate—to resign the Dictatorship, with which my enemies had so kindly invested me, and come home to the quiet walks of private life?

"But I am ambitious because some of my countrymen have seen fit to associate my name with the succession for the Presidential office. Do those who prefer the charge know what I have done, or not done, in connection with that object? Have they given themselves the trouble to inquire at all into any agency of mine in respect to it? I believe not. It is a subject which I approach with all the delicacy which belongs to it, and with a due regard to the dignity of the exalted station; but on which I shall, at the same time, speak to you, my friends and neighbors, without reserve, and with the utmost candor.

"I have prompted none of those movements among the people, of which we have seen accounts. As far as I am concerned, they are altogether spontaneous, and not only without concert with me, but most generally without any sort of previous knowledge on my part. That I am thankful and grateful,—profoundly grateful,—for these manifestations of confidence and attachment, I will not conceal nor deny. But I have been, and mean to remain, a passive, if not indifferent spectator. I have reached a time of life, and seen enough of high official stations, to enable me justly to appreciate their value, their cares, their responsibilities, their ceaseless duties. That estimate of their worth, in a personal point of view, would restrain me from seeking to fill any one, the highest of them, in a scramble of doubtful issue, with political opponents, much less with political friends. That I should feel greatly honored by a call from a majority of the People of this country, to the highest office within their gift, I shall not deny; nor, if my health were preserved, might I feel at liberty to decline a summons so authoritative and commanding. But I declare most solemnly that I have not, up to this moment, determined whether I will consent to the use of my name or not as a candidate for the Chief Magistracy. That is a grave question, which should be decided by all attainable lights, which, I think, is not necessary yet to be decided, and a decision of which I reserve to my-

self, as far as I can reserve it, until the period arrives when it ought to be solved. That period has not, as I think, yet arrived. When it does, an impartial survey of the whole ground should be taken, the state of public opinion properly considered, and one's personal condition, physical and intellectual, duly examined and weighed. In thus announcing a course of conduct for myself, it is hardly necessary to remark that it is no part of my purpose to condemn, or express any opinion whatever upon those popular movements which have been made, or may be contemplated, in respect to the next election of a President of the United States.

"If to have served my country, during a long series of years, with fervent zeal and unshaken fidelity, in seasons of peace and war, at home and abroad, in the Legislative Halls and in an Executive Department,—if to have labored most sedulously to avert the embarrassment and distress which now overspread this Union; and when they came, to have exerted myself anxiously, at the extra session, and at this, to devise healing remedies,—if to have desired to introduce economy and reform in the general administration, curtail enormous Executive power, and amply provide, at the same time, for the wants of the Government and the wants of the People, by a Tariff which would give it revenue and them protection,—if to have earnestly sought to establish the bright but too rare example of a party in power, faithful to its promises and pledges made when out of power; if these services, exertions and endeavors justify the accusation of ambition, I must plead guilty to the charge.

"I have wished the good opinion of the world; but I defy the most malignant of my enemies to show that I have attempted to gain it by any low or grovelling arts, by any mean or unworthy sacrifices, by the violation of any of the obligations of honor, or by a breach of any of the duties which I owed to my country."

In fine pathos Mr. Clay has no superior; we should doubt whether it would be too much to say he had no equal. In his allusions to his own fortunes,—his narrative of his early misery,—his story of his rise,—and the "still, small voice of gratitude," that seems to falter in its utterance, until the heart from whence it comes thaws the chilling reserve,—in all these his eloquence is both simple and moving, without disguise, fresh from the heart. Unresisting, we are content to be borne away in the tide of pure feelings he is expressing, for we know that however much we are affected, the orator speaks as if in the presence of his God.

It is very seldom that we are furnished with a finer vindication of one's self, than can be found in the address of Mr. Clay to his constituents, in reply to the famous charge of bribery and corruption made against him in the Presidential contest of 1825. We well remember the time when, in the heat and contest of the battle, it seemed to us that the charge was triumphantly sustained, and that Mr. Clay, in the eye

of posterity, would be forever disgraced. But time, and a more even temper, have produced, here, all the results that his best friends could desire, and, fresh from the perusal of this defence, we are ready to give him, if indeed he now requires it, the verdict of acquittal. What is most remarkable, is the *truthfulness* which is stamped upon every line. It is the production of one who seemed to feel that he was not writing for a day, or for those who were then around him, but for those who were to come on the stage. It is an argument to be read and admired by those who would hear the charge, and pronounce their decision; when the subject of the discussion has laid his head upon his mound of earth, and his spirit passed from its earthly tenement to a purer habitation.

It is a matter of no small difficulty to compare these distinguished men, so as to agree in the superiority of the one over the other. Both are eminent—and each is superior to the other in the department which they have respectively allotted to themselves. There is little exaggeration in saying, that they are the masters of this Western world, and each supreme in his own dominions. Both are eminently skilled in controversy, but each combats in his own mode. The one wields the mighty battle-axe of Richard—the other the blade of Saladin. The one is worthy of the heroic memorial which Poetry has given to the armor and courage of Roderick Dhu,—the other no less worthy of the fame of Fitz James, “whose blade was sword and shield.” As an expositor of constitutional law, Mr. Calhoun is superior to Mr. Clay,—in closeness of reasoning, in the refinement of language, in the microscopic vision which detects discrepancies that lie hidden from the common gaze, in the power of deep and searching analysis, which, like the diving-bell, carries him into the bosom of the deep, and enables him to bring up buried treasure to enrich himself and all who listen to him—in fine, in his power as a philosophical enquirer of the truth, Mr. Calhoun has no superior, perhaps no equal. Inferior in originality, Mr. Clay is certainly not inferior in the power of illustration. Giving greater latitude to feeling, his argument seldom appears so remarkable for the closeness of his logic; yet we shall always find it a brilliant commentary on his subject. His speeches on many of the contested subjects of the day, are of the finest kind. That on the subject of Internal Improvements, and that upon the Tariff, as arguments, can scarcely be surpassed by any printed speeches of

which we have any record. In administrative offices, both have given evidence of ability of the very highest order. Mr. Clay, as Secretary of War, and a negotiator of the treaty of Ghent, supported himself with an ability that entitled him to the universal admiration which he received. And Mr. Calhoun is admitted, in his direction of the war bureau, to have exhibited administrative powers of the highest order, entitling him to be considered a statesman whose efficiency in practice is equal to his brilliancy in theory.

To the high fame which each has already earned, there can be but little increase. The memory of their deeds, will live after them. And when they shall have passed away, the principles which they have combated with each other, will still divide the opinions of posterity, and their names will be familiar, when their bodies shall be mingled with the dust.

ART. IV.—1. *Collections of the Georgia Historical Society.*

Vol. 1. Savannah: 1840.

2. *Manuscripts of Don Manuel de Montiano, 1740.*

HISTORY, which should be the faithful record of the real occurrences or facts of by-gone ages, condensed, and purified for the instruction and guidance of after times, is, unfortunately for mankind, too generally the work of ardent temperaments, whose natural propensities have led them, like Doctor Johnson when reporting speeches made in Parliament, always to give their own friends the best of the argument, the more especially when they treat of that last argument of Sovereigns—war, and the circumstances of war—thus throwing us upon philosophy, which reconciles doubts, perplexities, obscurities, and absurdities, rather by deductions from results produced, than by a rigid adherence to alledged causes. We search for truth through the mazes of skepticism, and establish our belief in facts upon a disbelief of the narration of the profane author, who alone has recorded the events of his age. Conquerors, on destroying nations, or opposing factions, destroyed also their archives—in many cases their language,—leaving us to grope in darkness for the story of remote generations, wiser, more polished, and farther advanced in the arts, than their barbarous successors. Men

have written history for ages, and men have read history for ages; but it has remained for profound scholars of France, Italy, and Germany, in our day, to teach men how to understand history.

The powerful victor nation, is represented as unambitious, unoppressive, and the perfect ideal of good faith, while the weak is ever faithless, turbulent and aggressive, returning, at all times, the most unnatural treachery, for the most unbounded generosity. If Rome has been destroyed by Carthage, who would have ever heard of "Punic faith?" On the contrary, might we not have heard of the Romans, only as a horde of home-despising, marauding soldiers, despoilers of the fair things of the earth, wanton barbarians, whom the gods annihilated for their avaricious atrocities? What would have been the consequences to mankind, had the merchant nation, thus early have destroyed the military? Might not the descendants of Hiram of Tyre, and of those skilful navigators his townsmen, have crossed the broad Atlantic, and opened new worlds, before the Christian era, while civilization marching onward with peace, commerce, and the arts, would have escaped that chaos which marked the decline of Roman greatness, and those darker ages which ensued, shadowing with a dark mantle of ignorance and superstition all the mental illumination of mankind.

Who were the proprietors of those ponderous vestiges of a mighty people in Central, and South-America? Can the naked Indian, in his half-thatched rancho, pointing to a splendid edifice, rich in the gorgeous sculpture of ancient days, say, "that was the mansion of my ancestor?" Can any of the race of Indian Rancheros, pointing to Uxmal, Palenque, or Copan, exclaim, "those were the palaces of our kings?" If so, written evidence can be found in public archives, or private hands, in the Spanish possessions, or those which once were possessions of Spain. If not, we must await the reading of these mysterious tablets, on which a doomed and forgotten people have carefully transmitted a history, that to its discoverers, is as unintelligible as though smooth slabs were found in the place of highly laboured symbols, memorials, as they doubtless are, of heroic deeds, and the concentrated wisdom of unknown men, in an unknown time.

It is not by written words, not by the simple text, whoever may be its author, or however elaborately it may be wrought, that we are to judge of what the world has been,

through its changeful vicissitudes of doubtful prosperity, and real desolation, but it is by a comparison of all the books, and all the relics, handed down by those who have preceded us in the pathway of life, that the rational mind must decide the curious problem which makes the world what we find it.

In the first volume of Collections published by the Georgia Historical Society, there is a life of Oglethorpe, the founder of the Colony of Georgia; and one would suppose, that on tracing the connection of a man so distinguished, with that important enterprise, due researches would be made, to throw light upon whatever might be obscure in the memoirs left behind him. The writer, however, forgetful that the unsuccessful in enterprises, not having always like Xenophon, the glory of the retreat of a ten thousand to record, are seldom anxious to preserve records of their failure, has contented himself in regard to one most important event, to Carolina and Georgia, with transcribing a short, and barren narrative, oft before repeated, without enquiring in a matter of such lively interest, what further information could be obtained. We allude to the invasion of Florida by General Oglethorpe in 1740, with regulars raised expressly for his new Colony, and militia from Carolina.

In the public archives at St. Augustine, remain preserved, in the original Spanish, copies of the reports, and letters, of Justis and Montiano, Governors of East Florida, to the Governor of Cuba (of which Florida was a dependency) from the year 1737 to the year 1741, which cover several hundred sheets. There they remain as when first written, except that the worm has claimed her tribute in many perforations, and even the ink has in places eaten through the substance, on which it was laid to preserve a memorial. Not written for the public eye, or for party effect; but the confidential official reports of a subordinate, to a superior, they are entitled to the highest credence; and very different would have been the opinion of our forefathers, concerning Spanish power, could they have been exhibited to the Colonial Legislatures one hundred years ago, as freely as they have lately been exhibited to us.

Florida is now a portion of our Union. Her history is our history, and therefore, from what may be called the Diary of Montiano, the cotemporary of Oglethorpe, (for his reports contain a running detail of occurrences,) we have translated his own statement of his position in Florida, as a thing

interesting in itself, and useful in reconciling the conflicting statements, of our own writers of the same period.

Neither the author of the "Life of Oglethorpe," nor Carroll, in his "Historical collections of South-Carolina," make any mention of an invasion of Florida, about the close of the year 1739; but Bancroft, upon the authority of the Moravian ministers then settled in Georgia, says that Oglethorpe entered Florida in the first week of 1740, and captured two small places of the Spaniards, which were the outposts of St. Augustine. To show what the Spaniards knew of this invasion, we publish Montiano's diary entire, and as an apology for its length, would remark, that it is interesting, as furnishing information upon an event that has been overlooked, and as exhibiting a specimen of the minute reports, which the once haughty monarchy of Spain, expected from the despotic rulers of her distant possessions. It will be seen that no outposts of St. Augustine were taken; but only Picolata, which is eighteen miles west of it, on the right bank of the river St. John, and Papo on the opposite, two small wooden defences, the first garrisoned by seven men, and the other by a Sergeant, and ten men, intended for the protection of runners, carrying despatches to St. Marks, against hostile Indians. They had resisted several attacks, and if we had only this Spanish report, there would be a possibility, that their destruction was entirely the work of Indians; the presence of white men, and vessels, being exaggerations of the Leoats; but Bancroft, expressly says, that Oglethorpe went to Charleston for reinforcements, after making this expedition. It will be noticed that Montiano put down without comment, each report as delivered.

"I have now to inform your Lordship, that on the 22d of December, there arrived at this place, a cavalry soldier, of the guard of St. John Bar, which is about twelve leagues north of this place, who says, that he saw the tracks of 25 or 35 men, at the small creek about half way of the road; and immediately another cavalry soldier of the same guard, came with the news, that one of our Indians had reported, that on the Banks of the St. Johns, he had seen the tracks of more than three hundred white men."

"On the 23d, arrived at this place the Cornet (Alferez) of cavalry Don Lorenzo Joseph de Leon, and one soldier, with report of having seen at the same small creek, a great number of Indians, and white people."

"On the 24th, held a council to decide whether it would be advisable to demolish the fort of Diego, or reinforce it, and whether our force was sufficiently strong to attack the enemy. We resolved to

send a relief of eleven men, and that it would not be expedient to weaken this garrison, for the reasons set forth in the minutes of the council. The same day, commenced works for the security, and defence of the place."

"On the 25th, there came a horseman, and some of our Indians, bringing intelligence, that they had discovered the fresh tracks of 30 men, at the distance of four leagues from this place; and notice from the father, Doctrinero (Indian teacher or curate) Gomez of the village of Ayamon, where the Indians of Pozatalaca established themselves last year to cultivate more fertile lands, that they had discovered in the neighbourhood of that place, seven or eight leagues from this, about 10 Uchises Indians.

"On the 26th, sent the Cornet of cavalry, Don Alonzo Joseph, to scout the country, and gather all the cattle possible, to be crossed to St. Anastasia Island; also sent out four Indians to scout, charging them with the promise of twenty-five dollars to make prisoner of an Englishman, or hostile Indian. In the afternoon, the Cornet returned with 93 head of cattle, and I sent the Sub-lieutenant Don Manuel Garcia, with boats, to cut stakes for different uses of the Royal service, and for the defence of the place."

"On the 27th, despatched the Ensign (Alferez) Don Antonio Solana, to gather in the horses. Don Cristobal de Torres, Bartolome Ramirez, and other residents went out on their own affairs. Charged Don Francisco Menendez, and other residents, to cross the cattle to St. Anastasia Island. Sent the Indian Juan Ignacio, with five other Indians, to the river of Picolata, which is that called St. Johns, to observe the movements of the enemy."

"On the 28th, sent out four other Indians by land, who went on their own affairs; and in the night, two of the Indians who went with Juan Ignacio, returned with the news, that on that day, the fort of Picolata was attacked by 240 English, and Indians, and that its garrison of *seven men*, had defended it valiantly, from ten in the morning, till 5 in the afternoon. The enemy were now retiring disgracefully."

"On the 29th, despatched the Chief Chislala, with eight chosen Indians, to scout the country, and charged to make prisoner of a hostile Indian, or Englishman, *alive*. This same day, came one of the soldiers who was in the attack on the fort of Picolata, and with him came the Indians Juan Ignacio, and Juan Savina, who say, that those who attacked the fort, were 150 English, and 30 Indians, that our damage was the wounding of the artillery-man (artillero,) and that two of the enemy were seen to fall; one of whom appeared to be an officer, for he wore a trimmed hat, and was taken off by four men. The soldier informs me, that they battered (batido) with four mortars of small bombs (Grenadas Reales) and represents that none fell in the fort."

"On the 30th, arrived the before mentioned Father, Doctrinero, of Ayamon with news, that on the 29th they killed Uchises Indians at Fayannisca, in the neighbourhood of that town. This day four Indians who went out on the 26th, returned, and informed me, that having been at St. Mateo, which is on the St. Johns, they saw the tracks of Indians who roamed about there, and though they made every exertion to discover whether they had made, or were constructing a fort in

the vicinity of that river, they could only see boats that came, and went from the Banks of the St. Johns, and saw in them whites, and Indians."

"On the 4th of January, 1740, the Chief, Chislala returned with all his Indians, and assured me that having been at St. Johns, a place which they know very well, they saw only the camps (ranchos) where the Indians had been, and that there were 134 of them. They made thirty-six fires, which covered the English, who were in number 200."

"On the 7th, despatched Juan Ignacio, and Geronimo, with three other Indians, each to scout, and examine the landing places."

"On the 8th, the artillery man, wounded at Picolata, died. This same day, dispatched Don Pedro Lamberto, with 25 horsemen of his company, 25 infantry, and 30 Indians and free negroes, (of those who are fugitives from the English Colonies) to scout the country, and use diligence to capture an Indian scout who is supposed to be in this neighbourhood."

"On the 13th, am informed by the Father of the before mentioned town of Ayamon, that at 9 in the morning, they were attacked by 46 Uchises Indians, who badly wounded, and scalped an Indian who was outside the fort."

"On the 18th, the Indian Juan Ignacio returned with some of his Indians, and report having seen on the St. John's river, at a place called St. Nicholas, 12 vessels (embarcaciones) comprising 3 schooners, 2 sloops, and 7 flat boats (piraguas); and there came on them 700 men. This day, despatched two dragoons, and two Indians, to see if the vessels landed people at Salamatoto, and the two Indians to pass to Picolata, to watch the movements of the enemy."

"On the 19th, the Indian Geronimo, companion of Juan Ignacio returned, to report that he had seen on the St. Johns, two boats which kept in the middle of the river, to discover if any armament of ours entered at the bar. In that case one would be detached to alarm the English Colonies, and the other to alarm the 12 vessels at St. Nicholas. The Indians returned *who went out yesterday*, and say, they went near to Picolata and could *see nothing*; afterwards, it was discovered that *these two Indians did not go half the way*. The two dragoons reconnoitered the Lake of Nicoloa, and finding it unoccupied returned."

"On the same 19th day, despatched Laurcano Solana, Sergeant of dragoons, with eight soldiers, and four Indians, to discover if the before mentioned landings on the Picolata River held out, and whether they had taken the fort of Pupo."

"On the 20th, the Sergeant returned at 1 in the morning, with report of having seen a great number of men, and fires, but being night the position of the lights prevented his seeing the fort, nor can he say precisely how many men there were."

"On the same day, despatched Juan Ignacio, and eleven Indians, to make a proper reconnoissance, and endeavor to take an Indian, or Englishman, *alive*."

"On the 21st, the Indian Juan Ignacio returned with his party, and assured me, that on arriving at Picolata, they found the fort in ashes, and from there, saw the English vessels near the Fort of Pupo. That all about it, were many people in RED COATS (Casacas

Encarnadas,) and that the said fort was in the hands of the enemy, for they saw many people go out and in, both above and below."

"On the 22d, despatched Diego de Espinosa, who is a resident of this place, well acquainted with the country, to reconnoitre, and mark the landings of St. Johns, St. Mateo, and St. Nicholas."

"On the 24th, Diego de Espinosa returned, with his six dragoons that accompanied him, who reports that he saw three soldiers' tents on the St. Johns, opposite St. Nicholas (now Jacksonville.) He endeavored to get near to discover what they contained, but hearing the discharge of a gun, which appeared to be a signal that his party was discovered, he retired quickly, that they should not cut off his retreat."

"On the 27th, despatched the Lieutenant, Don Romauldo Ruiz del Moral, with 25 horsemen, 25 Indians and 25 free negroes, to scour the country, reconnoitring Picolata and Papo, with the greatest circumspection, and precaution. To endeavor to make prisoner of an Indian, or Englishman *alive*, by attacking those on this side (of the St. Johns) if it could be done, with the prudence necessary in a vigilant march, and exact examination of the river, in order to estimate the number of people on this side."

"On the 29th, the Lieutenant Don Romauldo Ruiz del Moral returned with his party, with report that when they reached Picolata, they could not on account of rain and fog, inform themselves of the state of the Papo, but they thought they both saw it, and heard the sound of a drum from it."—*MSS. of Montiano.*

The enclosure containing the foregoing, is dated 31st of January, and a schooner was despatched to carry it to Cuba. Montiano a brave, cool, circumspect officer, zealous for the honor of his King and country, and who had long foreseen the intentions of Oglethorpe, makes no further mention of the enemy; but considering them in complete possession of the country outside, confined himself to preparing St. Augustine for defence. As the cause of not marching out against them, he wisely argues the imprudence of moving against an unknown force, which might cut off his retreat, and leave the City exposed to capture by sea, or land. Besides, he was destitute of every description of water-craft, required on the St. Johns, and in urging upon the Governor of Cuba, the necessity of sending the proper vessel, makes the following remarkable statement.

"El Rio de San Juan, o Pacolata, es un brazo de mar, de tres cuatros de legua de ancho, medido exactamente por distintos Engeneros, que entra por la barra del mismo nombre, y va á derramarse, á la entrada de Apalache, o Costa del Sud, segun piensan los Indios mas practicos."—*MSS.*

["The River St. Johns, or Picolata, is an arm of the sea, three quarters of a league broad, measured exactly by different Engineers, which comes in by the bar of the same name, and discharges at the

entrance of Apalache, or Southern Coast; so think the Indians most experienced."—MSS.]

On first reading this, we in our wisdom, smiled at a presumed ignorant credulity of the Spaniard, who continually styles his post, "esa Isla" (this Island;) but upon enquiry of persons who have visited the head waters of the St. Johns, we think it quite possible that this river *was* formerly an arm of the sea. We are even told that boats have in rainy seasons, crossed from it to Indian River, or Mosquito Lagoon, (both salt water.) Whether this be true, or not, the distance between them is very short, (some 10 or 20 miles, flat, and intersected by grassy ponds,) and the streams which come from the eastward falling into Lake Monroe, or further south, must rise in the immediate neighbourhood of those falling into Indian River. As to dividing "highlands," it would be more easy to find them on the north-eastern boundary—even French diplomacy would be puzzled to discover *la ligne des Versants*; which phrase, by the by, had it been used, as it should have been used, in the treaty of 1783, would have saved a world of trouble, to say nothing of another thing equally important to considerate republicans—expense. Such steam-boats as navigate between this City and Florida, ascend as high as Lake Monroe—we do not remember whether they have entered Lake Harney, though the navigation is free; and from any point at, or between these lakes, the cost of excavating a canal, which would complete an inland navigation from the mouth of the St. Johns, in latitude 30 20, (and from Charleston) to the bottom of the lagoon called St. Lucie Sound, in latitude 27 20, would apparently be insignificant. If on the other hand this "brazo de mar" *ever did* discharge into the bay of Apalache, or waters now flowing into the gulf of Mexico, there can be no utter impossibility of making it do so again; and thus the great national desideratum of a ship canal across the peninsula, would become a work (though long and circuitous) not beyond accomplishment. The *impossibility* of a direct ship canal, arises from (what writers forget) the *want of water* to "feed" the higher levels. Unless a cut were made from the Okefenake it would be difficult to find it.

Many persons have written, and if we mistake not, the action of Congress has been invoked, on the subject of connecting by a succession of canals, the streams and lagoons known as Pablo Creek, North River, Matanzas River, Halifax

River, Hillsborough Lagoon, Indian River, St. Lucie Sound, &c., which lay parallel to, and immediately on the east coast of the peninsula, thus completing an inland navigation from the mouth of the St. Johns, to Cape Florida; but to our view, the route by the river claims the earliest attention. In the first place, it is nearly made already; second, it has abundance of water, which the other has not, to say nothing of opposing and uncertain tides; third, it opens the centre of the country, while the other only passes along the skirt; and fourth, the St. Johns is inland, protected in time of war, while the other line parallel, might be commanded by the guns of an enemy's ships.

But to return to our history. After the invasion by General Oglethorpe, in a most perilous position was Don Manuel de Montiano. English ships of war, the regiment of Oglethorpe, the militia of Georgia, Carolina, and as he thought, of Virginia, with countless bands of Indians, were preparing for a deadly descent upon the devoted City for whose defence he was responsible; and there stood he alone, with a small, but gallant detachment, far away from any Spanish possession, on an isolated place, surrounded by wilderness; for the Spaniards had in Florida simply three military posts, St. Augustine, St. Marks, and Pensacola, each distant from the other, around which, cultivation was unknown, or nearly so, and the people consequently still dependent upon foreign places for daily food. To the Governor of Cuba, upon whom alone he relied for aid, he pours all, in appeals so earnest and incessant, that the reader even at this day, cannot but sympathise in his distresses. The answers are not preserved, but judging from others that we have seen from these haughty Spanish superiors, we can imagine them to have been in one of the three usual laconic forms. First, "Your requisition will be attended to;" second, "I forwarded supplies lately, and wonder why you ask again, so soon;" or third, "We are as badly off ourselves."

He intimates no apprehension of being vanquished by force of arms, however numerous may be his enemy—he doubts not his own power of resistance—he breathes no suspicion of the determined valor, devotion, or fortitude of his people; but with a population already wretched, surrounded on land by hostile Indians, and blockaded by sea, his proud spirit shrinks in prospective, at the thought of being compelled when reduced by famine, to disgrace the service of the King

his Royal master, by the delivery of a City and Province, into the hands of his country's foes. "Mi mayor cuidado," says he, "son los viveres, y si estos no nos vienen, no ha duda, que moriromos á mano de la hambre." In May, he writes, "Si no llegando aqui el socorro, á la mas tarde, el 20 de Junio, parece cosa naturel, que esta Presidio perezca."—"My greatest anxiety is for provisions, and if these do not come to us, there is no doubt we shall all die by the hands of hunger." "If the relief does not arrive here at the latest, by the 20th of June, it appears a thing natural, that this place must perish."]

For four years, there had been no regular appropriation for the maintenance of East Florida, payment of the troops, or payment of persons employed by Government, the Governor was without funds, and the greatest poverty prevailed. Flour was brought from Vera Cruz, and St. Domingo, coming always dilatorily, like other supplies, in short quantities, and at uncertain periods. The inhabitants, destitute of money, and for months closed in from the world, were possessed in the aggregate of but a trifling stock, and many in their wretchedness, even before the formal siege, were seen begging their bread, from door to door. In May, Montiano had but 213 barrels of flour—but one month's supply, as the service required of him daily rations for 1046 persons. To Cuba alone were his eyes directed, but relief, notwithstanding his imploring urgency, was delayed until the presence of British ships upon the coast, rendered the possibility of throwing it in, a question more than doubtful. The six galleys, which in the "Life of Oglethorpe," are represented as getting in a few days before the arrival of that General, got in on the 14th of April, or nearly two months previous. Each was mounted with a midship gun (Canon de Craxia,) and rendered most important service during the seige.

"The Castle of St. Augustine, is built of soft stone, with four bastions, the curtain is 60 yards in length, the parapet 9 feet thick, the rampart 20 feet high, casemated underneath for lodgings, arched over, and newly made bomb-proof, and they have been for some time working on the covert-way, which is nearly finished."—*Life of Oglethorpe*, p. 265.

The curtain of the fort of St. Augustine is only about 40 yards long, and consequently that above described, would cover an area twice greater than the one which did, and does actually exist; the parapet is only four and a half feet thick,

not one-third of the casemates were then finished, and to this day none have been made bomb-proof.

"This fort has 50 pieces of cannon on it, 16 of which are brass and 24 pounders."—*Ibid.*

After making a small unfinished fort, so formidable, it was but fair to provide artillery for its defence; but we are inclined to consider this another exaggeration. Montiano wrote in November, 1737, that he found here no artillery fit for service; or as he expresses it, not a cannon that could stand being fired twenty-four hours, nor does he appear to have received any, except two 24, two 18, and eight six pounders, which came in May, 1738, with the six slug guns, subsequently mounted on the galleys to replace six smaller guns brought in them, and this is rendered more probable, from his writing in January, 1740, for the exact number of carriages, corresponding to, and suitable for these identical guns: furthermore he had but thirty-two artillery-men and but small space for mounting guns which are all "on the terre-plein."

The fort of St. Augustine is the oldest in the United States, for one in so good preservation, and as persons are prone to attach to it an undue antiquity, we would state that its very plan shows that it could not have been commenced much before 1700, (completed in 1756.) It is a small regular polygon, of four equal curtains, and four equal bastions, (nearly equal,) on flat ground, a little above high water mark, which served in 1702 to shelter the inhabitants, during the time that Colonel Moore of Carolina, (without artillery) abortively took possession of the town. In 1737, Montiano found merely four naked walls, without any out-work whatever, or rather three walls, for the western curtain, and south-west bastion were completed by himself. The interior, was, as he expresses it, without soul (*sin alma*), there were merely some dilapidated buildings, used as store-houses, supported by props, and ascents to the bastions were in a falling state. He had previous to Oglethorpe's second invasion, with the labor of 168 convicts, sentenced to hard labor, mostly from Mexico, (he calls them all "*Gauchenangos*," a nickname for Mexicans,) 11 *exiles*, and other laborers, in all 200, completed eight casemates (there are now three times that number) and put the place in some state of defence. There was no glacis, or outer work. In August, 1740, he was hurrying on, the covert-way, and a heavy shot, now seen low down on the

eastern curtain, shows that the scarp was then entirely unprotected on the water side. Parts of the fort, have to this day, been destined to confine prisoners, and many good people have discovered traces of the "Inquisition," but unfortunately for modern imagination, the holy office was not extended to St. Augustine, a Governor with absolute power over the persons, and property of every one, being quite sufficient inquisition for a small place. If visitors find queer-shaped dark chambers, queerly situated, they should just remember that they are inside of a polygon—not of a tetragon.

A few years since, a room was discovered, with the door walled up, on the north-east bastion, upon which it was immediately decided, that somebody had been *walled in*—an idea very creditable to imagination, since it is void of any other foundation; and those shrewd gentlemen, who publish their travels in the newspapers, have for years converted this speculation into a fact. This room which is the safest in the fort, may have been used as a powder magazine, or the English who were twenty years in possession, may have used it as a black-hole, a thing as necessary in their garrisons, as daily bread; or if the commander, during a bombardment, wished to enjoy his cigar and glass of wine with his friends peaceably, he might here do so, in comfort. If we remember rightly, old Chassé enjoyed himself in one similar, at the citadel of Antwerp, a few years ago, until a bomb of a magnitude theretofore unknown in warfare, broke in upon his quiet. Travellers, if not keen-sighted, are at least keen-eared mortals, wonderfully prone to discover facts, unknown to the "oldest inhabitants." We doubt not that a stranger might know as much of Herculanum, as the vine-dresser, whose cottage stood over its buried palaces; but the recorders of flying tours, are apt to repeat on hearsay, which is not admissible evidence in courts of law, and in many cases should be doubtfully received elsewhere.

However, in return for dashing a vase of incipient marvellous romance, of men walled in, we will note that seven culprits *got out*, in 1738, by one of the same loop-holes, that Co-a-coo-ché (Wild-cat) escaped from, with 20 followers, in 1837. Montiano was quite willing that his bad subjects should carry their good morals into Georgia, and stay there to teach them—he would not exchange runaway negroes for them; but we paid Co-a-coo-ché for coming back with his brethren, who within four years after their escape, approached

as new to St. Augustine, and killed more people, than the whole of Oglethorpe's army. It would have been well, had *that* door been walled up.

"The town is entrenched with ten salcent angles, on each of which are some cannon. The number of troops now there, are thirteen hundred and twenty-four regulars, besides the militia of the town, and a few Spanish Indians."—*Ibid.* p. 265.

This is totally incorrect. Very possibly the town was not entrenched *at all*, or but partially, for Montiano states expressly, when Oglethorpe opened his batteries, that it was an open field (*campo abierto*;) with no defence but the fort, and shortly before he had expressed his regret, that want of means prevented him from running a wall from the fort, to the river St. Sebastian, north of the City, a distance of about five hundred yards, where there is now a ditch, and breastwork. In August, after the departure of Oglethorpe, he wrote that the necessity of completing the covert-way, prevented him from commencing the equally important work, of running a line of gabions to the same river. East of the City are no remains of fortifications—south and west, are but the vestiges of a few small redoubts.

Montiano had 122 men, to man the galleys, and only 613 on shore, of whom only 462, were regulars; a woful deduction from the English accounts, which sometimes range to 2,500. By his Return of the 25th March, 1740, they are thus enumerated:

Infantry of the eight Companies,	- - -	308
Do. of the Garrison,	- - -	80
Artillery,	- - -	32
Cavalry,	- - -	42
		—462
Militia,	- - -	61
Armed Indians,	- - -	50
Free Negroes,	- - -	40
		—151
		613

(This is exclusive of the eighty men at St. Marks de Apalache.)

Here can be *no* mistake. Montiano could not much deceive his superior in Cuba, to whom this return was made, even had he been inclined to under-state his force, and moreover his interest was the reverse, for he wanted not men, but

food ; and complained of having already too many mouths to feed, namely 1046, which included 200 convicts, and labourers, the crews of the galleys, troops, and all male and female connected with them, or with the government service. The total population of St. Augustine at that time, that is to say the whole number of mouths to be fed, old and young, was but little over 2,400. Subsequently, on the 9th of August, 1740, a corresponding return was made, with a requisition for 394 men, to complete the number of 750, which the place required, and on the 1st of September, 200 dismounted dragoons arrived.

We are thus precise, because nothing so confuses history, or renders the narratives of campaigns so inexplicable, as misrepresentations in respect to the number of combatants respectively engaged. Many of the accounts of that last battle of importance—Waterloo, have more than doubled the number of troops, that could on that day, have by any possibility been concentrated on the ground. Probably the lowest estimate is the most correct for both parties, and this can be easily ascertained, by a reference to the rolls, or returns of the regiments. We once knew of 32 men cold in death, for several days awaiting a Catholic burial: There were hundreds of witnesses who could name them all, the mother, the wife, the sister, the child, were there, claiming their own, in the anguish of sudden bereavement; yet this 32, was magnified into 300 or 400,—so published throughout the United States, and presently, came an *official* report from a Governor and Captain-general, fixing the precisely ascertained number, at 125, which report can be now found in London, or by a rule *nisi*, wherever her Majesty may be in England, and may serve as the true authority of future authors. If then we find such variations in events of our own times, or under our own eyes, what confidence can we attach to the statements of ancient days, or distant countries. That a body of one thousand vigorous, organized and disciplined men, might cut its way through 300,000 (or less) hastily drawn together, as we often read, may be *imagined*, especially if the individuals composing this immense mass, have assembled rather to witness a fight, than to act the part of fighters; but in countries where there are no Pay-master Generals, Quarter-master Generals, waggon train, or stores of provisions, it is not to be supposed that such hordes very frequently collect, for the certainty of but one result—star-

vation. The truth is, writers strangely overlook the power of *ciphers*. In themselves they are nothing; but when preceded by a positive numeral, the addition of one, or two, sadly deranges calculation. Men may be born equal, but they are quite unequal as mathematicians. We can admit that Leonidas had but 300 at Thermopylæ, because we are partial to low, and probable estimates; but if Xerxes entered Greece, with one-fifth of his reputed army, we must at least say, that he embarrassed himself unnecessarily, with quite too *much* company, however good it might be.

"On the ninth of May, 1740, the General passed over into Florida, with four hundred select men of his regiment, and a considerable party of Indians, and on the day following, invested Diego, a small fort about twenty-five miles north of St. Augustine."—*Ibid.* p. 268.

How comes this mistake in date? The Spanish Governor, in minute reports of the 9th, 14th, 15th, and 19th of May, makes no mention of Oglethorpe; but he states (what the historians do not) that two English ships of war arrived off the port of St. Augustine on the 18th of April, and that a blockade had been continued. His galleys had gone out against one, and finding her too heavy, retired, and on the 10th of May, a sloop which he had sent out by the bar of Matanzas, the night previous, with six thousand dollars, to purchase flour at Gaurico, St. Domingo, was, to his great distress, captured by one of the cruisers. On the 11th of June, he writes that Diego (not a fort to be invested, but merely the station of a picket) was assailed by fifty Indians who did not effect an entrance, the report being brought by Espinosa's cattle-keeper; and subsequently he states that the formal siege commenced on the 13th. Now it is impossible that Oglethorpe passed a month between Diego and St. Augustine, and equally impossible that the Spaniard forgot the day of the month, when writing. At first he thought of meeting the enemy, but learning that they were much superior in force, abandoned the design—the detachment sent out, retired.

The next letter to the Governor of Cuba, sent by an Indian, via St. Marks, dated the 24th of June, is as follows. One cannot but admire the undaunted spirit, which fears nothing but starvation, and continues asking for bread, amidst a storm of something harder than stones. "Surrender" belongs not to this brave man's vocabulary—his alternatives are food, or death.

"My Lord (*Muy Señor mio*),—

"Considering that in case this arrives in time to be of any benefit, your Lordship may, with reflection upon its contents, take the most concerted measures, I give you notice that the enemy remains stationed at this bar, and that of Matanzas, and in possession of the Island of St. Anastatia, and its watch-tower, of all the beach of St. Mateo (north point of the harbour,) and maintains a camp at the village (Pueblo) of Moses. The shipping with which we are blockaded, consists of seven ships of 23 to 30 guns, two brigs of 10 or 12 guns, six schooners, three sloops, and twelve launches, exclusive of boats, and launches belonging to the vessels."—[He means on the coast—all not having been seen; he was told that one at the St. John's bar was a 50 gun ship from Bermuda.]

"At this moment, which is nine o'clock in the forenoon, the firing has commenced with a mortar of small bombs (*grenades reales*) of which some shells have fallen into the fort, but the most have passed over to the lines, and beyond them.

"I assure your Lordship that it is impossible to express the confusion of this place, for we have here no protection except the fort, and all the rest is open field (*campo abierto*.) The families have abandoned their houses, and come to put themselves under the artillery (*bajo la artilleria*),—[in the fort we presume,] which is pitiable, though nothing gives me anxiety but the want of provisions, and if your Lordship for want of competent force, cannot send relief, we must all undoubtedly perish. With this information, I am assured your Lordship will excuse the hyperboles in which the conflict we are in, may be pourtrayed, and hope you will give every attention to measures conducing to relieve this eminent peril, as a matter of such moment, and of the first service to the King.

"I remain your Lordship's most obedient, and with assurances of regard, I pray God to preserve your Lordship many happy years.

"St. Augustine, of Florida, 24th June, 1740.

(Signed)

"MANUEL DE MONTIANO.

"Señor Don Juan Francisco de Guemes, y Horcasita."

[*MSS. of Montiano.*

The celebrated sortie on Moses, about two miles from the City, is thus described. There is at present but one house on the spot, but we know not what might have been its condition at that time. Montiano, who sets down all with honest precision, says, it was capable of considerable defence. The affair was very sanguinary. Oglethorpe confined himself afterwards to St. Anastatia, the Carolina troops crossed the North River, to a point two or three miles distant, and all abandoning the main land continued their fire from across the water, thus relieving the Spaniards from all danger, on their weakest side.

"I have now to inform your Lordship, that at eleven o'clock on the night of Saturday the 25th of June, there sallied from this place, 300

men to attack the fort of Moses, which was executed at day-break on Sunday morning; our people passing over it, with the impetuosity of such a violent charge, that it fell, leaving 68 dead, (four more were found afterwards,) and 34 were made prisoners.

"The body of people which maintained this place, was 140 men according to some of the prisoners, and 170 according to others. They were composed of one Company of Scotch militia (Miliciama de Escoses) of 70 men, including their officers, 15 infantry, 40 horsemen, and 35 Indians Yuchea, and Yuchisea, with a white man for their chief. This detachment or garrison was commanded by Colonel Palmer, who with one of his sons was evidently left dead in the action. An Indian prisoner affirms positively that he saw Colonel Palmer dead, and *his head cut off*. That he infers that his two sons were dead, though he did not see them dead; because he saw their hats in the hands of our people; of whom ten have died—among them the Ensign, Don Joseph de Aguilera."—MSS.

"In the mean time, the Spanish commander, observing the besiegers embarrassed in their operations, began to relax, sent out a detachment of three hundred (six hundred) men against Col. Palmer; who surprised him at Fort Moesa, and *while most of the party lay asleep*, cut them almost entirely to pieces."—*Life of Oglethorpe*, p. 269.

Now hear the Spaniard, who subsequently in noticing the good conduct of those under his command, writes as follows, and as the translation involves military technicalities we insert the passage, in both languages. The truth is corroborated by the death of ten of his men, for people seldom kill each other while *asleep*; and it is well known that commanders never exaggerate their *own*, killed in battle, as the diminution of an army can always be accounted for by returns, less disagreeable to a commander's vanity.

"Don Antonio Salgado que mando la salida de Moze, obró como verdadero oficial, aprovechando que les dieran la descarga para cogellos disarmados, con lo que, se introdujo en el Fuerte á su salvo, y los paso por encima, sin embargo de ser el Fuerte capaz de muchas resistentia."—MSS.

["Don Antonio Salgado who commanded the sortie on Moses, acted like a true officer, taking the advantage of receiving their fire, that he might take them as unarmed, on which he entered the fort safely and overthrew them, although this Fort is capable of much resistance."]

In plain English, Salgado charged at the point of the bayonet, and receiving the first fire, entered the fort before its defenders had time to re-load: which is an evidencé that the Spanish infantry of 1740, were more resolute than the British in 1775; for the latter at Bunker Hill, could not be urged to the same gallantry.

"Some of the Chickasaw Indians, coming from that fort, having met with a Spaniard, cut off his head agreeably to their savage manner of waging war, and presented it to the General at his camp, but he rejected it with abhorrence, calling them barbarous dogs, and bidding them begone. At this disdainful behaviour, however, the Chickasaws were offended, declaring that if they had carried the head of an Englishman to the French, they would not have treated them so, and perhaps the General discovered more *humanity*, than good policy, by it, for those Indians who knew nothing of European customs, and *refinements* of war, soon deserted him."—*Life of Oglethorpe*, p. 269.

This is worthy of notice only for its puerility—if a fact, it is hardly worthy of a place in history, nor is the value of the story much enhanced by its absurdity. It is morally impossible that the Indian could have met with *any* Spaniard at the time in that quarter. From another Indian who told the truth in other respects, we hear that he saw the *headless body* of Colonel Palmer. This was recorded in St. Augustine from the Indian's mouth on the 26th day of June, 1740, and we read in a book printed in Savannah precisely one hundred years after, that *a head* was at that time carried to Oglethorpe. Thus (without collusion) there being but one head, and one body to join together, it would not be unnatural to suppose that an Indian, with the usual artful cupidity of his race presented a head anything but Spanish, which the General could not behold without emotion. After killing a man, decapitation adds little to the inhumanity, but the practice happens to be precisely one of those "*refinements* of war," which the Indians have learned from Europeans, for among themselves a scalp, more easy of transportation, was a full certificate that an enemy was butchered. We must also protest against the insinuation upon the French, because of all nations who have usurped the inheritance of the Western world, they have the least to answer either for injuries inflicted upon Indians, or bad practices taught them. Thus do we adopt the foolish stories of prejudiced British writers, and waste our talents in defending or excusing, the errors of weak or bad men who by chance once controlled the destinies of these States.

The strength of Oglethorpe's force was variously stated by the prisoners, at from 1500 to 2200 men, who said that Oglethorpe would keep the militia a year, if necessary, though only enlisted for four months ; but nothing daunted, the energetic Montiano, on the 6th of July, continues:

"From the beginning of the fire up to this day they have thrown 122 small bombs (grenades reales) and 31 grenades, from which, glory to the Lord, we have received no corporal injury. On the island of Anastatia, they have a battery of 5 guns, three of 18, and two of 6 pounders, the first to batter the fort and town, and the others for the galleys, and with them they make incessant fire; but ours answers them, and we are informed that they receive more damage than ourselves."

"On the first day of the month, they beat a call with a white flag, and sent us three letters, which comprehends the demand which your Lordship will see by their tenor. We answered them in the form you will also see by the enclosure; and from that day they have fired with more impetuosity, but vainly, for it appears that God [says the pious soldier] has given more certain direction to our fire."—*MSS.*

The author of the "Life of Oglethorpe," following the usually received account, thus closes the campaign. It is the same that one writer has copied *verbatim* from another, for one hundred years, and therefore has the force of prescription, if nothing else:

"About the same time, the vessels stationed at *Matanzas* bar, (15 miles south,) being ordered off, some small ships from Havana, with provisions, and a reinforcement of men, got into St. Augustine, by that narrow channel, to relieve the garrison; a party of Creeks having surprised one of their small boats, brought four Spanish prisoners to the General who informed him, that the garrison had received seven hundred men, and a large supply of provisions."—*Life of Oglethorpe*, p. 270.

"Last of all the General himself, sick of a fever, and his regiment worn out with fatigue, and rendered unfit for duty, by the flux, with sorrow and regret, followed, and reached Frederica about the 10th of July, 1740."

"And now that we are well acquainted with the scene of operations, we must be filled with wonder, that General Oglethorpe should have been able with his four hundred remaining soldiers and a few faithful Indians, to make good his retreat to Frederica, not only without loss, but without pursuit, before an enemy, of three times his number."—*Ibid.* p. 271.

So reads the English version from Doctor Hewatt, and others. Now turn to the Spanish, dated 28th of July, 1740. We have before stated Montiano's force, which it will be perceived, received no reinforcement, and that the provisions did not get in, till after the siege was raised.

"On the 6th of the present month I informed your Lordship, by the Adjutant Don Juan Jacinto Rodriguez, of what had then occurred. On the night of the day subsequent, (the 7th of July,) Louis Gomez arrived at this place, with intelligence that he left within the bar of

Mosquito, (70 miles south,) three sloops, one small sloop, and two schooners, with provisions sent by your Lordship, in charge of Juan de Oxeda, and addressed to the Captain Don Manuel de Villasante. The pleasure with which I received this news, is indescribable; but the joy subsisted but a short time in my heart; for I was also informed, that when Pedro Chepuz, and the French sloop in which the pilot came, arrived off this bar, she was seen and chased by an English ship, and brig, which did no harm, but got notice of our provisions, and their halting place. At the same time came a deserter from the enemy's camp, who said that at night, it being spring tides, it was the intention of General Oglethorpe, to make an attack, by sea and land. On this I suspended the plan I had fixed on for bringing the provisions, little by little, and thought only how I should resist, whatever attempts his pride and arrogance might undertake; but the days of opportunity, (spring tides,) passed, without his executing his idea, and I turned my eyes to our supplies."

"On the 20th the enemy raised his camp, and went off in a *precipitate and shameful flight*; and I despatched promptly an order to our sloops, that if they saw the coast clear, to make their voyage, entering by the bar of *Matanzas*, which they accomplished, on the 25th, and have now finished discharging."

"I assure your Lordship, that I cannot arrive at a *comprehension of the conduct, or rules of this General*; for I am informed by at least twelve deserters from him, that his camp was composed of 370 men of his regiment, 600 militia of Carolina, 130 Indians, and 200 sailors armed, and encamped on the Island of St. Anastasia, and as many more sailors for the management of the sloops, schooners, and launches. *My wonder is inexpressible* that this gentleman (caballero) should make his retreat with such precipitation, as to leave abandoned, four 6 pounders on the battery of St. Mateo, one schooner, two kegs of gunpowder, several muskets, and fowling pieces,—set fire to a quantity of provisions, such as boxes of bacon, cheese, lard, dried beef,—to a schooner, and an excellent mortar carriage; besides many things that have profited the Indians, and galleys, which have had the fortune to encounter several barrels of flour, and lard, and some pork."

"The formal siege has continued 38 days, counting from the 13th of June, to the 20th of July, and the fire of the batteries 27 days, from the 24th of June, to the said 20th of July. The batteries were three; one, the Poza on the Island of St. Anastasia, of four 18 and one nine pounder, another on the point of the hammock on said Island, of two 18 pounders, and the other on point St. Mateo, of seven 6 pounders, five of iron, and two of brass. The mortars, and small mortars were thirty-four. Two of half quintal, and two of about a quintal. The thirty small mortars, were what the *deserters call cohorns*, for throwing hand grenades, and others for those of ten or twelve pounds."—*MSS. of Montiano.*

The Governor renders cohorns (named from the Flemish engineer) "*cuernas de vaca*"—*cow-horns* (the deserter probably so pronounced the word.) *Ram's* horns, were theartil-

lery which demolished the walls of Jericho. Supposing a similar error in translation, in that case, the discovery of gunpowder would be more ancient than we imagine.

Montiano compliments his people highly for their zeal, and patient endurance, in maintaining the place for the King, states that not one deserted, and his loss in the defence at only two killed, and two wounded. This last may be received with slight distrust, but it is evident his loss could not have been great, and as the officer bearing the despatch, would be questioned in Cuba, too great a variance from truth would have been imprudent. The fort would hold every body, no bombs fell there, and the cannon injured nothing but the parapet. Believing that there could be no "*quiet or liberty*," so long as Oglethorpe remained in command," he says:

"This would be the moment to exterminate General Oglethorpe, with his regiment, and force him to abandon Georgia, with a force but a little stronger than I have here, for his troops are disgusted, and Carolina would afford but tardy succors, on account of the same displeasure, and for fear of their negroes."—MSS.

Such were the results of the invasion of Florida by General Oglethorpe, according to the preserved records of his opponent, who on the ground, wrote down what he saw, or heard, in a spirit of candor, fully, and explicitly, not to deceive his superior, but to keep him informed of the true condition of his dependency. A publication like this, might have been less gratifying to the vanity of our colonial forefathers, than their own more flattering narrations, but those days are passed away, and those who are, or who may become citizens of Florida, though they be sons of Georgia, or Carolina, must be naturally interested in her by-gone annals, and justly desirous that they should hold their proper rank in the history of our common country. The country of our adoption, becomes as dear to us as the land of our birth.

St. Augustine is situated on a flat point of land, bounded on the west and south by the St. Sebastian River and marshes, about a third of a mile wide, and on the east by the Matanzas River, about a mile wide, which separates it from the narrow Island of St. Anastasia, round the north point of which, is the outlet to the ocean. The neck, from the fort on the Matanzas, to the St. Sebastian, is about 500 yards wide, perfectly level, and completely under the artillery; still by an immediate, vigorous assault, simultaneous by sea and land, Oglethorpe *might* have taken the place, but it would have been

literally "*guerra hasta el cuchillo*"—war to the knife ; for the Spaniards were prepared to defend themselves like men who neither ask nor expect quarters. He might, by approaches, have erected batteries on the land side, sufficiently proximate to batter down the fort, the only protection and refuge of the people, as it was on the land side a mere shell without defences ; but the intrepid sortie on Moses, showed that the Spanish infantry, had not then forgotten the lessons of their great Captain (Gonsalo de Cordova,) and that men in trenches would be hardly safe in their vicinity. The position on St. Anastasia, from whence the fire was directed against the only part of the fort capable of much resistance, it being the only side casemated, though too distant for effective operations, was a safe one to threaten daily annoyance, and await the tardy reduction by lingering famine. The ships of war, cruised without molesting. Of the Carolina militia, Montiano knew little, no deserters came from them, they were hidden by the sand-hills of the Point, and too far distant to do him injury. In the end, Oglethorpe's expectations were defeated by the early vigilant precautions of Montiano, and timely arrival of supplies. The season was the hottest in the year, and that sickness prevailed extensively among the English troops, is too evident, from the great quantity of human bones, a solemn record of war's consequences, which recent encroachments of the sea, have left exposed in the neighbourhood of their encampment. A speedy retreat remained alone to be executed, which could be easily effected, by crossing to the north point, in the night, unperceived by the Spaniards, and getting far on the road to the St. John's River, along a smooth hard beach, before it was discovered. Oglethorpe, like Moore, thirty-eight years previous, found not a strong place ; but like him, was opposed by the patient fortitude of a determined people.

Montiano reaped no laurels on a bloody field, but he protected his people from injury, and by the exercise of singular discretion, preserved a province for his country.

The biographer of Oglethorpe *wonders* that he was permitted to retire, unmolested ; while Montiano *wonders* that he retired at all. "No acabo de comprehender la conducta, ni reglas de este General," says the astonished Spaniard, who still anticipating an attack by sea, was too wary to send out his small force in pursuit of fugitives. But why be troubled because an abortive campaign in Florida came to a blood-

less termination, a century ago? Have we not seen a perfect shower of campaigns in Florida within a few years, profuse beyond precedent in all ordinary expenditures, and equally economical beyond precedent, in the article of blood? We have seen less than five thousand Indians, counting men, women, and children, give employment for nearly seven years, to an average, we may almost say, of five thousand fighting men; and so dispose of themselves, as to be multiplied into more armies of from 50, to 500 warriors, and under more Chiefs and "Kings," than could be furnished by the most powerful tribes west of the Mississippi. In 1840, the remainder of these Indians, after disregarding over 6,000 men, composing the best appointed army the United States ever sent into the field, provided with every modern facility, and convenience, commenced yielding to bribes of various amounts, (only one exceeded \$5,000.) Thus the purse accomplished, what the sword could not, and they who for years had foiled armies and Generals, became obedient to, and the ready agents of a Paymaster. From the first landing of Europeans in the Western world, no race of Indians has fought more desperately, ferociously, determinedly, or successfully, than those of East Florida. From the days of the adventurous De Soto, and those of Montiano, they have ever resisted the occupation of the country, and killed those who ventured within their power. Against all the might of our nation, they have, since 1835, though diminished to a handful, committed more murders, and greater depredations, than their ancestors when in strength, and with equal impunity.

It was the policy of Montiano, to appear formidable, and keep the English ignorant of his true strength. In 1738 he sent an Indian spy to Colonel Cochran commanding at Frederica, who told him that he would give \$50 each for the scalps of Spaniards, and made many inquiries about Florida, especially if there was much money (*mucha plata*) there? To which the Indian impudently replied, that it was very abundant, because the King paid his troops every month, (they had not been fairly paid for two years.) When a Lieutenant of Oglethorpe's regiment, (Romaldo Demere,) came with a deputation, respecting runaway slaves, &c. in April, 1739, Montiano thinking them spies, took care they should see little, and managed to land them in a launch, with some specie, and 22 convicts, which he describes as having

opportunely arrived from Havana. The Lieutenant inquired what people those were with chains on their legs; to which the Governor replied, they were persons sentenced to hard labor, (of whom he had two hundred, and expected more,) with whom the King fortified his cities, *without expense*, since he had simply to feed and shelter them. At the same time there came a big, frightful-looking, painted Indian, (muy horroroso de corpulentos y embijados,) who inquired of the strangers whether they had many Indians, and in return said, that at the South there were so many, that even their villages could not be counted; that they were great warriors, many of them having several gun-shot wounds, and that they only gave quarter to those who knew the Catholic creed!

The criminal law of the Spanish possessions is most promptly administered, by a summary process before a sort of civil Court Martial, where the testimony of the accused himself, and witnesses, is taken down in writing, and sentence found. The proceedings are then transmitted to the Governor, or Captain-General, who refers them to a man learned in the law, styled the "Auditor de Guerra," who, having seen that they are correct in form, refers them back, and his Excellency, if satisfied, confirms the sentence. The rogue of the morning, is a laborer on some public work in the afternoon, with a chain on his leg, to be driven in a gang, till his time expires. Idle loiterers, having no visible means of livelihood, such as are familiarly known among us by a new-coined name, are sent to serve his majesty in the army. Though somewhat oppressive to the subject, we are not quite certain that such a tribunal might not be of service in other places. We know of a country where his majesty of Spain might, by its provisions, during the few past years, have recruited an army, very respectable,—in numbers, we mean, for we would not touch upon character.

Montiano sent the son of the commandant of St. Marks, at the father's request, to Havana, to be placed in the ranks, detailing minutely his peccadilloes, which we should cut short by calling him a young profligate. This was emphatically going to the "school of the soldier." We know not its effect on the reformation, or teaching of morals, but from what we have seen resulting with many youths, after a highly finished, expensive education, we can say that it is not

costly, and some might profit in it, as much as they *have* profited in more exalted schools.

After the peace of Utrecht, which confirmed her American possessions, with the loss of her European provinces, Spain appears to have neglected Florida, until jealousy was aroused by the establishment of the Georgia colonies, which she considered an encroachment upon her territory. Montiano erected the present fort of St. Marks, (de Apalache,) and laid out lands in the neighborhood for two hundred families, which the king intended to send from Galicia, though they probably never came. The vestiges of redoubts, cultivation and settlements in that region, are undoubtedly the establishments destroyed by Colonel Moore of Carolina, in 1705; and were simply "missions," where Spanish priests were civilizing, *humanizing* and christianizing the wild men of the forest. Indian tradition claims all this wilful destruction for its own race, and, disclaiming the aid of white men in a work so commendable, says that it was accomplished by the combination of a vast many tribes, after two years preparation. The savage of this day, as if conscious the guilt is unatoned, superstitiously avoids Fort St. Louis, against every inducement. "I know it is foolish," he will say, "but should any misfortune befall our tribe, they would consider me the cause, and kill me for having provoked the vengeance of the great spirit." Why is this ancient redoubt (about two miles west of Tallahassee) called St. Louis? The St. Louis of history was more probably the old fort of St. Marks.

Whatever be our abstract ideas of the Catholic religion, as a rule of Christian faith, the imposing majesty of its solemn ritual possesses a most imposing influence upon the minds of an untutored race. In Canada, there are villages where the priest is, with slight exceptions, the only residing white man. Often, at day-break, have we seen the Indians, men and women, leave their houses noiselessly, each with a snow-white blanket over the head, and, repairing to their spacious church, kneel in prayer and adoration before their Maker; and, in gazing on that lowly, breathing throng, we have asked ourselves, "Is not this humble offering as grateful to the Most High, as the more costly tribute of a more richly dressed, more intellectual, but less impressively devout assemblage?"

The incursion of Colonel Moore, was undoubtedly considered "glorious" by our forefathers; but now that the un-

tamed spirits of scattered Indian bands, have been congregated by us into nations in the West, may there not be, some day, an outbreak, which will cause men to think it had been more fortunate if the lonely priest (who, as the only white man, came singly forth, bare-footed, with the heroic devotion which has ever characterised the Catholic Indian missionary, to ask mercy for his people,) had been permitted to remain, a teacher of peace, piety and agricultural industry, among rude red men, who, in the century and a half that has elapsed, have learned from us far too little, except our worst propensities. Trees now grow on St. Louis, the cotton plant spreads over the foundations of churches, and symbols of the crucifixion are turned up by the rough ploughshare.

As a nation, we do small justice to Spain, or her descendants. In our pride at the unparalleled harmony of our liberal institutions, three quarters of a century after a successful revolution, we look with derision at infant republics, just emerged from chaos, forgetful that our principles of republicanism were brought over and established by the first emigrants, who flew from tyranny at home. We grew up, not by the fostering care of England, but through her neglect; and in throwing off her yoke, effected little immediate change, beyond removing the supreme power from London, where it was not responsible, to our own capitals, where it could be made so. Those foundations of liberty and equality, our town and country administrations, our customs and our fundamental laws, remained as they were,—one State Constitution remained unchanged till last year. Our democratic republic is not the work of our own hands, but the result of the wisdom of our forefathers, who, like Moses, profiting on his knowledge of all the wisdom of the Egyptians, brought with them all the political experience of the old world, and established it, without its crudities, in the new. Questions of right and government, still undefined and perplexing to the wisest and most profound of Europe, were fixed and made immutable on the shores of America, by humble and unlearned men, more than two centuries ago. Our Constitution was not the commencement of an experiment, but its triumph.

Every Spanish possession, on the contrary, was under the immediate influence of the court of Spain. The government was called "paternal," and when *that* departed without leav-

ing a "will" directory, what more natural than that there should be disputes respecting the inheritance, especially where as in Mahometan countries, the rules of political succession remained to be defined. Could the people, after throwing down one absolute despot, submit to another who usurped his place? Of other forms of government they were ignorant, nor could ardent patriots, profound in history and deep reading of political science, put in immediate practice systems which they had only studied, but of which they had never seen the practical operation. Let us rather speak kindly encouragement to the southern brethren of our great Family of Republics, and hope that the sad experience of past vicissitudes, will lead to the more speedy establishment of constitutional governments, upon their eternal foundations. We are all Americans,—children of a new world,—reserved for the most exalted development of humanity.

And Spain!—who ever mentions her in connection with our revolution? Yet Spain, prostrate and forgotten as she now is, aided in that glorious cause. The husbandman may not, as he turns the sod consecrated by the blood of freedom's martyrs, find the bones of Spaniards co-mingled with those of Frenchmen and Americans; but who can tell how far the coalition of Spain with France hastened the admission of our independence by an obstinate monarch, so long rigidly determined against the humiliating act? Spain was then a naval power; she had fleets upon the ocean,—the day of Trafalgar had not come,—England was then, as now, in the words of the Duke of Wellington, posted all over the world, and weak at every point; and what could be more politic, than to relinquish possessions already lost, in order to preserve others which yet remained. Spain was sufficiently powerful to regain Florida, by the treaty of 1783, while France could not regain Canada, also lost twenty years before. Florida is now ours. Canada may be—when we want it.

The history of Florida, always wet with the blood of her invaders, is singularly terrible and eventful. No portion of the Union has been the scene of such continued change, violence and desolation. Ponce de Leon first came to seek the waters of life, and found them not. De Soto followed for gold, but found none. Narvaez, to be driven back with the loss of his men, and be never heard of more. The very Indians among whom he wandered, were soon after annihilated

by other tribes. The first colony of Frenchmen was massacred by Spaniards, and these Spaniards were massacred by Frenchmen. St. Augustine was founded in 1565, to be pillaged by the licensed plunderer, Drake. Early in the 18th century, and about the middle, the English, and Indians in their interest, overran the land. In 1763, the Spaniards left, because it was ceded to England. Twenty years afterwards, the English (who had introduced many improvements, and agriculture upon an extended scale,) left, because it was receded to Spain. At the beginning of this century, the Indians again possessed the country. In 1812, the so-called "patriot war," an invasion from Georgia, broke up all the planters. In 1821, the cession to the United States again changed the inhabitants. To crown all, in 1835, when all was onward and flourishing, what should be designated the "preposterous" war, commenced. A mere handful of Indians, who, all united, could not have withstood a single regiment, reversing the maxim that "wars to be short, must be vigorous and terrible," by a skilful, terrible and bold beginning, worthy of the greatest masters in the art of war, (the end, not the means,) acquired a confidence, which enabled them for more than six years to elude and harrass armies, and threaten destruction to every isolated household, till monuments of fire and blood marked their ferocity in every quarter.

These tragedies are now ended. Government, in 1842, granted 200,000 acres of land, in lots of 160 acres each, to new settlers, to be selected where they choose, any where south of latitude 29.30, and hundreds from this and neighboring States have wended their way, not as of yore, embodied in arms, to carry war and devastation, but clothed in the habiliments of peace, to advance that common prosperity which men once went to destroy. East Florida, to which this article particularly bears relation, is somewhat larger than the State of South-Carolina, and though the quantity of land fit for cultivation is comparatively small, still there is abundance for a large population, and the remainder will furnish perpetual pasture for immense herds, which can multiply without any cost to the owner. Nearly surrounded by coast, and peculiarly covered by water, fish and shell-fish are as abundant and various, as though never disturbed by the hand of man. Game must continue plentiful, for immense open pine forests will long remain untouched by the

woodman's axe. With salt water on both sides, and constant breezes, heat is moderate in summer; and though sickness ever attends the first settlement of a new country, probably no Southern State is equally salubrious. Attracted by the bounty of land, many of the settlers of this year have gone scantily provided with necessaries, but it is believed they are only pioneers of others with more extended means, who cannot fail to benefit by a tropical climate, under our own government and laws, capable of producing nearly all the fruits of the earth. The abundance of ports and landing-places, forbids that East Florida should ever contain any one town of much magnitude, (unless a ship-canal should ever create a commercial centre,) concentrating point for large speculations, or field for sudden wealth; but to the man of moderate desires, who would fulfil his destiny on earth in the enjoyment of the best gifts which Nature bestows on those who seek her favor, this region of balmy airs and nearly perpetual summer, offers every reasonable inducement. May that which has thus far been the gladiatorial arena of carnage and discord, become, henceforth, the permanent abode of calm security and tranquil happiness.

ART. V.—MILTON'S GENIUS—IMITATION AND USE OF THE MODERNS.

1. *An Essay on Milton's imitation and use of the Moderns.* By WM. LANDER. 1750.
2. *Sarcotis. Carmen.* Auctore P. JACOBO MASENIO. Cologne: 1644. Londini; et venit Parisi, Apud J. BARBOU: 1771.
3. *Poemata Sacra Andreae Ramsæi Pastoris Edinburgeni.* Edinburgi: 1633. Gentlemen's Magazine: 1747.
4. *Hugonis Grotii Adamus exul. Tragedia.* Edition of the Hague: 1601. Gentleman's Magazine: 1747.
5. *The Life of Milton: with conjectures on the origin of Paradise Lost.* By WM. HAYLEY, Esq. London: 1796.
6. *Remarks on the Character and Writings of John Milton.* By WM. ELLERY CHANNING. Boston: 1826.
7. *Milton's Paradise Lost,* Newton's edition. Article on Mr. Prendeville's Milton,—Blackwood's Magazine, May, 1840.

THE topic before us is one of familiar interest; and though it has in itself little of novelty, and may, by some, be thought too stale for the reviewer's pen, at this late day, when the public attention is more occupied by literary productions and controversies of recent date, and while the present offers such ample materials wherefrom to cater for the public taste; yet we flatter ourselves that we shall be able to extract from it something to render it pleasing, and, it may be, instructive; while at the same time we express the opinion, that as a subject for fair and impartial criticism, interesting speculation, and literary controversy, it presents still a wide and open field of observation and research, with its doubts and perplexities, conjectures and differences of opinion, piquing our curiosity, though, perhaps, casting an overshadowing cloud, for a time, on the glorious horizon of our early enthusiasm: until, standing on a higher eminence, in a purer light of criticism, it again opens upon us with a more extended view; and the sentiment of the sublime once more awakening in us fresh feelings and new ideas, while we imbibe in some degree the inspiration it imparts, we can expatiate, without exhausting the theme, upon the beauties, the triumphs, the infinite universe of genius. Enough of this for the present.

Having introduced the subject generally, let us commence by particularizing it. A glance at our title and table of contents, might mislead as to its real merits; so we leave them, in the first place, to hint plainly that we have no intention of nibbling at the fame of Milton. That, in his great poem, he imitated, or, in other words, borrowed some of his ideas and language from certain of the modern as well as ancient writers, is known to all who have read his commentators, or who are tolerably versed in ancient and modern literature. This is an undisputed fact. There are too many instances in which the similarity of conception, or expression, is so very striking, that, to contend for their being the result of accidental coincidence, would be to substitute the doctrine of chances in the room of that of cause and effect. We never believe in the former, while we can trace, though ever so slightly, the operation of the latter. Now, the fact that there is no such thing as pure originality of ideas,—all minds depending, for what ideas they have, upon acquisitions through the senses, and by the innate faculties of the brain, which acquisitions are, for the most part, made directly from the ideas of others, or at least rendered distinct to the mind's capacity, and intelligible to other minds, through conventional signs of language,—these signs themselves constituting ideas which never would have entered the mind without them, and the accumulation of which through the medium of impressions made upon some sense, through speech, or written language, being what we call education. The fact that these ideas in books are clothed in certain forms of expression, which fix themselves in the memory and lurk there, when they might be supposed to have been totally forgotten; associating themselves often, without effort on our part, dimly and without our consciousness, with the subjects of thought with which they are connected; as often thrusting themselves forward familiarly in our way, like certain clever, good fellows of our acquaintance in society, who put us in the shade, and are somewhat of a bore to us with their easy impertinence, (or here, rather, we should say pertinence,) their ready wit, and apparently greater originality; out of whose atmosphere, for the moment, our self-love would gladly escape to shine in a sphere of its own; but whom we do not hesitate to make profitable to us on some future occasion, drawing upon them to assist our chit-chat, and getting credit for our story or joke, although we

should unfortunately commence or conclude with an *as so-and-so says*: but should we have the boldness to pass off our wit as original, without risk of a detection, provided we have sufficient discretion,—sufficient variety in the sources whence we draw, and our conversation be not the mere *ricochet* of another's,—if it have stamina of its own to support it, and we are not insipid *Flaneurs*, or professed and recognized *raconteurs* of others' stale sayings,—who blames? who accuses of thefts? Have we not honestly set about *à faire l'amiable*? Have we not lawfully attained our end, which was to please by the best possible means? Have we not succeeded? Or should we, which is certainly yet more desirable, possess the tact to improve upon these our acquisitions, by means of others,—to make a good story out of an indifferent one,—to embellish a striking idea or phrase by some additional manufacture or process of our own,—does not this constitute our felicity—establish our reputation? Verily, he would be a dummy, who did not avail himself of some such helps through books and men: his speech would freeze down into a Lapland winter; the circle of his ideas would be diminished precisely two-thirds! If he must confine himself to simple observation,—to a vocabulary of words,—to a form of language of his own invention, in order to be original, he would be an original indeed! Such a one as the world has not yet seen. Should any one so aspire, we would recommend him to mount, on some foggy night when sound travels well, upon Thomas Carlyle's back, and ascend the highest peak of the Hartz mountains, whence he may catch some original ideas and phrases from the moon, and escape the charge of plagiarism, at least until some ballooning adventurer, a century or two hence, shall expose his thefts to the world. The fact is, we are essentially imitative in every thing. We effect every thing after models which we have before us, combining more or less judgment in our selections,—aiming at perfection by the study of the best,—at novelty or originality, in general, through the power which acquaintance with a large circle of facts or materials gives, either of simply choosing and making known such as others are not familiar with, or of making available in combination such as are more common, but which assume an individuality from the accretion of fresh ingredients. We attain to greatness or sublimity through the infusion of intense feelings or lofty conceptions, in the

indulgence or expression of which we re-iterate, follow, or imitate our natural impressions,—the impulses of a fervid temperament, or the suggestions of the higher phrenic faculties, spiritualizing and sublimating, by a certain intensity or nobility of thought and style, the pre-existent ideas and parts of language which we still adopt as spirit assumes body and shape. And if we attentively examine into the origin and progress of our knowledge, we shall discover that, generally, with but few exceptions, *remarkable* resemblances in the ideas or language of authors, are not to be attributed to chance, but to imitations, more or less direct. If it is probable that a writer may have read another, who has the same or similar thoughts and expressions, (spread out alike in detail, we would add, upon the same subject,) it is just to conclude, that he has either deliberately appropriated or imitated them, or else has retained them in memory, and made use of them, as he would of single words or ideas acquired insensibly in the course of knowledge. If there is no such probability, then the inference is, that some common source has supplied them both with such features of resemblance. If there are exceptions, as there no doubt are, where the same subject—ideas that are in common—would lead to an almost identical train of thought and mode of expression, even in such there may be traced the features of a remote and common imitation, especially among authors whose language is enriched by various reading, or who see through “the spectacles of books.” The original impressions of external Nature,—the apparently vigorous and original creations of the Imagination, still borrow here and there, or somewhere, a word, a similar illustration, a descriptive phrase, or some shadow of an idea to begin with, where there is a language formed, and writers read. It is in consequence of education, in other words, imitation, that this conformity of opinions and language occurs. But while we deny originality thus in the abstract, we, upon these premises, recognize it in the effect it has of appearing as such—that is, as a comparative excellence which it is in the power of Art to create, and on which Genius sheds its irradiance, as the primitive light upon new combinations of matter into more perfect forms.

It is not to be denied that our juvenile admiration of a favorite author's originality, and our faith in the existence of his genius, may receive a shock in proportion as we become

acquainted with his indebtedness to sources other than his own immediate inspiration, which we have loved in our ignorance to reverence, and from which we persuaded ourselves that every thing wonderful directly proceeded; and, upon investigation, finding ourselves deceived in many instances, we may then be too ready to turn sceptics and deny altogether the godhead. It is true, too, that in this way we may possibly sometimes discover a false divinity; but the distance is immense between the regular plagiarist, an imposter without any genius, and the true genius which presides over the empire of thought and expression, subjecting every thing to its control, reflecting itself in the agencies it employs, itself not superseded and made a nullity by them. When we make these discoveries, and become thus disenchanted of our youthful illusions, it is like one who, prying too boldly at first into the secrets of Nature, finds object after object of his superstition and ignorant idolatry divested of all its spiritual mystery, and changed into matter-of-fact operations of regular laws, and feels his religion giving way: but the maturer perception of infinite grandeur and perfection begins, after a while, to fill the place of the sentiment of the marvellous;—the more he becomes acquainted with the simple and familiar operations of Nature, the better he understands how she borrows from old established laws, making use of them to produce new and wonderful effects,—and the oftener he contemplates the beauty, and the order, and the harmony of the whole universe, resulting from their arrangement, the greater becomes his admiration of the Power which selects, regulates, adapts and vivifies these known elements,—and the more infinite appear the mysteries over which the veil still remains undrawn! Thus is it with the creations of Genius,—if we may compare the works of Genius, which is a beam of the Eternal Intelligence, with the works of God, in relation to their influence, first upon the feelings, and subsequently upon the reason. Thus is it with the great poem of Milton.* The facts in relation to Milton's

* "Oh! how sterile is the imagination of Man compared to the intelligence of Nature! He has produced no one thing, in any line whatever, of which he has not borrowed the model from her works. Genius itself, about which such a noise is made, this creative genius, which our wits fondly imagine they brought into the world with them, and have brought to perfection in learned circles, or by the assistance of books, is neither less nor more than the art of observing." *Studies of Nature*, by James Henry Bernardin de Saint Pierre.

vast erudition, his literary habits, the circumstances attending the history of the planning and composition of *Paradise Lost*, and his acknowledged imitation of passages from the well-known writers, Greek, Latin and Italian, will be found hereafter detailed.

The two important questions which meet us on the threshold of this subject, as regards the title of the *Paradise Lost* to be considered as a great and original work of genius—and the moral and literary fame of Milton—are, 1st. To what extent, and in what manner, has he borrowed or copied his subject, his ideas and language? 2d. Whether his having borrowed without any acknowledgment, subjects him to the charge of plagiarism? We shall embrace these two questions, with others which may arise in the course of their consideration, under one view.

If it were shown that Milton was no more than ingenious compiler of the thoughts and phrases of others,—a tame copyist, or only a transcriber from obscure works scarcely or not at all known, and his *Paradise Lost* a mere cento,—where would be his merit and glory as a great poet and inventor? Or, to repeat the words of one of his vindicators: *what high praise is he entitled to for his beautiful structure?* where not only the *materials are borrowed*, but a great part of the edifice is raised, and his part seems only to be, to give a few finishing touches, and to dedicate the building, which, if with a good assurance and tolerable address, he will assume the whole to himself, may perhaps make a good show, and dazzle the unthinking many, but with the more intelligent and discerning, will give him little real praise.*

The question is here fairly stated, and this is the gist of the controversy which we propose to examine and illustrate, so far as our acquaintance with the few out of the many modern Latin originals on sacred subjects, which Milton is said to have consulted, will enable us. In the translations which we have made, we have endeavored to do justice to those authors, and though we acknowledge an attempted imitation of Milton's style, where the subject seemed naturally to demand it, except in these special instances, we are not aware of having copied his language or diction any more than Shakspeare's. Our readers will probably exonerate us fully on either score.

* A writer in the Gentleman's Magazine, under the signature of *Miltonicus*.

We will first present a brief sketch of the origin of this controversy, an allusion to which may be found in every life of Milton. In the year 1746, Wm. Lander, a Scotchman, a teacher of the Latin tongue, and a man of some talent and considerable learning, induced, as he affirmed, by the public's favorable reception of a late treatise on Milton's imitation of the Ancients, and by a pure zeal in the cause of truth; but whom Hayley calls "an unfortunate adventurer, whom a furious temper, considerable learning, and greater indigence, converted into an audacious impostor," commenced in the "*Gentleman's Magazine*" for 1747, his attack on Milton's originality, prefaced by the following words: "I no way intend to derogate from the glory or merit of that noble poet, who certainly is entitled to the highest praise for raising so beautiful a structure, even granting all the materials were borrowed, which is an assertion I will by no means take upon me absolutely to affirm." In these essays he adduced two or three extracts in the originals, from the *Sarcotis* of Masenius, Professor of Rhetoric and Poetry in the Jesuits' College at Cologne*—a few isolated passages from the "*Poemata Sacra*" of Andrew Ramsay, of an earlier date—and some portion of the Tragedy of "*Adamus Exul*," written by the celebrated Grotius at the age of eighteen, of a yet earlier date, and which had gone through four editions. Finding the novelty of his charge attract the public attention, he endeavored to enforce it in a pamphlet entitled, "*An Essay on Milton's Use and Imitation of the Moderns*," which he addressed to the two Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, selecting, as a motto, that line from *Paradise Lost*, "*Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.*" In the close of this essay, he scrupled not to say of Milton:

"His industrious concealment of his helps, his peremptory disclaiming all manner of assistance, is highly ungenerous, nay, criminal to the last degree, and absolutely unworthy of any man of common probity and honor. By this mean practice, indeed, he has acquired the title of the British Homer, nay, has been preferred to Homer and Virgil both, and consequently to every other poet of every age and nation. Cowley, Waller, Denham, Dryden, Prior, Pope, in comparison with Milton, have borne no greater proportion than that of dwarfs to a giant, who, now he is reduced to his true standard, appears mortal and uninspired, and in ability little superior to the poets

* Masenius was printed at Cologne in 1644. As "*Paradise Lost*" was not seriously undertaken until 1655, nor completed until 1665, Milton may very well have seen the *Sarcotis*, and taken some hints from it.

above mentioned, but in honesty and open dealing, the best quality of the human mind, not inferior, perhaps, to the most unlicensed plagiarist that ever wrote."

In a publication containing *such language*, Lander was able to engage the great critic and moralist, Samuel Johnson, as his confederate; for the preface and postscript to the Essay, from which the preceding paragraph is cited, are confessedly the composition of that elaborate and nervous writer.* From his known connexion, also, at this period, with Cave, the editor of the Gentleman's Magazine, Johnson may be fairly concluded not to have been unassociated with Lander's former publication.† While due justice has been rendered to Johnson, in assigning as his motive for thus assisting Lander, that charity towards authors in indigent circumstances, and willingness to afford all the aid in his power to their literary enterprizes, which he had evinced on more than one occasion, at the same time his malevolent prejudices against Milton, arising out of political disagreement, have not been overlooked. The truth appears to us to be, that, allowing also the first motive, the erudite critic, knowing that Milton did avail himself of hints and materials collected during a long life of assiduous study, was ready to countenance the facts of Lander, startling as they were, while his appreciation of Milton's excellence as an inventor, and estimation of his character, were too much warped to incline him to pay much regard to Lander's wholesale inferences. This book of Lander's we have not met with. Some extracts from it are to be found in Symmon's Life of Milton, which it would not be doing justice to the subject not to transcribe:

"The case is exactly the same" (says Lander, speaking of a passage, which he had himself fabricated for Grotius, and which, as he affirms, Milton 'borrowed without any intention of making an acknowledgment,') "In a thousand other places, where much false incense has been offered on the wrong altar, and many lavish encomiums unjustly prostituted."

"The State of Innocence, or Fall of Man,' is a proof how readily Milton's poem, which was founded on a tragedy, (the 'Adamus Exul' of the juvenile Grotius,) may be reduced to a tragedy again. But there is this remarkable difference between the two authors, that Dryden, though never reputed a man of the strictest morals, frankly acknowledged to whom he stood obliged, while Milton, notwithstand-

* Hayley.

† Symmons.

ing his high pretensions to integrity, most industriously concealed his obligations."

"He (Grotius) has as much reason to complain of ungrateful usage at Milton's hand, as the prince of the Latin poets when he exclaimed with indignation, from a consciousness of injury done him by Bathylus,—*Hos ego versiculos feci—tulit alter honores.*"

After ridiculing the honours which had been paid to Milton, on the false supposition of his originality, and of the truth with which he asserts that his song

"————— *pursues*
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme,"

Lander says, with reference to one of the vindicators of the great poet :

"But I must take the liberty to inform him, that my notions of morality taught me quite another lesson than to bestow the praise due to ingenuity and integrity, on persons of a different character."

" 'Tis true Ramsay's poem has been lately called a cento from Virgil ; but I hope to show (and I think I have partly done it already,) that Milton stands infinitely more exposed to that censure, being compiled out of all authors, ancient or modern, sacred or profane, who had any thing in their works suitable to his purpose : nor do I blame him for this unlimited freedom, but for his industriously concealing it."

"By this time, I hope, the mist of delusion begins to disperse : for though Milton has been so long in possession of Paradise, that he may even plead prescription in his favor, yet I have ventured (and I think successfully,) to call his title in question ; as unjustly acquired at first, and which, therefore, no length of time can make valid ;—according to that known and approved maxim, *quod ab initio vitiosum est tractu temporis non convalescit.*"

"And here I could produce a whole cloud of witnesses, as fresh vouchers of the truth of my assertion, with whose fine sentiments, as so many gay feathers, Milton has plumed himself ; like one who would adorn a garland with flowers, secretly taken out of various gardens ; or a crown with jewels, stolen from the different diadems, or repositories of princes ; by which means he shines, indeed, but with a borrowed lustre,—a surreptitious majesty."

"In the sixth book, (the greatest part of which, I have already observed, is ungenerously copied from this young German, Taubman,)" &c.

"This elegant work, (Taubman's *Bellum Angelicum*,) among many others, has enabled Milton to reach the summit of Parnassus, more truly than that extraordinary poetical inspiration which the deluded world has imagined him possessed of."

The circumstances of Milton's refusing to instruct his daughters in the languages, which he taught them to read to

him, was a contrivance, according to Lander, to keep them in ignorance of his thefts.

"Milton well knew," says this strange man, "the loquacious and incontinent spirit of the sex; and the danger, on that account, of trusting them with so important a secret as his unbounded plagiarism: he, therefore, wisely confined them to the knowledge of the words and pronunciation only; but kept the sense and meaning to himself."

The author of the *Life*, from whom we have quoted, makes no remarks upon this important and suspicious-looking fact last stated by Lander. As it is one of the important facts in the history of Milton's private literary habits, bearing upon the subject, it deserves farther notice from us. Johnson quotes it from Philips, Milton's nephew, who appears, as Hayley thinks, to have been, on the whole, "laudably zealous for the honor of his uncle," but whose statement rather favors Lander's view. He tells us:

"That though our author had daily about him one or other to read, some persons of man's estate, who, of their own accord, greedily caught at the opportunity of being his readers, that they might as well reap the benefit of what they read to him, as oblige him by the benefit of their reading; and others of younger years were sent by their parents to the same end; yet excusing only the eldest daughter, by reason of her bodily infirmity, and difficult utterance of speech, (*which, to say truth, I doubt was the principal cause of excusing her,*) the other two were condemned to the performance of reading," &c., "and exactly pronouncing without understanding," &c.

We have marked with italics the parenthesis, where that doubtful word *doubt* would seem to imply that there was some other secret reason for excusing the elder daughter, such as fear of trusting her; but we cannot be certain that Philips may not have said *doubt not*, or have used the word in the more positive sense, as meaning *suspect, apprehend*, or the like. He goes on to state that the daughters, rebelling more and more against the irksomeness of this employment, "at length they were all, even the eldest also, sent out to learn some curious and ingenious sorts of manufacture, that are proper for women to learn." But we are not told that, at this time, *Paradise Lost* was in process of composition: on the contrary, Johnson quotes the passage after saying:

"In the meantime he continued his studies, and supplied the want of sight by a very odd expedient, of which Philips," &c.

That is long after *Paradise Lost* was published, and while he was, according to Johnson's conception of him—

"Calm and confident, little disappointed, not at all dejected, relying on his own merit with steady consciousness, and waiting, without impatience, the vicissitudes of opinion, and the impartiality of a future generation."

But that Johnson evidently considered the purpose of Milton, in being thus read to, to be the procuring of aid from the thoughts of others to his works, and looked upon it as a practice, appears from a remark which he makes upon it :

"If few men would have had resolution to write books with such embarrassments, few likewise would have wanted ability to find some better expedient."

"In this state of things," says Symmons, "the indignant and agitated public was under the necessity of acquiescing for the space nearly of a twelvemonth ; during which period the forger and his auxiliary were permitted to triumph, one for his gratified animosity to the fame of the great poet, and the other for the success of his fraudulent contrivance. About the end of the same year, (1750,) Mr. Douglas, the rector of Eaton Constantine in Shropshire, addressed to the Earl of Bath a letter entitled, 'Milton vindicated from the charge of plagiarism brought against him by Mr. Lander.' Having, in this pamphlet, first clearly proved that Lander's quotations, allowing them to be authentic, would not support the charge, urged with so much indecent vehemence against Milton, of plagiarism, and an immoral concealment of truth, the acute and able critic proceeds to show that, with impudence unparalleled in the annals of literary imposture, the passages, which had been cited from Masenius, Staphorstius, Taubmannus, and the other obscure writers presented on this occasion to the public notice, had been adapted to the forger's design by the interpolation of lines either immediately fabricated for the purpose, or transcribed without alteration from Hogg's translation of the *Paradise Lost*." *

Lander, thus convicted of forgery, was caused by Johnson to make an expiatory address, dictated by him, to his antagonist, Dr. Douglas, with an avowal of more extensive fraud, and a most humble supplication for pardon. He is accused of having acted thus dishonestly, and having afterwards sought to win back the confidence and favor of the public by his recantation, from a desire, prompted by indigence, to interest the public in these neglected writers, a publication of whom he contemplated ;† but it is also not

* This is not the case, however, with the extracts from Masenius in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, which first excited the public curiosity. They are faithfully quoted there.

† Hayley. Symmons.

unlikely that he was led on by an infuriate zeal in the cause he had undertaken, and having made some real discoveries, fell into that moral obliquity to which the system-maker is so liable, and with a frantic recklessness scrupled not to make appear good, by false inventions, the weak parts of his position, where true facts left him in the lurch. A vain contempt, too, for the unlearned, gullible public, who had hitherto swallowed so much as original in Milton, which was not strictly so, might have contributed to cause him to practise this imposition in a spirit of levity, criminal as it was, by way of a reflection and a kind of reprisal upon *Milton*, the *plagiarist* and *impostor*. Indeed, Lander subsequently avowed, in another pamphlet, published by him, that the true reason which had excited him to contrive his forgery was, because Milton had attacked the character of Charles I., by interpolating Pamela's prayer from the *Arcadia*, in an edition of the *Eikon Basilike*, a story which, though it does not appear to be generally credited by the biographers of Milton, if we except Johnson, and perhaps some others of the political enemies of Milton, is plausible enough, when we consider the violence of the party feeling at that time,—that Milton was at the head of it,—that he was the chosen organ of the enemies of the king to throw discredit upon the *Eikon Basilike*,—that in his *Iconoclastes*, written for this purpose, he places side by side, with much care, the two prayers, and inveighs with great asperity, in "indecent language," as Johnson calls it, against the royal plagiarist,—and that party prides itself more upon its tactics than its conscience. Being unwilling, however, ourselves, to go into this famous dispute, or to refer to all that has been written upon it by Birch, Toland, Bayle, etc., we shall do no more than rest upon Dr. Johnson's general presumption, without inquiry whether Milton was implicated or not. He tells us :

"The papers which the King gave to Dr. Juxon on the scaffold, the regicides took away, so that they were at least the publishers of this prayer; and Dr. Birch, who had examined the question with great care, was inclined to think them the forgers. The use of it by adaptation was innocent; and they who could so noisily censure it, with a little extension of their malice could contrive what they wanted to accuse."

In an apology addressed to the Archbishop of Canterbury, soliciting patronage for his projected edition of the scarce

Latin authors from whom he had accused Milton of borrowing, Lander concluded with these words :

"As for the interpolations (for which I am so highly blamed,) when passion is subsided, and the minds of men can patiently attend to truth, I promise amply to replace them, with passages equivalent in value that are genuine, that the public may be convinced that it was rather passion and resentment, than a penury of evidence, the twentieth part of which has not as yet been produced, that obliged me to make use of them."

The collection printed by him, consisted of the following works: the *Pœmata Sacra* of Andrew Ramsay,—the *Adamus exul* of Grotius,—the *Sarcotis* of Masenius, omitting the 4th and 5th books,—the first book of *Dæmonomachia*, a poem by Odoricus Valmarana,—*Paradisus Jacobi Catsii*, a celebrated Dutch poet; a spirited and graceful epithalamium on the nuptials of Adam and Eve,—*Bellum Anglicum*, auctore Frederico Taubmanno.*

According to Lander, the paper in Milton's own handwriting, found in Trinity College, which contains a catalogue of above 60 subjects† taken from the Sacred Scripture, on which he seems to have designed to found tragedies, is in truth merely a list of titles of tragedies already written in Latin verse by men of the highest rank and genius, he says, in the commonwealth of learning. In the front of this catalogue, he continues, stands Adam *unparadised*, or Adam *in banishment*; which, he affirms, is only a translation of *Adamus exul* written by the juvenile Grotius. He mentions some of these written subjects, with the names of their authors "for the satisfaction of the curious reader," premising that "the judicious reader will by considering, &c. begin to relish the unexpected discovery, that this great poet had recourse to a vast treasure, which he industriously kept secret:."—*Abrahamus Sacrificans*, by Theodorus Beza; *Dinæ raptus*, & *Sodomæ Conflagratio*, by Horatius Tursellinus; who also writes several others in Milton's list:—*Thamara raptus per fratrem*, by Rochus Honerdus; *Sedechias*, by Carolus Malapertius; *Solymæ halosis*, by Nicolaus Caussinus; *Christus Patiens*, by Hugo Grotius; *Christus moriens & resurgens*, by Joannes Franciscus Quintianus; *He-*

* Hayley.

† For these, Lander refers to a new edition of the works of Milton, published by Dr. Birch, to which they are prefixed. See also art. *Milton*: Bayle, suppl.

rodes Infanticida, from Daniel Heinsius; *Sampson Agonistes* & *Heliadæ*, from Hieronymus Zieglerus; *Ruth*, a pastoral comedy, from Nicodemus Frischlinus; and to name no more, the *Baptistes*, from George Buchanan, which last Milton actually translated into English verse," &c. As, after Lauder's history, our readers must be impatiently incredulous of his assertions, they will no doubt presume that most of these are fabricated names—some of them being about as great jaw-breakers, and looking as formidable in print as *Aldibiontiphosphiphornio*. We have to regret that the limited extent of our learning and researches does not enable us to satisfy them fully to the contrary. A few are well known names; Bayle gives an account of several, and mentions two or three of these works. The others may be obscure writers, of whom we have little or no account in our ordinary libraries. Lauder is, we believe, correct in the titles of the works mentioned, which are, with the exception of a slight and unimportant alteration in one or two, the same as the heads set down in Milton's list. What we have to remark, however, is, that we find no particular evidence in Milton's notes,* that he actually designed works upon these sacred subjects already treated upon by these obscure authors, that he might plagiarise from them, or palm them off in translations as his own productions. Had he so intended, he certainly would not have made sketches of what was already in print before him. In these sketches, he refers not once, by way of memoranda, to a single one of these productions, nor to the names of the authors, which it seems he would naturally have done, if he intended only to consult those works, or to extract scenes, &c., but appears to be guided solely by texts of Scripture, noting chapter and verse, and to draw the hints for his *æconomy*—noble sentiments, &c. from the inspiration of his own genius. On the other hand, it may be said, with some ingenuity, that this was his art—his "industrious concealment"—the care which he practiced, as exemplified in the instance of his allowing only his young uninformed daughters to read to him, to leave no evidence of the sources whence he borrowed,—that as the titles of these obscure works, and his own, so exactly correspond, it is probable that the *æconomy*, &c. is merely transferred in English, or imitated, and that of this there is some proof. We should like to see this proof inquired into by some one having access to

* See sup. to Bayle: art. *Milton*.

some of these rare writings, if they are in existence ; not that we believe it would tend to the support of Lauder's illiberal and malevolent charge ; but that it would show to what extent Milton was really indebted to such models for his rough ideas of these proposed tragedies—what improvements his great genius suggested ; and correct us, perhaps, in the only one point in relation to any such proof, upon which we can venture to say anything from our own knowledge, which is, that it *does* seem to us, that Milton's plan of *Adam in banishment*, resembles strongly that of Grotius' *Adamus exul*, so far as we are capable of forming any opinion from the detached fragments of that tragedy in the miscellany where alone we have come at it. — Upon another assertion made by Lauder, in the course of some vituperative remarks upon Milton, in the collection which he had printed, that "Philips, Milton's nephew, everywhere in his *Theatrum Pætarum*, either woolly passes over in silence such authors as Milton was most obliged to, or, if he chanced to mention them, does it in the most slight and superficial manner imaginable," Hayley observes,

"There is some acuteness, and more truth, in this observation concerning Philips, than Lauder was himself aware of. Though Milton was indeed no plagiarist, and his nephew of course had no thefts to conceal, it is very remarkable that Philips, giving an account of poets in all languages, omits such of their works as were built on subjects resembling those of his uncle. This omission is not only striking in the brief account he gives of the Latin poets collected by Lauder ; it extends to some Italian writers, of whom I shall presently have occasion to speak more at large. Let me first observe, in apology for the omissions of Philips, which are too frequent to be considered as accidental, that he probably chose not to enumerate various poems relating to angels, to Adam, and to paradise, lest ignorance and malice should absurdly consider the mere existence of such poetry as a derogation from the glory of Milton."

Hayley also says, with regard to the assertion of Dr. Douglas, that Milton had not imitated the poets in Lauder's published collection :

"The assertion of this learned and amiable writer is not to be understood in a strict and literal sense ; for assuredly there are passages in some of them that Milton may be fairly supposed to have copied, though his obligations to these Latin poets are very far from being considerable ;"

And further on :

"He seems to have read, in different languages, authors of every

class; and I doubt not but he had perused every poem collected by Lauder, though some of them hardly afford ground enough for a conjecture that he remembered any passage they contain, in the course of his nobler composition."

We have ventured to translate, for our own satisfaction, and also as a recreation in the course of this inquiry, some passages from the three works mentioned, which treat of the same subjects as *Paradise Lost*, and from which Milton may appear to have copied or taken some parts of his plan. We have not met with any translations, except the one by *Miltonicus*, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, of the exordium and invocation, and two others by different writers in the same miscellany—one of the speech of Satan, and the other of the description of *Paradise*, in *Masenius*. We have not thought proper, after some consideration, to give too literal and close a version; but have attempted to allow something for the variance in style between the original and an imitation, supposing these to be such: at the same time we have carefully avoided transcending the text. If, occasionally, we have found a word or a phrase in Milton which expressed, without any forcing, the sense of the Latin, we have thought it just to adopt it: as, for instance, were we translating, with this view, that line from Ariosto copied by Milton:

"Cosa non detta in prosa mai, nè in rima,"

we should not think of rendering it either literally thus:

"Things ne'er said nor in prose nor rhyme,"

which would not fill the line; nor with more freedom thus, changing the structure:

"Of matters which have never yet appeared
In poetry or duller prose,"

which would, by excess, likewise depart from the proper identity, and impair the clearness of the imitation; but at once take Milton's translation, which is at the same time the most simple and consonant with the Italian:

"Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme."

This we deem the proper medium through which to convey fairly an illustration of the extent and manner of Milton's imitations; while it at the same time allows the translator sufficient liberty to depart, in some degree from the strictness

of the structure, and dryness of the Latin periods, and enables him to attempt a more idiomatic, elegant, and spirited version. A pure edition of Masenius is in our hands. The extracts from the other Latin poets, we are obliged to take, at second hand, from the miscellany in which we have found them, guarding against the *Lauderisms* as far as they are pointed out in the appendix to Newton's Milton.

The *Sarcotis* of Jacobus Masenius, (a German Jesuit, Professor of Rhetoric and Poetry in the College of the Jesuits at Cologne,) published a few years before the plan of *Paradise Lost*, by all accounts, was organized, is a poem on the fall of man. The name *Sarcothea* represents man, or human nature :* there is no Adam nor Eve in particular; but this personification supplies their places instead, and meagre and defective as it would seem, in comparison with Milton's more complete plan, it is nevertheless a fine idea that well harmonizes with that of Masenius, whose poem belongs to the descriptive more than to the epic class. *Sarcothea* alone appears in the terrestrial paradise; the seductions of the serpent are addressed to *Sarcothea* as to Eve; it is *Sarcothea* that plucks the forbidden fruit, and suffers the woes entailed, in consequence, upon man. Masenius did not pretend to write an epic poem. He tells us that such was not his design; but chiefly to collect together, as in a garden, the general flowers of poesy:

"Ad hoc præcipuè a nobis concinnata, (*Sarcotis*) ut plerarum imaginum magis in Poesi communium quidam quasi hortus esset, unde ruidior etiamnum ætas ad hanc disciplinam erudienda, delectationem usumque caperet."

Judging the merits of the poem under this view, they are of a high order. We perceive some scintillations of the genius of Milton in Masenius; he has elevation of sentiment, force and elegance of expression, richness of imagery, fertility and aptness in his similes, vivacity and grace of action; to which he adds a Virgilian smoothness of numbers, and the ready resources of refined classical attainments. The *Sarcotis* contains 2,486 verses, and is distributed into five books. The poem begins thus:

"Principium culpæ, stygiæque tyrannidis ortum,
Et quæ sera premant miserandos fata nepotes,

* Compounded of *σὰρξ*, the flesh, and *θεα*, goddess: Deam carnis appellamus, Masenius says in his advertisement.

Servitio turpi scelerum, pœnaque malorum,
 Pandimus. O ! sacræ moderatrix, Diva, poesis,
 Quæ citharæ quondam nervos, artemque regebas
 Jessiadæ, faciles ad carmina suffice vires.
 Non mihi Pieridum Nymphæ, Cirrhæque recessus,
 Nec Phœbea placet laurus, nec oliva Minervæ,
 Pegaseusve liquor, priscorum somnia Vatum.
 Pro Musis Divina Parens ; pro culmine Cirrhæ,
 Major Olympus erit ; fundet mihi dulcior undas
 Gratia ; Palladium vincet Sapiëntia Numen.

Tu cœptis, o ! Diva, fave, nostrosque labores
 Dirige inoffenso per secula pristina cursu.
 Quo me cumque rapis, sequor impiger : omnia namque
 Te ductrice patent, rerumque occulta tueris,
 Prima opifex, nostræ spectatrix prima ruinæ.
 Audior : en facili rapior per inane volatu
 Tellurem super, & liquidam super ætheris auram,
 Trans avium Boreæque vias. Jam sidera præter
 Ambulo ; nimborumque domos & fulminis aulam
 Transgredior, supraque polos, flammæque micantes,
 Innocuos calco plantis audacibus ignea."

Which we have translated as follows :

Of guilt's beginning, and the rise
 Of Satan's empire, with what later woes
 Oppress our wretched race, to sin debased,
 In slav'ry vile, and punishment of crime,
 Sing heav'nly Muse, that whilom didst inspire
 The son of Jesse's holy harp and song :
 Give to my efforts strength to soar with ease :
 Me not Piërian nymphs, nor Cirrha's shade,
 Apollo's laurel, nor Minerva's tree,
 Nor Pegaséan spring—old poet-dreams—
 Delight ; but in the Muses' place I call
 On God the Father ; above Cirrha's hill
 I mount to loftier heav'n ; diviner Grace
 Streams sweeter far shall pour out on my soul ;
 And Wisdom's truth surpass Minerva's lore.
 Favour thou my attempt, O Spirit, and lead
 Aright my labours through the antient Prime :
 Where rapt by thee, adventurous I soar ;
 For all things are made manifest through thee ;
 Thou know'st all things ; thou from the first mad'st all,
 Wast present, and first witnessedst our ruin.

Lo ! I am heard : and now, with easy flight,
 I soar through widest space, above the earth,
 O'er liquid fields of ether, and beyond
 The courses of the birds and northern wind ;
 Now 'mid the stars I roam ; and mounting o'er
 The region of the clouds and thunders, reach
 The distant poles and flaming lights of heav'n,
 And tread with daring heel their harmless fires.

This exordium is considered by the author of the letters* comparing the *Sarcotis* and *Paradise Lost*, prefixed to the Barbou edition, (whose opinions and language we have partly adopted in the above few observations upon Masenius,) as superior in beauty to that in *Paradise Lost*. The reader may compare the two together, and judge for himself. Milton's poem commences thus :

"Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing heav'nly Muse, that on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed,
In the beginning how the Heav'ns and Earth
Rose out of Chaos: or if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flow'd
Fast by the oracle of God: I thence
Invoke thy aid to my advent'rous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above th' Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
And chiefly Thou, O, Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples th' upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for thou know'st; Thou from the first
Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,
And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support," &c.

It must be acknowledged that the subjects being the same, Milton might possibly have thus written, had he never seen Masenius. It is very clear that he has not *copied* Masenius. There is nothing we can call plagiarism here, in our conception of the general and strict sense of the term, or we should not see his genius leaving out some particulars and substituting others, relying on its own inspiration and on other resources, and diverging from the track at the very moment when a plagiarist or an inferior artist who did not take especial pains to avoid tameness of imitation, would have followed it directly. Observe the art with which he varies every thing.† Yet, on the other hand, it must strike one, that there

*Première lettre aux RR. PP. Jesuits auteurs des Mémoires de Trévoux.

† The introduction of the subject is imitated from Homer's *Μηνυ ἀσίδε*. Scripture supplies several allusions which are not in Masenius. Milton simply

"intends to soar
Above th' Aonian mount,"

is a strong similarity between the two poets, in the *spirit* and in some of the terms of their exordium and invocation : and our presumptions, that Milton at least had Masenius in memory, if he did not particularly refer to him to refresh his ideas, are influenced and fortified by our knowledge of the facts in his literary history. In the commencement of the seventh book of *Paradise Lost*, we may, perhaps, recognize features that bring to mind again Masenius' invocation :

"Descend from Heav'n, Urania, by that name
If rightly thou art call'd, whose voice divine
Following, above the Olympian hill I soar,
Above the flight of Pegasæan wing.
The meaning, not the name I call : for thou
Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top
Of old Olympus dwell'st, but heav'nly born,
Before the hills appear'd, or fountain flow'd,
Thou with Eternal Wisdom didst converse," &c.

After adverting, in some elegant lines, to the various and uncertain pursuits of life, and the wretchedness of mankind,* Masenius goes on :

"Tu mihi tantarum interpres, Sapientia, rerum,
Tam duros hominum casus, tot in orbe laborum
Principium memora, causasque evolve malorum.
Umbrarum Princeps & opaci Rector Averni
Antitheus, quondam æternas damnatus ad umbras,
Proscriptusque polo, cum cæco marte Tonantem
Infelix peteret, Superosque facesseret audax,
Ærea concussis laxavit vincula claustris,
Carceribusque pedem rursum extulit, ore minaci
Armatâque manu nascenti tristia mundo
Bella movens, latamque ferens toto orbe ruinam.
Invida Livoris rabies, mentisque venenum
Ambitio, tantos potuit concire furores
Antitheo, tantos bellorum extollere fluctus."

We would propose as literal, and, we hope, a more readable translation, than the one in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, (see p. 68.)—

while Masenius employs six lines upon *his* flight. Here is a line imitated from Ariosto. Another sentence: ["Instruct me, for thou know'st;"] resembles Theocritus' *Εἰπε Ἴσα, σὺ γὰρ οἶσθα*, Idyl. xxii. 116. more directly than the expressions in Masenius, and much of Milton's language flows immediately from his own thoughts.

* Milton does not appear to have in any way imitated these lines. In the eleventh book the angel Michael sets before Adam in a vision what shall happen till the flood; but the matter and manner of the description is quite different from the common-place of Masenius.

Say, Wisdom, thou interpreter to me
 Of this great argument, say what the cause
 Of such dire mortal woes and ills on earth?
 The prince of darkness, king of gloomy hell,
 The foe of God, erst doomed to endless shades,
 From heav'n expell'd—what time he vainly dar'd
 Rashly defy the Thunderer to arms,
 And, impious, sought t' invade the hosts of heav'n—
 Breaking confinement, burst his brazen chains,
 And from his prison 'scap'd, with threatful brow,
 And armed hand preparing dreadful war
 Against the new-born world, and ruin wide.
 Such rage—such tempests of destructive war—
 Satan conceived, stirr'd up with livid hate
 And fell ambition, venom of the mind.

Milton :

"Say first, for Heav'n hides nothing from thy view,
 Nor the deep tract of Hell, say first what cause
 Mov'd our grand parents, in that happy state,
 Favor'd of Heav'n so highly, to fall off
 From their Creator, and transgress his will
 For one restraint, lords of the world besides?
 Who first seduc'd them to that foul revolt?
 Th' infernal Serpent; he it was, whose guile,
 Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceiv'd
 The mother of mankind, what time his pride
 Had cast him out from Heav'n, with all his host
 Of rebel angels, by whose aid aspiring
 To set himself in glory above his peers,
 He trusted to have equal'd the Most High,
 If he oppos'd; and with ambitious aim
 Against the throne and monarchy of God
 Rais'd impious war in Heav'n and battle proud
 With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
 Hurl'd headlong flaming from the étherial sky,
 With hideous ruin and combustion, down
 To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
 In adamant chains and penal fire,
 Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to arms."—Book 1st, v. 27.

We think that Milton has here somewhat copied Masenius.

Eden and *Sarcothea* are next described. We wish that our limits would allow us to extract more fully : we could show in what Milton's description of Eve resembles, or differs from, that of the virgin *Sarcothea*, upon which Masenius dwells in some beautiful lines :

"Est locus Auroram propter, roseumque cubile
 Tethyos, & nati clara incunabula Phœbi,
 Protopatris natale solum, quo primus in agro

Lusit, & innocuæ libavit gaudia vitæ.
 Hortorum decus hic, & amœni gratia ruris
 Vernat, inoffenso nunquam spoliata decore.
 Quidquid Achæmenio nares demulcet odore,
 Blanditurque oculis, Verisque meretur honorem,
 Hoc Charites posuere loco: domus ipsa Favoni est
 Plaudentis levibus per aprica silentia pennis.
 Exulat omnis hiems. Nullis vexata procellis
 Hic rosa succumbit; nullo expallescit ab Euro
 Nascendo moriens; non Sirius ardor anhelam
 Decoquit, aut raptò flaccescit languida succo.
 Inviolatus honos violæ est, & tota juvenus
 Chloridis æterno pandit labra florida risu.
 Nullus Hyperboreo Boreas glacialis ab axe
 Infestas ventorum acies, niviumque procellas
 His infundit agris; nullis hic cana pruinis
 Arva rigent, nullo coalescunt frigore lymphæ.
 Aurea perpetui fungunt palatia Veris.
 In medio laxatur humus, fontemque perennis
 Spirat aquæ, latèque sinum telluris inundat,
 Infundens avidis felicia balnea pratis.
 Flumine quadruplici manat fons, divite ripâ,
 Quem vehit illimes complectens alveus undas.
 His secunda vadis atque obstetricibus arvis*
 Tellus læta parit, nullisque exercita rastris
 Respuit agricolas, & duri vomeris usum,
 Naturæ contenta bonis, Zephyrique favore.
 Pomiferis latè silvis, & fructibus omnem
 Implet ager campum, nec marcescente vigore.
 Poma sub æternis nutant argentea ramis.
 Blanda voluptatis concessaque munera, vitæ
 Præsidium, facilisque neci medicina fugandæ,
 Hic indulta Diis verùm Mortalibus arbor
 Interdicta, viret: pulchros habet aurea fructus,
 Præagosque malique, bonique, omnisque futuri.
 Heu! comperta nimis memoro, dudumque probata.
 Posteritas mihi testis erit, magnusque Parentum
 Ordo docet: tantis etenim pulcherrima campis
 Sarcothea, infelix virgo ac lacrymabile nomen,
 Sarcothea, his præerat custos, heresque perennis,
 Ni malè consultas pandisset fraudibus aures,
 Hostibus auscultans, & fœdera pacta relinquens.
 Hanc consanguineam terræ, massamque rubentis
 Informem limi, primo Sapientia rerum
 Artifici finxisse manu, formamque dedisse
 Creditur ipsa suam, Disque immortalibus unam
 Æquasse, ut dignam patriæ transcriberet aulæ."

[Translated by G. S. in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, at page 242.]

This whole version is so detestable, that we condemn it to

* *Arvis* in our edition—printed *auris* in the extract in the *Gentleman's Magazine*; which we think correct, and have translated accordingly.

the "lowest depths of the poetical Tophet," and venture to substitute our own, imperfect as it may be :

In th' East, tow'rd's Morn's rose-mantled ocean-bed,
 By the bright cradle of the infant sun,
 A spot there is, our first sire's natal soil,
 Where formerly he spent his happy days
 Amid the joys and innocence of life—
 The pride of gardens, and the vernal grace
 Of rural landscapes, lovely, ever green,
 Whose innocent enchantments never fade.
 Whatever Achæmenian perfumes
 Regale the scent—whatever charms the eye—
 And boasts the sweet delights of genial spring,
 The Graces have bestow'd upon that place:
 There western gales abide, and softly fan
 With gentle wing the sunny solitudes.
 Thence winter is exil'd. And there the rose,
 By no rude storm harass'd, bows not her head,
 Nor sickens in the chilly east wind's breath,
 Clipt in the bud, nor droops and pines away,
 Her bloom parch'd by the dog star's fervent blaze.
 Inviolate the virgin violet,
 And all the youthful train of Chloris ope
 Their florid lips with an eternal smile.
 No Boreas from Hyperborean sky
 Drives his sharp blasts and stormy drifts of snow
 Upon those fields; nor white and stiff the ground
 With hoar-frost, nor by ice the waters bound.
 The golden palaces of constant spring
 There rise instead: and in the midst there jets
 Out of the porous earth a living fount,
 Which irrigates her bosom far and wide,
 Dispensing gladness o'er the thirsty meads;
 Then diverse runs into four branching streams
 Led in clear channels under fertile banks,
 By whose alluvion impregn'd, the soil
 Assisted by obstetric airs, brings forth
 Prolific, and unvex'd by tearing plough
 Or harrow, scorns the cultivator's aid,
 Content with Nature's gifts and fav'ring gales.
 Far-spreading orchards—ample fields extend—
 Teeming with fruit, and silver apples nod
 From boughs eternal, with perpetual bloom,—
 Staple of life—sure antidote for death.
 There bloom'd the fatal tree, forbid'n to man,
 Only to gods indulg'd: of gold the tree,
 With fruit of gold, and taste that could inspire
 Knowledge of good and ill and all to come:
 Knowledge too dearly bought, ah! too long prov'd!
 Posterity will answer, and the dead
 Groan from their antient graves thy with'ring curse.

There Sarcothea, (hapless maid, sad name!)
 Fair Sarcothea dwelt, Queen of those bow'rs—
 Inheritance perpetually her's,
 Had she not lent, in evil hour, her ear,
 Seduc'd by evil counsel, unto guile,
 Heeding the foe instead of Heav'n's command.
 Her did Eternal Wisdom erst create
 Out of earth's substance from a shapeless mass
 Of red clay moulded to a living form,
 (Mighty Artificer!) with plastic hand;
 And gave to her the likeness of himself,
 That she sole might be equal to the gods,
 And worthy deem'd of his paternal realms.

It appeared to Lauder "vastly probable that Milton has transferred the sense of the foregoing lines into his *Paradise Lost*." In his paper before us, the Latin extract only is given, without further comment than this. The resemblance is not pointed out. The author of the "Letters, &c." remarks :

"C'est un des endroits sur lesquels M. Lauder a fait le plus de bruit. Milton, selon lui, a copié tout ce tableau ; mais je n'ai garde, MM. RR. PP. d'adopter cette nouvelle accusation ; je sçais que les deux Poètes se rencontrent là comme dans leur préambule. J'avouerai même, si l'on veut, qu'à l'égard du Paradis terrestre, les ressemblances sont encore plus marquées, cependant on peut dire que l'Histoire de la Genèse étoit assez brillante en cet endroit pour causer ces ressemblances : tout au plus pourrois-je reconnoître que Milton a lu le Poème de Masenius, et qu'il a prétendu l'imiter, à peu près comme Virgile imite Homère, ou comme Boileau suit Horace dans son Art Poétique. Jusques ici, encore une fois, le plagiat n'est point prouvé ; mais il seroit peut-être possible de faire voir que la description de Masenius surpasse encore, pour la beauté des idées, celle de Milton ; et je suis persuadé qu'il en est de même du portrait de Sarcotis ou Sarcotée."

We will now cull from Milton's description, proceeding in the order of Masenius : *In th' East, &c.*

Milton :

"—————For blissful Paradise
 Of God the garden was by him in th' East
 Of Eden planted." B. iv. v. 208.

"And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden :"
 Gen. ii. 8. No imitation of Masenius here certainly. The lines of Milton following these, will bear some comparison with Grotius, which we will show hereafter. Masenius goes on quite differently until we come to : *The pride of gardens, &c.* (two lines)—

Milton :

"Of Eden, where delicious paradise,

Now nearer, crowns with her inclosure green
As with a rural mound." 133.

"A happy rural seat of various view;" 247.

"—————So lovely seem'd
That landscape;" 152.

"Vernal delight and joy," 155.

"Led on th' Eternal Spring." 268.

Whatever Achæmenian perfumes, &c. (next 8 lines)—
Milton :

"—————now gentle gales
Fanning their odoriferous wings dispense
Native perfumes," 156.

"Sabeian odours from the spicy shore
Of Araby the blest;" 162.

"—————While universal Pan
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance
Led on th' eternal spring" 266.

There is some difficulty in properly selecting scattered passages like these, in which the resemblance is at best doubtful. So far, we should not say, there was much appearance of imitation; but before we decide, let us review the description generally, after we have dissected the particular passages: *Thence winter is exil'd, &c.* (next 13 lines)—

Milton :

"—————or the flow'ry lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store,
Flow'rs of all hue, and without thorn the rose:" 254.

This is the only passage we can find that has any thing at all in common with that in Masenius, if we throw out the idea of eternal spring in the terrestrial paradise, as suggested by the subject itself: and it is only the mention of the rose which makes it parallel at all; but Milton's rose without thorn, is a different image totally from Masenius', and an invention of his own.* Why did not Milton here imitate that remarkable play on words, "*inviolata honos violæ est*" and "*Nullus Hyperboreo Boreas?*" Because his fancy and judgment were too busy, probably, with other beauties. Yet, it must be noticed, that this sort of jingling of words, which critics have generally condemned as being in bad taste, but which, sparingly and judiciously used, is frequently a grace-

* The idea is taken from Gen. iii. v. 18.

ful or energetic auxiliary to expression, was not uncommon with Milton ; among other instances we have the following :

That brought into this *world* a *world* of woe,
~~—~~ Begirt the almighty throne
Beseeking or *besieging* ~~—~~
 This *tempted* our *attempt* ~~—~~
 At one slight *bound* high overleapt all *bound*.
 Then was not guilty *shame*, dishonest *shame*
 Of nature's works, *honor* dishonorable,

The modern writers have carried their indulgence of this practice much farther than the antients ; and it is likely that Milton may have imbibed it from the former, among them Masenius.

Though not exactly in place, the observation may as well be made here also, that Milton's mingling of allusions from heathen mythology with subjects of sacred history, which has been imputed to him as a grand fault, may be referred to the same sources : Masenius has a heathen deity for nearly every object in nature : the writer in Latin cannot well do without them. *In the midst there jets, &c.* (next 11 lines)—

Milton :

"~~—~~Which through veins
 Of porous earth with kindly thirst updrawn,
 Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
 Watered the garden ; thence united fell
 Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,
 Which from his darksome passage now appears,
 And now divided into four main streams
 Run diverse, wand'ring many a famous realm, &c." 227.

"Flow'rs worthy of Paradise, which not nice Art
 In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon
 Pour'd forth profuse on hill and dale and plain." 241.

Far spreading orchards, &c. (next 12 lines)—

Milton :

"And higher than that wall a circling row
 Of goodliest trees loaden with fairest fruit,
 Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue," 146.

"All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste ;
 And all amid them stood the tree of life,
 High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
 Of vegetable gold ; and next to life,
 Our death, the tree of knowledge grew fast by,
 Knowledge of good bought dear by knowing ill." 217.

"Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm,
 Others whose fruit burnish'd with golden rind
 Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,

If true, here only, and of del'cious taste :
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs," 248.

Beyond the limited facts of the description, which are taken from the Bible, we can detect in the above several additional embellishments which belong to Masenius. We think that here Milton has imitated him, or rather engrafted on his own stock some of the ideas of Masenius. *There Sarcothea, &c.* (to the end.)

Milton continues the description of Eden for several lines more before he goes on to mention its occupants. The introduction of Adam and Eve is as different as the two persons themselves from Sarcothea the personification :

"Two of far nobler shape erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native honor clad,
In naked majesty seem'd lords of all,
And worthy seem'd; for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker shone,
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure, &c." 288.

Masenius then compares the creation of Sarcothea with the snowy vase formed of clay out of the potter's hand, and with the spring flower growing from the dirt of the field, &c. both of which comparisons Lauder affirmed, in his citations of the marginal heads from Masenius, were imitated by Milton in his fourth book, but which we do not find. The original nakedness, purity and innocence of Sarcothea, is then alluded to, as Milton alludes to those of Eve, though differently—vv. 312–20. Part of the description of Sarcothea which we give, may be compared with the lines of Milton last extracted :

"Tum cerebri disponit opus, mentisque supremum
Ordinat imperium, & rationis collocat arcem,
Quam circumfusam tenebris, caligine densa
Eruit, æternaque dedit clarescere luce.
Hanc regere imperium jussit, sceptrumque potiri,
Membrorum dominam, vitæ, morumque magistram,
Observantem æqui., ac legum decreta sequentem.
Huic tempestates animi, fluctusque tumentes
Irarum mulcere datum est, fœdosque voluptæ
Insultus, scelerumque ausus compescere freno.
Insuper humanos vultus, & frontis honorem
Augustum, raræque decus memorabile formæ
Ipsa dedit."

Then fashion'd he the tissue of the brain,
'Stablish'd supreme the empire of the mind,
And founded there the reason's citadel,
Emerg'd from utter night, the night dispell'd,
And made it glorious with eternal light.

He bade it o'er the body take command,
 And sway the moral destinies of life,
 Studious of good, obedient to his law.
 To it he charg'd the pow'r to moderate
 The tempests of the soul, the boiling waves
 Of passion, and to curb the rampancy
 Of obscene lust, and violence of crime.
 Lastly he gave to her a human face,
 Nobility of front severe, august,
 And symmetry of shape surprising rare.

Masenius goes on to depict the personal graces of Sarcothea. Milton does the same of Adam and Eve. In what comes next, they both again appear on the same track. Having extracted sufficiently from the original, to give the reader who may not be acquainted with Masenius, an idea of his style, &c., we must now try and husband our space by omitting the Latin :

Now in the sweet and cool embower'd shade
 They sat them down* out of the sun's mild rays;
 And stretching on the meadow-grass their limbs
 Exempt from toil and cares, dispos'd for rest.
 No other down they sought—no couch adorn'd
 With figur'd tapestry, nor canopy
 Array'd in splendour of barbaric pomp,—
 No such appliances to purchase sleep:
 Far more luxurious to them sweet ease
 Unbought, and that green sward strewn with the mat
 Of flow'rs, by Chloris sprinkled, purple' and rose,
 By mother Nature spread, play'd on by gales
 With softest whispers welcoming repose.
 While genial meals abounded at their need,
 And fruit-trees yielded their compliant boughs
 Loaded with fruit—a ready feast for them.

Milton :

"Under a tuft of shade that on a green
 Stood whisp'ring soft, by a fresh fountain side
 They sat them down; and after no more toil
 Of their sweet gard'ning labour than suffic'd
 To recommend cool zephyr, and made ease
 More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite
 More grateful, to their supper fruits they fell,
 Nectarin fruits which the compliant boughs
 Yielded them, side-long as they sat recline
 On the soft downy bank damask'd with flowers :"

Are not these passages similar? Has not Milton here replenished his ideas from Masenius? But let us go on. The demon *Antitheus*, Enemy of God, or Satan, beholds Sarco-

* Sarcothea and the nymphs that attended her—the Virtues.

thea in her state of innocence and happiness, and his envy and hate are excited :

Satan beheld the fair nymph wandering
Through those soft glades, in rural innocence,
Enjoying the sweets and soul-felt bliss of life.
He saw—and as he gaz'd, he griev'd to think
A creature, heir to so much happiness,
Should be possess'd of such fair, rich demesnes,
And ev'ry thing that life could wish ; while he,
Banish'd from heav'n, exil'd to infamy,
Look'd on those godly mansions clos'd to him
Forever, and the bliss which he had lost,
And saw advanc'd to them that happy nymph.
Is't thus, O princes of the skies, (he cried,)
Illustrious nobility of heav'n,
Ye first-born among gods ! is't thus, forsooth,
Unjustly we are thrust out from the stars ?
Shall in our room less worthy heir exult—
The refuse of vile clay, earth-born and brute ?*
Wherefore is she not partner in our fall,
Like us doom'd to eternal, utter ruin ?†
We, offspring nearer german unto God,
We, the illustrious chivalry of heav'n,
Still bear the traces of the glorious form, etc.

Satan, in Milton, (B. 1, v. 105, etc.) speaks in somewhat the same spirit ; and in B. iv. v., 358 :

"Oh Hell ! what do mine eyes with grief behold !
Into our room of bliss thus high advanced,
Creatures of other mould, earth-born perhaps."

Antitheus gives vent to his feelings in bitter language, which consumes a page and more. We must, however, pass this over, and reserve our remarks for other passages, where Milton's imitations are more apparent. *Antitheus* now summons the demons of hell around him. It is this convocation which Lauder notes down among his "marginal heads" as "*Concilium inferorum, sive Pandæmonium*, imitated in the first book of *Paradise Lost*." But this is one of his interpolations. There is no such word as *Pandæmonium* in the *Sarcotis*, as one would be led to suppose from Lauder's man-

* ————— nostrisne indignior heres
Sedibus exultet, luteæ pars ultima terræ,
Brutorumque nepos.

† Cur non hic fulmine nostro
Corruit, æternæ caput involvente ruinæ.

ner of expression. The infernal assembly is thus well described in Masenius :

He ceas'd. Th' obedient myrmidons of Hell—
 The grisly phantoms heard their general's voice ;
 Swift flock'd the rabble to their Sultan's feet,
 Before whose sceptre dread and throne they bow'd—
 And ev'ry one who snuff'd the feast of wo,
 Whose galls were bloated with the pois'n of Hell,
 Flock'd to receive their Patriarch's commands.
 First of the Furies stood forth Death ; grim shape—
 Horrible monster—terror undefin'd.
 His pallid forehead glares a thousand eyes,
 By which he sees all things, by none deceiv'd ;
 Deaf, no ears hath he to extend to prayers :
 With livid, dried-up cheeks, and by his bones.
 Scarce held together, fetid he exhales
 Offensive stink. In his left hand he held
 An hour-glass, emblematical of life,
 Whose measure is the running sand : the right
 Wielded a scythe, whose edge as yet was pure,
 And had not been imbrued in any gore.
 Around him stood a crew of servitors—
 Sad Pains ; and to his skirt clung the slow race
 Of vile Diseases—direful *Pestilence*,
 Blasting with flames from Hell, insane with rage—
 Pale *Phthisic*—squalid *Leprosy*—slow *Gout*—
 And shaking *Fever*, rack'd with heats and chills.

Cares, Griefs, Labor, Poverty, etc., follow. Antitheus commands silence, and addresses the infernal assembly. This speech has been translated in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and is much superior to the other translations there ; although its being in rhyme increases the distance somewhat between it and any similar passage in Milton.* We pass on to the next :

— No more he said,
 But threat'ning, shook his arms—his darts, and fires,
 And drove through Hell before him sulphur fumes,
 And clouds of pitch, and lightnings to be hurl'd
 Against the earth. From ev'ry quarter rush
 Through the dim cavern the vast multitude ;
 The dusky legions from the depths beneath
 Emerge, and with a yell assail the gates,
 And with huge efforts of united strength
 Press on the walls ; while, emptied of their ghosts,
 The horrid caverns reeling above ground
 Gape.

* P. 567. The curious reader may prefer it to one of our own.

Masenius compares the rush of the demons to the increasing fury of the winds, pent in their dark and close caverns, exploring every access, beneath whose blasts the rocks tremble, the tall heads of the forests are bowed, etc.,—their outbreak is like the rising of the sea, threatening the inundation of fields and dwellings. Milton seeks more learned comparisons for his devils: their gathering is like the pitchy cloud of locusts, which the potent rod of Amram's son called up, etc.—and their multitude,

‘like which the populous North
Pour'd never from her frozen loins, to pass
Rhene or the Danaw,’ etc.

Masenius continues :

Such dire uproar and threat Hell's phantom crew,
And the pale camps of the dark Deity made;
And pour'd their num'rous phalanxes abroad.
First Melanurgus, horrider than all,
Then fierce Alastor, and Pyraister next.
Tattered and torn, with visage flaming red,
Foul Miarus, Noherpon base and vile,
And fell Hydraspis arm'd with seven heads,
And Polymorphus also might be seen
Aye changing shape, with aye a loathsome mien—
Now beast—now serpent—now as giant huge,
Now small as dwarf of the Pygméan race,
Prone to all wiles and wicked counterfeits.
Borne in the midst of his exulting bands,
Satan appears: he sole above the rest
Stands proudly eminent, and looking down
Surveys the phantom crowd. Dark was his brow,
By clouds obscur'd; but his revengeful rage
Waiting, he hid beneath the veil of night.
The spotted skins of squalid snakes adorn'd
His shoulders, and incased his slipp'ry thighs.
A dreadful helmet, with a bloody crest,
Glitter'd upon his brows, and in his hair
Young hydras wreath'd. Two dragons dragg'd along
His scaly chariot—snake-footed both—
With broad, huge backs like beasts, and golden wings;
Their shoulders speckled with resplendent spots
And stiff with scales; their rear in volumes roll'd,
And from their jaws they brandish'd triple tongues;
Whose foreheads darted dazzling rays of light,
And wide-spread nostrils snorted smoke and fire.

Turning now to Milton, we are struck with the resemblance which his ideas, and some of his language, bears to

portions of the above. We will commence at the line, *He ceased. Th' obedient myrmidons of Hell*—and quote in order some of the corresponding passages in Milton :

"They heard, and were abash'd, and up they sprung
Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch
On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
In which they were, or the fierce pain not feel ;
Yet to their general's voice they soon obey'd
Innumerable. As when," etc. B. 1, v. 331.

"Forthwith from every squadron and each band
The heads and leaders thither haste, where stood
Their great commander." 356.

Here Milton enters into a detailed description of the several demons, after the manner that Masenius does further on, but he gives them other names, is more diffuse, and mingles with the description a variety of circumstances, which, together with the discourses preceding, occupy nearly the whole book. Masenius introduces here, instead, Death and the other afflictions. Milton proceeds :

"All these and more came flocking ;" 522.

"Awaiting what commands their mighty chief
Had to impose:" 566.

Death is thus described in the second book, v. 666 :

"The other shape,
If shape it might be call'd that shape had none,
Distinguishable in member, joint or limb,
Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,
For each seem'd either ; black it stood as Night,
Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,
And shook a dreadful dart ; what seem'd his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on."

In the eleventh book, Michael informs Adam of the "many shapes of Death," and of the "diseases dire" at the entrance of his grim cave :

"——— Immediately a place
Before his eyes appear'd, sad, noisome, dark,
A lazar-house it seem'd wherein were laid
Numbers of all diseas'd, all maladies
Of ghastly spasm, or racking torture, qualms
Of heart-sick agony, all feverous kinds,
Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,
Intestine stone and ulcer, colic pangs,

Demoniac phrenzy, moping melancholy,
And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy,
Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence,
Dropsies, and asthmas, and joint-racking rheums."

The reader will find similar thoughts to those expressed in the speech translated, in the mouth of Milton's Satan, B. 1, 84, 252, 622.

We do not see in Milton any direct resemblance to that passage which follows. We therefore proceed on to the next. Milton seems to have imitated Masenius in the following, which the former says of Polymorphus :

"———— So thick the airy crowd
Swarm'd and were straiten'd ; till the signal giv'n,
Behold a wonder ! they but now who seem'd
In bigness to surpass earth's giant sons,
Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng numberless, like that Pygmean race," etc.
B. 1, 775.

Also here :

"———— he above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent
Stood like a tow'r ; his form had yet not lost
All her original brightness, nor appear'd
Less than Archangel ruin'd, and th' excess
Of glory obscur'd ; * * * * *
Darken'd so, yet shone
Above them all th' Arch-Angel : but his face
Deep scars of thunder had entrench'd, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
Waiting revenge : cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion to behold
The fellows of his crime," etc. 589—605.
"———— He through the armed files
Darts his experienced eye, and soon traverse
The whole battalion views." 567.

Luciferi habitus et currus, is another of the marginal heads mentioned by Lauder ; but Milton has no imitation approaching in the least to the particular description which Masenius gives here. With this the first book of *Sarcotis* terminates. The second commences with the entrance of Satan into Paradise. The expressions, *Paradisi in limine substitit, occulto lapsus per rura meatu*, may have helped Milton to conceive the Fiend, as

"So on he fares and to the border comes

Of Eden, where delicious Paradise, etc. * * * *
 ————— and sheer within

Lights on his feet. As when a prowling wolf, etc. * *
 Or as a thief," etc.

The poet then goes on to describe the tranquillity and happiness of all Nature before the Fall, of which he gives a beautiful picture in smoothly flowing numbers: but Milton's pictures of innocence are *sui generis*; they differ from those of Masenius, as the simple and affecting Dutch paintings of the masters of the Flemish school, which grace the fireside, do from the Italian frescos of second or third-rate artists, which represent the same eternal subjects of sacred or heathen divinities. Masenius makes Dolus, or Deceit, the prime minister of Satan. Deceit is charged with the temptation of Sarcothea. He takes the form of a beautiful youth, and discourses and flatters her. In Milton, the Serpent addresses Eve. The terms of these addresses bear a general resemblance to one another. We have not time to point out any particular imitations; but only remark, that Milton has not altogether neglected this idea of Deceit under the guise of a heavenly youth. In Eve's dream, as she looks upon the forbidden tree:

"beside it stood
 One shaped and wing'd like one of those from Heav'n,
 By us oft seen; his dewy locks distill'd
 Ambrosia; on that tree he also gazed;
 And O fair plant, said he," etc. B. v., 54.

The temptation is expressed in language whose ideas are much the same as those in Masenius. Dolus leads Sarcothea to the tree, around whose trunk a specious serpent is wreathed. As she is about to pluck, perceiving it, she starts back in terror:

Heu! morior, simul exclamans, simul ora retorquens.
 Non moriere, Draco reddit, blandúmque renidens.

This is finely imagined. But we hasten on to the poet's noble description of the shock which all Nature felt after the fatal fruit had been plucked and eaten:

————— Instantly Hell, breaking loose,
 Vomited forth its damned legions: Earth
 Convuls'd, and to her centre riven, groan'd.
 Th' Arabian shores re-echo'd the sad sound,
 And Pharaoh's sea with terror chang'd to blood:

Hesperia's vales moan'd simultaneously,
 And Lybia's sands afar off burn'd for shame.*
 The great bear of Lycaon, stupified,
 Stood still, and froze in the affrighted heav'ns.
 The universe, sway'd from its balance, quaked;
 And the sun, as his chariot roll'd back,
 Grew pale with fear; his plunging steeds took fright,
 Startling the heav'ns, and from their usual track
 Bolted; the charioteer† lost all control,
 And drove at random through the sky, now up
 Wheeling far into space, now down, the earth
 Close shaving, freezing it with wintry spells,
 Or blasting it with summer's scorching heats.
 Then first the stars in darkness pal'd their lamps;—
 The troubled ether flamed with meteors dire—
 And th' heav'ns, crack'd thro' their poles, let down their rage.
 Th' Elements then, rebelling to the laws
 That gave them harmony, shook off all rule,
 And wandering about their ruin'd homes,‡
 Wag'd war implacable, as ever since,
 With swift contentions: while all Nature, shock'd,
 Paus'd; and stood doubtful whether from th' abyss
 Of ruin to summon the avenging Gods;
 Unhinge the sky, and sink the universe
 In ancient Chaos; or drown deep in Hell
 The unforgiven crime.||

Milton says no more than:

"Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat
 Sighing through all her works gave signs of wo,
 That all was lost." B. ix., 782.

And again, further on, after Adam had taken and eat:

"Earth trembled from her entrails, as again
 In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan,
 Sky lour'd, and muttering thunder, some sad drops
 Wept at completing of the mortal sin
 Original." 1000.

We should pronounce this, taken with what has been ad-

* ——— Lybiaque calentis arenæ
 Exarsere procul.

† Phœbus.

‡ ——— Primis tunc astra tenebris
 Amisere diem.

§ raptaque morantia sede (quære rupta?)

|| Tota anceps Natura stetit, ruptone profundo
 Mitteret ultores Superos; et cardine vulso
 Cœlorum, chaos antiquum confunderet orbi;
 An male tentatum facinus submergeret orco.

duced before, an imitation ; but a general and remote one. Milton condenses, after the peculiar manner, and with the art which characterizes him, the detailed thoughts of others into one powerful extract, and thus makes a new compound in which we can detect only the stronger ingredients. His judgment was too severe to permit him to indulge in diffuse particulars which weaken the subject, and he loved to sketch the grand outlines of ideas in relief upon a shadowy ground, leaving them to dilate on the imagination. This it is which renders his imitations difficult to be proved, and at the same time proves that he was no servile imitator. In the tenth book, v. 687, he imitates Masenius in one part of the above rather more closely :

“————— At that tasted fruit
The Sun, as from Thyéstean banquet, turn'd
His course intended ; else how had the world
Inhabited, though sinless, more than now,
Avoided pinching cold and scorching heat ?”

And see the remainder of the passage.

After the seduction of Sarcothea, Masenius relates the opposition of the good sisters or nymphs attending her to the evil powers ; which forms the ground-work of Milton's sixth book, who introduces the good Angels in the place of Masenius' Goddesses, or Nymphs ; and his battle is previous to the commission of the sin. Virtue, the leader of the Nymphs, arms herself and encounters Satan. She defies him in language similar to that Milton puts in the mouths of Abdiel and Michael : similar in substance only : Masenius is brief ; Milton only takes the hint from him, improves and enlarges upon it. Virtue concludes, saying :

Hence then, and with thee take thy vagrant crew,
And keep them to the place of evil, Hell.
Heav'n hears : now take thou wicked one from me
This thy just punishment. Scarce had she said
Than, circling o'er his head, her two-edg'd sword
Fell with a dreadful sound, and passing down
Shar'd his left side, and bar'd a cruel wound.
His grisly, snaky locks fell with the gash,
And bloody ichor stream'd forth. Earth grew numb,
Infected with the poison, and still shows
The white plague-spots upon her barren sands.

Milton :

“Hence then, and evil go with thee along,
Thy offspring, to the place of evil, Hell,

Thou and thy wicked crew." 275.

"This greeting on thy impious crest receive.
So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high,
Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell
On the proud crest of Satan," etc. 183.

"——— with huge two-handed sway
Brandish'd aloft the horrid edge came down
Wide wasting," 251.

"——— nor stay'd
But with swift wheel reverse, deep ent'ring shar'd
All his right side: then Satan first knew pain,
And writhed him to and fro convolv'd; so sore
The griding sword with discontinuous wound
Pass'd through him: but th' ethereal substance clos'd,
Not long divisible; and from the gash
A stream of nect'rous humor issuing flow'd
Sanguine, such as celestial spirits may bleed,
And all his armour stain'd erewhile so bright." 325.

But, with the exception of the principal idea, Milton, in the passage last quoted, in part copies likewise from Homer, Tasso and Spenser. We would remind the reader, too, not to lay too much stress on the expressions which we have made use of in our translation, which would seem of right to belong only to Milton:

——— nunc cede agedum, Manesque vagantes
Stringe sub imperium, diroque Acheronte coërce,—

we have translated almost in Milton's words; but the sense appeared to warrant this liberty.

——— plagamque infligit acerbam
Per lævum deducta latus.

Here we have used the word *shar'd*; but though, according to Newton, Milton took this word from Spenser, he might very well have used it, as we have done after him, in expressing what he may have imitated from Masenius. Masenius immediately continues:

Interea magis adversæ victoria parti
Favit, ubi reliquus Nympharum exercitus ibat
Infelix hostem contra.

So does Milton:

"Meanwhile in other parts like deeds deserv'd
Memorial, where the might of Gabriel fought,
And with fierce ensigns pierc'd the deep array
Of Moloch, furious king." 354.

As our subject has, in its commencement only, carried us already so far, we are compelled to bring this article to a conclusion, reserving for another time what few remarks may remain to be made upon the *Sarcotis*: and the continuation of this review of Milton's genius, in connection with his imitation of the moderns. The following completes the illustrations from Masenius, which we have translated. It is the last of the heads mentioned by Lauder—the *gigantomachia* in the third book:

They, joining all hands, pile vast blocks of walls,
At last Olympus' summits, the immense
Caucasean mountains heap up, and the huge
Ossa on Pelion push.* On this side strain
Japetus and Briareus; on that
Rhæcus, Typhæus sweat; while they exert
A hundred arts—a hundred arms apply,
And press the work with their joint mighty force,
Until they raise a tow'ring edifice:
Then, with audacious pride puff'd up, they strove
To scale the battlements of highest heav'n.
Vain, wicked fools! Who shall, unscath'd, defy
The Thund'rer, or contend with him in strength?
Th' immortals of the sky laugh'd at their work,
And by an easy mixture of strange words
Perplex'd their speech, so that one hoarse din rose,
Hubbub confus'd, which stopp'd the vast attempt:
And the tow'r, Pride's Confusion nam'd, was left
An idle folly.

Milton, B. xii., v. 38—63; of which the following appears to be an imitation of Masenius, as well as of Homer and the sacred Scripture:

"But God, who oft descends to visit men
Unseen, and through their habitations walks
To mark their doings, them beholding soon,
Comes down to see their city, ere the tower
Obstruct heav'n-tow'rs, and in derision sets

* The Latin lines are remarkable for the felicity with which they express the sense by the sound. We have attempted some imitation in the translation:

Ilj inter se se murorum ingentia jungunt
Pondera, Caucasos montes, ac culmina Olympi,
Denique et immanem sociarunt Pelio Ossam.

The reader will be reminded of Virgil's

Illi inter se se multa vi brachia tollunt—

and,

Ter sunt conati imponere Pelio Ossam
Scilicet, atque Ossæ frondosum involvere Olympum.

Upon their tongues a various spi'rit to rase
 Quite out their native language, and instead
 To sow a jangling noise of words unknown :
 Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud
 Among the builders ; each to other calls
 Not understood, till hoarse, and all in rage,
 As mock'd they storm ; greater laughter was in heaven,
 And looking down, to see the hubbub strange
 And hear the din ; thus was the building left
 Ridiculous, and the work Confusion nam'd."

ART. VI.—*Life and Character of M. de Malesherbes, first Councillor of Louis XVI.* London : 1843.

AMIDST the general corruption of manners which prevailed during the progress of the French Revolution, the reckless depravity and total abandonment of every moral and social obligation exhibited by almost every one of its principal directors, it is pleasing to turn from the shocking recital, and contemplate the character of a man, whose spotless integrity never yielded to temptation,—the lustre of whose virtue, undimmed and fearless, shines out from that dark and troubled period with the more brilliancy, because of the trials to which it was exposed.

CHRISTIAN WILLIAM LAMOIGNON DE MALESHERBES, whose virtues claim the present tribute, was born at Paris, in December, 1721. His father, then Chancellor of France, observed, even at an early period, the signs of that remarkable combination of good qualities and talent, which was destined, at a future day, to elevate his son to the highest honors. He spared no pains, by assiduous care and the best instruction, to place within his reach the means whereby he could be made capable of deserving them ; and history records, with pleasure, that this good old man lived long enough to receive the reward of his anxious toil, in the brilliant success and stainless reputation of his son. Educated for the legal profession, Malesherbes brought to the pursuit of that high and honorable employment, many of its noblest and choicest requisites,—a lofty spirit of admiration for its sublime theory and vast comprehensiveness,—purity of motive and sternness in application,—qualities which, while they, in most

cases, ensure success, render the student, in all, in the highest degree deserving of it. At the age of thirty, his father dying, he was called from the successful pursuit of his profession, to succeed him, as *First President of the Court of Aids.

Previous to the Revolution, and down to the abolition of Feudal tenures on the memorable night of the 4th August, 1793, with the exception of a temporary suspension of its powers in 1771, this Court constituted one of the ordinary tribunals of the country, and was created for the purpose of taking cognizance of all matters relating to the taxes on the goods, wares and merchandize of the feudal retainers. It took its origin, and derived its support, from the customs and rules growing out of the feudal relation, and, in France, perished with them. Chief Baron Comyn of England, has, in his Digest, collected together all the law learning on the subject relative to that country,—a work which will ever remain a lasting monument of the indefatigable industry and great research of the author. But this part of it is now looked upon rather as matter of reference or curiosity, than of actual application: considered, however, as part and parcel of that singular system of social organization which, although at present unknown to our laws, is still found intermingled with many of our institutions,† and sensibly affecting their spirit, its importance may, in some future paper, demand our more extended observation. At the period mentioned, these levies appeared more generally under the form of taxes or aids for the purpose of knighting the eldest son, or marrying the eldest daughter, of the lord of the fee, entitled, in the barbarous dialect of the times, *§Aides pur faire fite chevalier, et fille marier*. In England, these levies were very severely felt and loudly complained against. Essentially imbued with the spirit of freedom, our ancestors could ill brook such open violations of natural right, and early seized the opportunity of shaking off institutions fastened on them by the iron rule of the Norman conqueror.|| Accordingly, at the Restoration, one of the first acts¶ done by a grateful monarch, bending before the POPULAR WILL,

* 1 Alison, 59. Blake's Biog. Dic. M. Encyclo. Am. M.

† Com. Dyg. Tit. A. p. 545. Rees. Cyclop. AID.

‡ 1 Kent, Com. 11.

§ Co. Litt. Tit. A. 76. Jacob L. Dic. Aid Rees. Cyclop. 2 Black's Com.

¶ 4 Com. Dys. A. 546.

|| 2 Blackst. 48. Spelm. Gloss. 218. Bracton, Lib. ii, chap. 16.

¶ Stat. 12, Car. ii.

(then a new element in political combinations,) was to recognise the propriety of removing these great obstacles to the establishment of free institutions.

The *Court of Aids* then, formed, in France, an important part of the Judiciary system, at that time composed of thirteen* local Parliaments, a Court of Aids, a Chamber of Accounts, Presidial Courts, and others. The powers and jurisdiction of these Courts seem to have been wondrously ill defined, and as carelessly exercised. The officers of each, hopeless of ever being able to establish any well settled rule or principle, assumed the largest jurisdiction, and, taking cognizance of all matters, both civil and criminal, decided the cases which were brought before them entirely upon the equity—the *jus ragum*—of individual circumstances.† Such unlimited jurisdiction has ever been found productive of the most mischievous consequences. Next to having no laws at all, the greatest evil society can suffer, is in their being ill-defined. To Malesherbes, however, who, at the same time, held the office of Supervisor of the Press, these very circumstances only opened a more extensive field for the unostentatious display of his active benevolence, his generous sentiments and unimpeachable integrity. Sustained by his fellow-citizens, to whose welfare he was ardently attached, and enjoying, also, the highest confidence of his sovereign, for nearly a quarter of a century he continued at his post, distributing justice with benevolence, equity and impartiality.‡ Such, indeed, was the reputation he enjoyed for these and other good qualities, that when, in 1775, Louis XVI., ascending the throne of his ancestors, called to his councils the venerable Malesherbes, the whole nation, bounding over the distance which royalty has placed between themselves and the people, surrounded the throne, and filled the ears of the astonished court and gratified monarch, with the warmest expressions of their joy.

Now Minister of the Interior, Malesherbes well sustained the reputation which had preceded him. His continuance in office was considered by all as a pledge of the good faith of the government. Economy and retrenchment every where pervaded the whole system. The extravagant sinecures and enervating luxuries, introduced under Louis XIV.,

* Salmon's Geog. Gram., 127.

† I. App. ix. Morg. France.

‡ Spurzheim, (Cha. Mal.) 82.

were abolished. The taxes were reduced. Unwonted energy filled every department, and gave impulse to the wheels of government. The prisons were visited, and comforts and necessaries introduced, the want of which had brought many an innocent victim to an untimely grave. The penal enactments against the unfortunate Protestants were greatly mitigated, and those of them, who were in prison, received the attentions due to human beings.

While such continued to be the course he pursued, Malesherbes could not but make many enemies. Courtiers and public officers, who for years had continued to feed on the national purse, like leeches fastened on the public body, and draining its very life-blood, were loth to quit their hold, and, when torn off, turned with reptile malignity upon the aggressor. Dissensions shook the court and penetrated even to the cabinet. On every side Malesherbes found his enemies increasing, and, confident of strength, every day bolder in insolence,—his dearest plans counteracted—his best counsels overruled—his salutary cautions unheeded, and his very person exposed to insult.

Unable to arrest the impending storm which he had long foretold,—accompanied by his friend Turgot, (whom he characterised as “having the head of Bacon with the heart of *L’Hopital,”) he withdrew from the court, and, for several years, employed himself in travelling about in disguise over the greater part of France and Switzerland. It was during this time that he gained that practical knowledge of men and things, which afterwards so eminently distinguished him. Descending to the minutest details of every day life, he became familiar with adversity and suffering, and, traversing these countries in every direction, made himself acquainted with all they contained worthy of interest. To the philosopher, every thing has that quality,—in France, the rich soil, and verdant green-sward, extending to the horizon, dotted with its numberless cottages, with their porches darkened by the purple grape, or half hid by the clustering rose; and, in Switzerland, the high mountain, with its snowy top extending to the skies! the falling avalanche, and patriot peasantry!

The absence of Malesherbes removed the only check by which venal ministers and a dissolute nobility felt themselves restrained. In every country, extreme luxury is the sure

• Thiers, 17.

prelude of some mighty convulsion or early decay. The fêtes and dances were once more resumed. The gardens of the Tuilleries again shone refulgent with dazzling splendor, eclipsing all "that bard hath e'er sung or poet dreamed." The cautions of the wise Malesherbes were forgotten in the excesses which his absence renewed :

"All, all look up with reverential awe,
At crimes that 'scape or triumph o'er the law ;
While truth, worth, wisdom, daily they decry,
Nothing is sacred now but villainy." POPE.

In vain a suffering people groaned under oppression. With every complaint, new links were added to the chain, until the unfortunate victims, crushed and trodden in the dust, had no alternative left but rebellion or submission. Secret societies were every where established. The Voltaires, Rousseaus and Raynals of the day threw fuel on the burning flame, and, under the figure of Rome, when gasping in the gripe of the tyrant, gave too faithful a picture of the enormities of their own times. In vain the unfortunate Prince, remarkable for his good feeling and affection for his people, dismissed the ministers. In vain was Malesherbes recalled. A spirit was aroused which could be quenched only in blood.

Two memoirs appeared about this time from the pen of the great Malesherbes, which, in his own clear and eloquent language, pointed out "*The Calamities of France,*" and "*The Means of preventing them.*" There can be no doubt, that, had the remedies therein proposed been adopted, the march of revolution would have been arrested, and the punishment due to a long train of guilty tyranny and extortion, put off for one or two generations. As it was, the very influence of his name, for the moment, did indeed calm the storm, but it did not disperse the angry winds which had caused its commotion !

Soon after his recall, Malesherbes found too sensibly that age had impaired his capability for exertion. Attracted by the sweets of domestic retirement, now rendered still more dear by the turbulent nature of the period, he resigned his post in the cabinet, and gladly hastened to his country seat, a few miles from Paris. There he proposed to himself to spend the remainder of his days in honorable obscurity, enjoying delicious communion with the sages of antiquity, and gathering that practical knowledge of agriculture, that first and best pursuit of man, which he so ably shows in his unri-

valled "*Essay on Rural Economy*." Here he passed too the sweetest moments of his life, realising those beautiful lines of Horace,

"Beatus ille qui procul negotiis
Ut prisca gens mortalium
Paterna rura bobus exercet suis
Solutus omni fenore."

"*Thoughts and Maxims*" also appeared about this time, proving to the world, that this great and good man had left the area of politics, only to become more serviceable to his country in a private capacity. This work was soon followed by his remarks on "*the civil state of the Protestants*." These writings speak for themselves; and if they were his only legacy, posterity could find in their pages sufficient reason to commend his correct views, elevated morality, and noble and generous sentiments.

Let us leave for a while the good old man, surrounded by the objects and blessed by the smiles of those whom his bosom held most dear, and mingling with the crowd who, now collecting from the most distant parts of France, every day thronged the roads leading to the capitol, return to Paris. A critical moment had arrived! That dark period in its annals, which the best friend of his country and of freedom would wish forever blotted out, was fast approaching. What torrents of blood were to be shed! What millions of treasure, dripping with the tears of widowed and dying sufferers, were to be lavished, ere its deathly simoon had passed over!

We will not detain the reader with more than a passing sketch of the absorbing events, which were then crowded into the narrow compass of a few years. They are too well known by the most unlearned to need more. Their influence will be felt to the latest posterity.

He who would attentively scan the then existing constitutions, and political relations of nations, cannot but be sensible that a majority of them were tottering before the unseen but potent influence of popular disrespect. Weakness pervaded the whole mass. The established forms of government had not kept pace with the growing intelligence of the people. They did not contain within themselves the elements of political regeneration, and philosophers smiled to see rulers continue blindly to follow maxims of government, which were either already exploded, or were undergoing such changes as would soon render them inoperative.

The government of Spain, enervated and effeminate, was

supported only by the rigorous cruelties of an all powerful internal police. The German empire, struggling under the crushing weight of tardy forms, was dragging on a miserable existence.—Poland was in anarchy; and Austria and Prussia alternately trembled beneath the frown of a despot, or clung, with unsuccessful hopes, to the prospect of reform.

The causes which had produced these vast changes had been at work over Europe for years. The successful issue of the American revolution, and the death* of Frederick the Great, had perhaps, more than any other events, the effect of unhinging the then existing order of things. It is indeed from these two events that may be dated all those great convulsions, which have thence continued to disturb the great fabric of European despotism. Happy indeed, will it be, if the ultimate benefits which they were destined to procure, are not overhastened or impaired by the violence and mistaken zeal of their own friends! The death of Frederick may also be regarded, if not one of the immediate causes of the French revolution, yet at least of the ravages which were committed, and of the conquests that were made, by the French republicans out of their own territory.

That great master-spirit which had controlled each State within its proper orbit, and the genius which formed its purposes, and wielded its powers, were alike extinguished, and no one arose to take his place.

While such was the aspect of things over Europe, all eyes were turned to the approaching session of the States-General of France. That illustrious body, now for the first time convoked within one hundred and seventy-five years, on account of the increasing financial embarrassments of the nation, at first elevated the hopes of freedom over the world by the bold and manly but still reasonable opposition, they from the commencement, of their proceedings, evinced towards the continuance of the abuses, which like a deathly pallor overspread the land. The constant manifestations of their democratic spirit struck terror into the minds of the monarchists and the friends of the existing order of things, while their lofty professions of high souled patriotism and more than Roman constancy, enlisted in their behalf the suffrages of the free and the virtuous in every clime. Among these was Malesherbes, who, confiding in the sincerity of the promises they made the nation in the early part of their existence, on every

* Heeren's Mod. Hist. 143.

occasion when their motives were suspected or their measures impeached, lent to their support the whole force of his burning eloquence and commanding reputation. But, alas, intoxicated with success and grown insolent with power, they soon threw off a mask which they found daily becoming more and more irksome. Unhappily for freedom and humanity, those who had most suffered from the tyranny of their superiors, wading through the blood of the best and noblest in the land, reached the summit of power. A dastard nobility, at the very moment when their countenance and support were of the most importance, meanly fled from the approach of danger. The consequences could have been easily foreseen. Step by step the populace marched onward in their guilty career. One by one, every thing dear or sacred perished before them. Every ancient landmark of society was overturned. Every quality which previously had recommended itself, made the possessor but a surer mark for destruction. Religion was abolished, and Heaven itself, incensed at the crimes of its people, seemed in anger to have deserted the land, and left it a prey to their enormous excesses.

In open violation of the new constitution, which had expressly guaranteed the inviolability of his person, Louis XVI. was arrested, and placed before the bar of the assembly, on a charge of intriguing against that instrument, and of attempting to subvert the liberties of the French people, whose very welfare and interests his enemies felt while they made the accusation, had been, the chief pursuit of his life, and which was, in fact, the main cause of his present misfortunes.

It was on this memorable occasion that Malesherbes gave proof of that heroic devotion which was the noblest attribute of his nature. No sooner did he learn the imminent danger of his sovereign, than disregarding all considerations of prudence or personal security, he hastened to Paris, and, at the risk of his own life, volunteered his services in behalf of the unhappy king.

"I have twice," said he, in a letter to the President of the Convention, "been honoured with a place in the councils of my master when it was the object of ambition to all the world; I owe him the same service now, when it imposes a duty which many consider dangerous." "This generous offer," says Alison, "drew tears from many in the assembly. The Jacobins were silent. Even reckless ambition for a moment felt the ascendancy of heroic virtue."*

* Alison, 150.

He was assisted in his labours by Messrs. Touchet (a celebrated advocate and deputy,) and DeSéze, an advocate of Bordeaux, who had greatly distinguished himself by his pleadings and writings. The King had also requested the assistance of M. Turgot,* but he, dreading the fury of the Jacobins, had the baseness to decline.

It was in vain that these generous men exerted all the talents and abilities with which Heaven had endowed them. Long before the death of the King had been resolved upon, the very President Barrère had, in answer to the numerous petitions which flowed in upon the convention, promised for them, in the barbarous dialect of the day, "de faire rouler la tête du tyran."

St. Just, the leader of the dominant party, another of the Judges, had already declared

"The mere act of having reigned, a crime; an usurpation which nothing could absolve; which the people were culpable in having suffered, which invested each with a personal right of vengeance."

The monarch himself, was aware of the most probable issue of the solemn mockery which was then being enacted in his behalf, and in answer to the repeated assurances of Malesherbes and his colleagues, of the strength and justice of his cause, affected by their generous attachment, repeatedly told them, the efforts they were about making to save his life were useless, and entreated them to give all their attention to his defence,—that his only remaining hope in their exertions, was, that they would tend to leave his name spotless to posterity.

The result proved as he had anticipated. Neither the triumphant vindication of Messrs. Malesherbes and Touchet, the sublime peroration of DeSéze, nor the passionate eloquence of Vergniaud, could have any effect on men who came to their seats with minds resolved and votes pledged. Louis was found guilty, and condemned by an assembly who accumulated in the persons of their own members, all the functions and powers of accusers, prosecutors, witnesses, judges, and executioners.

* "Turgot had been one of the principal members of the committee on the new French constitution. It was, therefore, very rational in the King, on being accused of violating that constitution, to pitch upon one of the fathers of it to defend him.—*F. Huté*, 428."—"Turgot was a man of talent, ingenuity, sagacity and energy; on his refusal of the King's request, he was scorned even by the Jacobins; he died in 1806, with the decoration of the Legion."

The melancholy duty devolved on Malesherbes, of being the first to communicate the decree of the convention to the monarch—a duty which he performed with that calmness and delicacy which its sad importance required. At the advice of the three, the King prepared and sent to the assembly an appeal from the decision, to the French nation at large. Great hopes were entertained by the more moderate of every party that it would be allowed; but the Jacobins knew the true temper of the people too well to permit it. Within twenty-four hours after the debate on the appeal, the sentence was carried into effect.

The character of this unfortunate monarch cannot be better described than in the language of one of the ablest of French republican writers :

“Louis,” says Mignet,* “was, perhaps, the only monarch who was subject to no passion, not even that of power; and who united the two qualities most essential to a good King: fear of God, and love for his people. He perished the victim of passions, which he had no share in exciting—of those of his supporters, to which he was a stranger,—of the multitude, which he had done nothing to awaken: few Kings have left, so venerated, a memory.”

Encouraged by their sanguinary success, the Jacobins thenceforth commenced that horrid system of butchery and proscription to which the annals of the world can afford no parallel. Sweeping before them those whose humanity revolted at their barbarous measures, they resolutely planned and continued their vast and atrocious schemes. Every one who by talent or virtue, or any other quality was distinguished above the mass, became the immediate object of destruction. In particular was their vengeance directed against all who had, in any way, been known to befriend the late King: any one, who dared even to speak well of him, was declared a traitor to the republic, and punished with immediate death.

It was not to be hoped that Malesherbes could long escape their fury;—he who had so often shewn and expressed his “contempt for them and for death”—he, whose glorious heroism and unwearied industry had nearly disappointed them of their devoted prey, became one of their earliest victims. Since the death of the King, Malesherbes had lived in the closest retirement at his country seat. So quiet and inoffensive, indeed, had been his subsequent conduct, that, for some months, the tyrants who then afflicted their country, were

* Mig. 241.

totally at a loss to know upon what new cause he should be arrested. A pretext was, however, not long wanting—

"When men to evil bend their will,
How soon, they find fit instruments of ill."

A young man, accused of emigration, was discovered in his house,—and Malesherbes and his whole family, immediately conducted to the prison, called Port Royal—at the same time that Hué, the faithful servant of the King, was also sent there.

The prisons were no longer the homes of the guilty and the wretched. Their cold walls contained all that was left of the beauty, rank, talent, and virtue of unhappy France. The son of Buffon and the daughter of Vernet, the Princess of Monaco, the most accomplished woman of her time, and the greatest of modern chemists, Lavoisier, there met and embraced each other, in common sympathy, for common misfortunes. Malesherbes gave to all a happy example. His constant cheerfulness and contentment were every where the theme of admiration. To him the touching lines of Corneille could well be applied.—

"Quoique à peine à mes maux ; je puis résister
J'aisue mieux les souffrir :—que de les mériter."

He had not been there long before he was summoned to appear before the revolutionary tribunal, along with his whole family. To the unhappy prisoners this summons, at that time, came rather as a warning to prepare for death, than for sustaining the chances of an impartial trial. In many cases, judgments had been had, and executions decreed against the miserable captives, long before they were aware even of their denouncement. In all, the condemnations were pronounced almost as rapidly as the names were called. Indictments were found by hundreds at once, the name of the individual being merely supplied. The questions on the trial were mere brief matters of form.—"Dorival, did you know of the conspiracy of the prisons?" "No." "I expected no other answer. It will not avail you." To another, "Are you not an ex-noble?" "Yes." To a third, "Are you not a priest?" "Yes,—but I have taken the oath." "You have no right to speak : be silent." No witnesses were called ; a hearing was out of the question : and the law of the 22nd Praerial had dispensed with the necessity of taking evidence, when the court were convinced by moral presumption.*

*Process de Fengnie Juville.—Thiers' vi. 368.

Such was the process in which these brutal men had lost every finer feeling of justice and humanity, and to such bitter mockeries did a gallant people submit, when under the unrestrained influence of their angry passions. When the venerable Malesherbes, however, appeared before them, leaning on the shoulder of his daughter, alike doomed with his whole family to death, even their hardened hearts could not restrain them from one bitter reflection. Fearful that the remembrance of his former moderation and humanity, which they themselves had often occasion to witness and experience, and which was now awakened by his presence, would affect their determination, with heads averted, the judges pronounced the fatal sentence, and the patriot, statesman, and philosopher,—the generous Malesherbes, calmly submitted to his fate!* C.

ART. VII.—1. *Puseyism no Popery.* Boston: published by Dutton & Mulworth.

2. *A Narrative of Events connected with the publication of the Tracts for the Times, &c. &c.* By the Rev. WILLIAM PALMER, of Worcester College. Oxford: 1843.
3. *The Exodus of the Church of Scotland and the Claims of the free Church of Scotland to the sympathy and assistance of American Christians.* By THOMAS SMYTH, D. D. Charleston: printed by B. Jenkins.

THE spirit of innovation, so rife in all civilized communities for the last sixty years, was not confined to civil or political affairs only. The fear of change perplexes Churches as well as monarchs. Religion in all her forms of faith or discipline, has been exposed to bold and unscrupulous discussion. Nothing has passed unquestioned. The usage or creed of a thousand years, has been arraigned at the bar of reason or skepticism. Yet has truth come forth from the trial unharmed and fearless. There are men yet living who have seen Christianity abolished by law, in the most enlightened nation of Europe, the head of the Catholic Church dragged from the Vatican and degraded to the condition of a prisoner, infidelity assuming all forms—philosophical, meta-

* Alison, 301. 2 Lac. 147, 157.

physical, poetical, down to the vulgar blasphemy of Paine, and spreading triumphantly everywhere ; and they have seen Religion, with renovated brightness and beauty, resuming her dominion in the hearts and minds of men, and acquiring new strength from the assaults of her enemies.

At no period since the time of the apostles, has Christian faith been more a living and active principle. Missionaries are finding their way to the most remote parts of the globe—to the distant islands of the Pacific, to the farthest nations of Asia, to the darkest shores of Africa. Gospel light is dawning on every region. Christian civilization has planted its foot on every land, and henceforth there will be no retrograde step. Among Christian nations, Religion is more a matter of general interest. It is more a topic of every day conversation and public discussion. Religious papers are constantly on the increase, and in the journals of politics or commerce, it is not an unfrequent subject.

Even the extravagance of new sects, Mormonism or Millerism, may be regarded as indicating the vigor of the Religious principle. The fanatic may show that the true faith is abroad, as false religion and false prophets prove the necessary existence of the true. There can be no spurious coin or counterfeit paper, but for the sterling currency and genuine notes. The very being of the one implies the circulation of the other.

This advance or excitement in Religion, is not interesting to the religious only. The intimate connection between the civil, political, and religious concerns of the world, makes it impossible that the one should be the subject of prolonged agitation without producing corresponding effects with the rest. Religious movements, therefore, must possess a claim upon the sympathies of all parties.

The publications at the head of our article, are evidences of the spirit in the Christian world to which we have alluded. The two great communities, the Church of England, and the Church of Scotland, are deeply and generally excited. A large number of the English Church alarmed and indignant at the past acts of Parliament, and apprehensive for the future, have appealed from government to the people. They assert the independent dignity and authority of the Church as derived from a source higher than any earthly power. They intimate, that a time may come, should government persevere in its policy, when they may be driven to the alternative of apostasy or separation from the State.

Numbers in the Scotch Church, dissatisfied also with the acts of the civil authorities, have at once dissolved the band which bound them to the State. What the English Church hints at, they have at once accomplished. The clergy have abandoned their claims for subsistence or aid from government. They have thrown themselves on the people for support, and have established the free Church of Scotland.

In the religious movements thus commenced by these two great and influential bodies of men, we may observe, as in civil or political excitements, the operation of those adverse principles which forever agitate the world on every question, civil or religious; the principles which divide mankind into two great parties in perpetual conflict. Of these, the one asserts the prerogatives of the prince, the other the privileges of the people; one vindicates the demands of authority, the other the immunities of freedom; one requires that the shepherd shall prescribe the rule of faith, the other respects the judgment and conscience of the flock; the war-cry of the one, is order, of the other, liberty; the first is charged by its opponents with the love of despotism and tyranny, the other with a passion for anarchy and licentiousness. Puseyism addresses itself to the one, and the free Scotch Church to the other, of these adverse principles and parties. It is, therefore, a matter of universal interest to enquire, to what these movements are leading?

The free Church of Scotland dates her birth in May, eighteen hundred and forty-three. At that time a large number of the most distinguished members withdrew from the established Church. The patrons of Church livings had insisted on the right to present any minister, however unacceptable to the parish. They required that the Presbytery should ordain him, whatever his qualifications might be. These demands were resisted by the Church, but were overruled by the civil tribunals and supreme authority. Farther resistance seemed vain. Many of the clergy, including the celebrated Dr. Chalmers, and numbers of the people, have therefore dissolved their connection with the establishment. They appeal to the world to sustain them in their asserting the principles of religious freedom, and the eloquent Pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of our City, paints in glowing colours their piety, zeal and learning, and pleads their claims on the Christian sympathy of this and every other country.

Is there, indeed, in all history, a lesson more touching, or of higher moral influence, than this—pious and excellent men abandoning their homes, and the pleasant places of their wives and children, the old, familiar scenes of quiet and learned leisure for many years, the cherished acquaintance, the neighbors and friends long known and beloved, the fields of their spiritual labors and usefulness, where they had trained the hearts of their people to piety and virtue; and all for conscience sake only? What principle but that which Christianity alone can create, is capable of producing disinterested sacrifices like these? To what other quarter can we look for similar examples of the moral sublime? Expostulation as far as duty will permit; calm submission to civil rule, when argument becomes fruitless; the sacrifice of all that worldly men hold most valuable, in obedience to the command of conscience; a firm reliance on God's good providence for strength and help,—these are the fruits of Christian faith only, and prove its truth, purity and power.

We have no intention to discuss the merits of the proceedings on the part of the Scotch clergy and people, in relation to the claims of the patron or the decision of the government. We consider them in their general aspect only, as another practical assertion of the right of private judgment in religion,—another appeal to the voluntary principle for the support of a Christian church,—another blow, whatever the parties may intend, at the interference of the State with the religious concerns of the people. It is a decided step, therefore, towards a most important principle, to which, as we shall see, other sects and parties are also approaching, and an illustration of the spirit of excitement and progression, to which we have adverted, as prevailing in the religious world.

Puseyism—and we beg to be understood as using the word in no invidious or contemptuous sense, but merely as a convenient term to designate a particular party, or set of opinions—originated in the meeting of a few clergymen and residents of the University of Oxford, in the summer of the year 1833, of whom Mr. Froude, Mr. Newman, Mr. Keble, Mr. Percival and Mr. Palmer, are the most distinguished. These gentlemen, with some others, became alarmed at the proceedings of the government in relation to the established church of Ireland. Their indignation was aroused by the destruction of the ten Bishoprics of that church. They de-

terminated to resist these sacrilegious acts of the government, by an appeal to the people,—by drawing their attention to the true character of the church, and reviving in their minds the knowledge of her constitution and nature,—her nature and character, as a society distinct from the State; her constitution, as possessing in her chief pastors *a divine commission and authority to govern*. With these views, they entered into an association in the following terms:

“Considering, 1st, that the only way of salvation is the partaking the body and blood of our sacrificed Redeemer,—2d, That the mean expressly authorized by him, is the holy sacrament of his supper,—3d, That the security by him no less expressly authorized for the continuance and due application of that sacrament, is the apostolical commission of the Bishops, and under them of the Presbyters of the church,—4th, That under the present circumstances of the Church of England, there is peculiar danger of these matters being slighted, and practically disavowed, and of numbers of Christians being left or tempted to precarious and unauthorized ways of communion, which must terminate often in a virtual apostacy:” therefore, they “pledge themselves to be on the watch for opportunities of inculcating on all, a due sense of the inestimable privileges of communion with our Lord, through the successors of the Apostles, and of leading them to the resolution to transmit it, by his blessing, unimpaired to their children: to write books and tracts, and to circulate them for this purpose,” etc., etc.

On another occasion they agreed on the following points:

“I. The doctrine of Apostolical succession, as a rule of practice. (1st.) That the participation of the body and blood of Christ, is essential to the maintenance of Christian life and hope, in each individual. (2d.) That it is conveyed to individual Christians only by the hands of the successors of the Apostles and their delegates. (3d.) That the successors of the Apostles are those who are descended in a direct line from them, by the imposition of hands; and that the delegates of these are the respective presbyters, whom each has commissioned.

“II. That it is sinful voluntarily to allow the interference of persons or bodies, not members of the church, in matters spiritual.

“III. That it is desirable to make the church more popular, as far as is consistent with the maintenance of its apostolic character.”

To these it was proposed to add:

“IV. We protest against all effects directed to the subversion of existing institutions, or the separation of Church and State.

“V. We think it a duty steadily to contemplate and provide for the contingency of such a separation.”

To these two Mr. Keble demurred, because he regards the union of Church and State, as it is now understood, actually sinful. In the objection of Mr. Keble to the 4th article, others concerned, considering that unless the course then

pursued and threatened by the State (respecting the Irish Church) were altered, they had no alternative between separation and apostacy.

The society, thus established at Oxford, engaged in active proceedings for the attainment of its objects. Similar societies were established in various parts of England. A deputation was sent from Oxford through the country, to excite the members of the Church, particularly the clergy, to vigorous co-operation. An address was drawn up to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and signed by seven thousand clergymen. A similar address to the same Prelate was prepared for the Laity, and received the signatures of two hundred and thirty thousand heads of families. Petitions poured into Parliament from all quarters in behalf of the established Church, and the whole country seemed thoroughly roused and excited to the defence of her tottering fortunes.

Whilst one part of the association was zealously engaged in the proceedings above mentioned, another was occupied in preparing essays and dissertations on the subjects connected with their plan. These were composed for the most part by individuals, and sent to the press without consultation with each other. At a later period, many of the tracts were read to the members of the society, assembled at the house of Dr. Pusey, and subsequently published. They excited much attention, were warmly praised and severely censured, and were at last, when they had reached the ninetyeth number, arrested by ecclesiastical authority. They have produced a deep and permanent interest and influence with large numbers of the Protestant Episcopal Church, both in England and in this country; how far it is not easy to say, because no line of division has yet been drawn between the opponents and advocates of Tractarian opinions. But both in England and America, there are bishops who either openly commend, or who, reversing the practice of damning with faint praise, approve by very faint censure.

Puseyism, then, has nothing in common with the spirit of innovation. It looks with sorrow to the changes of the past, and recurs to obsolete forms and observances with infinite complacency, as privileges to be resumed. It replaces the crucifix in churches, and the candle-stick on the altar. For revolutions or reformatations, it entertains an unreserved detestation; it mourns over the injuries which they have inflicted on the Church, and seeks to redress them. For this

purpose, it calls the attention to certain great conservative principles, on which the dignity and authority of the Church repose.

Without entering into any particular examination of the doctrines, rites and ceremonies, recommended by the Tracts, it will be interesting to inquire what those essential principles are, and to what they naturally lead, since they serve to characterise the religious movements in which Dr. Pusey acts as chief.

It is, indeed, comparatively, of little moment what form or ceremony, not positively indecorous, a church adopting the Tract opinions may bring back from the past. Changes of vestments, or alterations of posture in priest or people, are of little importance, except as indicating the attachments and feelings of the party who recommends them. Even doctrines may be moderated, modified or explained away. The great fundamental principles of the Tract society, are the objects of real importance. What is their tendency? To what do they lead? These are the prominent questions, and the answer to them is, as we think, that, if carried out to their legitimate consequences, they must lead the party and their adherents to Rome. There is no half-way house. The consistent Puseyite cannot stop short of St. Peter's.

What are these fundamental principles of the Tract society? *That the Church is divinely authorized to govern*,—that it alone can determine, from scripture and tradition, what is the rule of faith,—that all Christians, as a necessary consequence, are bound to obey. These being admitted principles, it is evident that they were not less clear and certain three hundred years ago than now. They were then, as they are now, the acknowledged principles of the Church of Christ. But what was *the Church* when Henry VIII. won the title of Defender of the Faith for himself and his successors,—when he put forth, as his own, to the admiration of Catholic Europe, the answer to Luther prepared by his bishops, and "*sorted*" by Sir Thomas Moore? What was the Church in England, when Henry received reverently from its supreme head the praise of being its dutiful and zealous son? Did he claim supremacy then, or subsequently, when for years he was humbly suing at the Vatican for the favorable judgment of the true head of the church? At that period, every bishop in Great Britain, the king and people acknowledged without shadow of scruple, that the Church

of Rome was the Catholic Church,—*the Church*. The Pope was the supreme head of *the Church*,—the sovereign Pontiff,—Christ's vicar upon earth. The Church was then, as always, divinely authorized to govern, to interpret scripture, to explain tradition, to prescribe what shall be received, as religious truth, and individuals, kings as well as subjects, were bound to submit themselves to her spiritual rule. Who, indeed, was more prompt than Henry to punish with fire or axe the least denial of the authority of holy mother Church? And when afterwards he trampled that authority under foot, what was his apology or justification?

If the king had been, the most excellent, the purest, the ablest, the most learned man of his times,—had he equalled the Apostles in piety and zeal, and surpassed the greatest scholar of the age in wit and eloquence; if he believed, after the most careful examination, that there were errors in the Church to be lamented and removed, he was bound, nevertheless, as a dutiful son of holy mother Church, to yield obedience to her commands, and to submit to her decisions, with humility, as to the voice of Truth. But what was the character of Henry? Has the world produced, before or since, a tyrant more selfish, sensual or cruel? What were his motives in spurning the authority of the Church, whose very errors he had lately defended against the attacks of Luther? Was it, that he had become convinced of those errors? Did he begin to see the corruptions and abuses which the reformers imputed to the Church? Nothing like it,—he threw aside the authority of the Church to get rid of her restraints. He sought the indulgence of his appetites only. His sole object was to repudiate one wife for the purpose of marrying another,—to exchange the faded Catherine for the blooming and fascinating Anne. Now, if the best man, with the purest intentions, could by no means excuse his disobedience to the Church divinely authorized, as is conceded, to govern, upon what principle can the worst man, with the vilest motives, be justified in despising and rejecting her authority in matters of faith or discipline? We say upon what PRINCIPLE, because upon that principle, whatever it may be, rests the separation of England from *the Church*,—from what was unquestionably the Church at the time of the separation,—the Church of Rome. Does any doubt exist that the sole cause of separation was the despotic will of the king?—that he altered and shaped the creed of

his nation as he pleased,—that he punished in a manner equally summary and cruel, those who went beyond him and those who loitered behind,—that he was the very incarnation of despotism, in Church as well as in State,—so impatient of the smallest opposition, that his last queen, cautious and prudent as she was, endangered her safety by arguing with him only on some of his polemical notions. Had the Pope sanctioned the divorce of the meek and virtuous Catherine, under the hypocritical pretences suggested by the king, can we believe that England would have become a Protestant kingdom during his reign, or at any future period? Is the will, then, of an arbitrary monarch, a sufficient reason to justify a Christian man or woman in disobeying the commands of the Church, and withdrawing from her pale? If not, then the separation of England from the Church was a schism,—a judgment on the people, as the Tract party express it, for the crimes of their ferocious monarch, and the tenets of the Anglican communion are a heresy and a “sin.”

But, if the separation was a schism, and the thirty-nine articles a heresy, the result of unauthorized disobedience to the Church, what is the duty of the English churchman now? Shall he persevere in error? Shall he not rather seize with eagerness the opportunity which more tolerant laws and a more liberal policy have offered him, to retrace his steps, renew his connexion with the Church, and wipe away the stain which the disobedience of his forefathers, constrained as they were by violence, has cast upon her authority and character.

Does he not perceive the infinitely beneficial consequences that may spring from the reunion of the dismembered parts of the Church? How much might not be accomplished in the great work of removing its errors and defects, and restoring it to the purity and excellence, which time or superstition may have impaired. Schism and dissent would disappear, or be moderated and restrained. The Church, restored to its oneness, and again become a mighty whole, speaking with divine authority, sustained by the power of God and the wisdom of God, may be once again the moral and religious teacher of the world, to whom kings and emperors would bow with reverence,—the refuge of the feeble and the oppressed, sustaining the weak and humble, and rebuking the arrogant and the proud. Such was the Church

during the middle ages, whenever the Papal throne was occupied by men capable of understanding the pre-eminent powers and duties of the Church, as the teacher and censor of all nations. It then discharged the duties of its high office effectually, because of its unity, because it embraced all Europe within its pale, and was sustained by the consent of many nations. Reunite it, place it once more in the same position, with the larger spirit and brighter intelligence which it would derive from the advance of science and literature, and what mighty blessings might it not secure to mankind? Universal benevolence might then hope to see her dreams become realities, wars might cease among nations, and the zeal and power which, in the ages of ignorance and darkness, were able to precipitate Europe upon Asia, would now secure the blessings of peace to all the world. The Church would become to all countries an arbiter, settling every national dispute. It would evangelize every people, because Christianity would then be irresistible, and with the blessings of a purer faith, it would diffuse every where the arts and improvements of civilized life.

But, to this oneness of the great Christian body, a head is essential. As civil communities cannot be well governed but by a single executive, neither can the Christian community, the Church. A number of independent rulers would throw the best ordered State into confusion. There can be no law, and consequently no order, without a tribunal of ultimate appeal. How, then, can the violence and disorder of never-ending division and dissent, ever cease to exist among the professors of one Lord, one faith, one baptism, without *their* court of errors, to whose authority all shall be bound to submit,—without *their* supreme executive head, by whom the Church shall be guided and governed,—without an officer, in fine, similar in power and authority to the Pope of Rome? To this what can be opposed, but the vulgar opinions and errors on what is called the infallibility of the head of the Catholic Church? Does the maxim that the Pope is infallible, mean any thing more than the maxim of English law, that the King can do no wrong? By the one, no more is meant than that the King, under the constitution, cannot be made amenable to any legal tribunal for his acts; by the other, that the decision of the head of the Church is final and admits of no appeal. If the one maxim be essential to the preservation of order in the State, the other is

equally indispensable to the peace and good government of the Church.

Such are the conclusions and speculations to which the principles of the Oxford Tracts naturally lead. The members of the society, as we believe, had *no design* in view but to strengthen and exalt the Church of England. Yet, even with them, the leaning of their opinions may be distinctly seen;—they show a disposition to go back, to revive obsolete forms, to re-assume modes of worship openly or tacitly condemned,—they half recommend the celibacy of the clergy, and their sacrament of the Lord's supper is almost that of Rome.

But a new party, the offspring of the first, has arisen, who have taken up the *principles* without regarding the *design* of the Tracts. What these principles lead to, is no longer a question for speculation or conjecture. Experience has already determined. We know the tree now, by fruits not anticipated, but actually produced.

The publication at the head of our article, entitled "A Narrative of Events," is written by Mr. Palmer, one of the first, most active and efficient of the association. He tells us that a new school has arisen; that the followers of Dr. Pusey and Mr. Newman have advanced beyond their leaders. The party has grown into one at enmity with the reformers; exhibiting

"A spirit of servility and adulation to Rome; engaged in enthusiastic and exaggerated praise of its merits; appealing to all deep feelings and sympathies in its favor; looking to Rome as the model and the standard of all that is beautiful and correct in art, all that is sublime in poetry, all that is elevated in devotion." "Translations from Romish rituals and *devotions* have been published, in which every form of printing and other external peculiarity, have evinced an earnest desire for uniformity with Rome." "In conversation, remarks have been sometimes heard, indicating a disposition to acknowledge the supremacy of the Roman See, to give way to *all its claims*, however extreme, to represent it as the conservative principle of religion and society in various ages; and in the same spirit, those who are any way opposed to the highest pitch of Roman usurpation, are looked on as little better than heretics. The Gallican and Greek churches are considered unsound in their opposition to the claims of Rome. The latter is held to be separated from *Catholic* unity. The 'See of St. Peter's' is described as the centre of that unity, while our separation from it is regarded, not merely as an evil, but a sin,—a cause of deep humiliation, a *judgment for our sins*! The blame of separation, of schism, is openly and unscrupulously laid on the English Church! The reformers are denounced in the most vehement terms."

"Invocation of saints is sanctioned in some quarters ; purgatory is not unacceptable in others ; images and crucifixes are purchased and employed to aid in *private devotion* ; celibacy of the clergy—auricular confession, are acknowledged to be obligatory. Besides this, intimacies are formed with Romanists, and visits paid to Romish monasteries, colleges and houses of worship. Romish controversialists are applauded, their works purchased, studied and preferred." "In fine, *menaces* are held out to the Church, that if the Church of England is not 'unprotestantized,'—if the Reformation is not forsaken and condemned, it may become the duty of those who are already doubtful in their allegiance to the Anglo-Catholic communion, to declare themselves openly on the side of Rome."

Mr. Palmer expresses a hope and belief, that these opinions are confined to a small number of those who advocate Church principles. He declares that the authors of the Tracts, however they may think themselves obliged to tolerate such excesses, are embarrassed by them. He intimates that the spirit expressed *may* be traceable to the writers of the Tracts, particularly to Froude's "Remains ;" or that they *may* be a reaction against ultra-protestantism. One thing, however, he thinks is certain, that it was not the *intention* of the advocates of Church principles to promote Romanism. He vindicates them from the charge of any such *intention*, by quoting from many of the Tracts expressions adverse to the "exorbitant claims of Rome," "her undue claims and pernicious errors," "her image worship and similar corruptions," with many others of like import. The author of "Puseyism not Popery," has pursued a similar mode of vindicating the Tract writers against the charge of Popery. But if the principles of the Tracts lead to the See of St. Peter's, it is of little moment whether individuals stop short upon the way. It is only a proof that they have not followed out their own principles. Nothing is more common than this in all movements, moral or intellectual. It rarely happens that the first agitators are not left behind in the pursuit of their own objects. In the Reformation, Henry VIII. did not go so far as Elizabeth. In the French Revolution, Mirabeau, at his death, had become a conservative.

Besides this, it is quite possible to have a perfect conviction, that corruptions, errors and superstitions have crept into the Church, and yet to consider it our duty to adhere or return to her communion, and yield obedience to her commands. We can readily understand how intelligent and pious Romanists may see and deplore whatever is amiss in

the Roman Church, and yet hold fast to their allegiance. There are thousands of such men, we firmly believe. They may do more. They may earnestly and diligently set about to reform and remove whatever errors may exist in her practice or belief. They may form societies and associations, and publish tracts and essays, for this purpose, always reserving, as the Oxford writers express it, their canonical obedience, and submitting to the authority of the Church, so soon as that authority is exercised. Can we believe that such men as Fenelon, or the former bishop of Boston, or the late bishop of Charleston, did not perceive and desire to amend, whatever of mistake or error may exist in the Church? How that could best be done, is a grave question to be seriously pondered. But surely it may well be doubted, whether the right mode be, to destroy the unity, and with it the power and conservative influence of the Church. Whose sarcastic wit has exposed the corruptions of the priesthood with more severity than that of Erasmus? What satire is equal to the letters in which Pascal ridicules the false glosses of Jesuitical subtlety? Yet Erasmus and Pascal refused to abandon the pale of the Church. Sir Thomas Moore shared with his friend Erasmus, the wish to reform abuses in the Church, but he laid his head on the block rather than renounce her faith.

It will not avail the authors of the Tracts to appeal from the Church to the fathers, from later to earlier times, from the Church to the primitive Church. From whence comes this right of appeal? Who is to sit in judgment on the Church divinely authorized to govern? Who shall decide between the appellee and the party appealing? If the Church has the right by divine authority to determine what is now the rule of faith, she must possess the power to decide what has been the rule at any former period. If she shall, at the present time, say what is to be believed, she must have authority to judge what has been believed at any time heretofore. She alone is the interpreter of Scripture with the aid of tradition, and who but the Church shall determine what tradition teaches? The greater power must include the less. The power to decide what the writings of the inspired Apostles teach, surely involves the power of judging whether the comments or explanations of ordinary men are just or otherwise. Shall the Church, having sole power to interpret Matthew or John or Paul or Peter, be instructed

or corrected by Clement or Augustine? Can any thing be more contradictory than to admit the divine authority of the Church to determine the rule of faith, and yet invoke the evidence of those whom the Church instructs to prove her wrong,—to acknowledge the jurisdiction of a supreme court, and appeal from its solemn decision to the opinions of attorneys and barristers?

The principles, then, on which the Tract writers insist, if followed out faithfully to their legitimate consequences, lead necessarily to Rome. And not only so, but this result has nothing in it, which can be objectionable to those who sincerely believe that the Church is divinely authorized to govern,—who regard it as one great body, regularly organized, ruled by various orders of priesthood, and having power to determine what shall be believed. Nay, more, to all these, and to all who entertain analogous opinions in civil affairs, to all who sustain the cause of Power and Prerogative as the cause of order and law, and consider every change as odious unless begun and guided by the hand of authority itself, the tendency and end of the Tracts are not only not objectionable, but in the highest degree salutary and conservative. What can be more important or desirable to them than to return to a position so commanding, as that afforded by the unity and influence of the Church?—to stand once more on the great rallying point of conservatism in religion, morals and government? Can they hope by any thing short of this, to control or moderate the confusion of endless disputation and dissent, the chaos of innumerable sects and forms of faith? Where else could they look for that supreme court of errors, by which alone they can ever hope to settle and fix the variations of the religious code? Where else will they find that indivisible executive power, by which only the order and peace of the Church can be preserved?

But if, startled at these conclusions, we reject the principles of Puseyism, and the unity or centralization to which it leads. If we turn to those who address themselves to the other great section of opinion, the liberal party in politics and religion,—to those who appeal from authority to reason, and admit of no divine right in State or Church,—let us see to what *their* opinions would conduct us,—on what shore we shall be landed, by these navigators on the sea of speculation.

If we deny the existence of a Church divinely authorized

to govern, there can be no earthly power to which we are bound to submit in ecclesiastical affairs. The civil government cannot be that power. Christianity is not, like Paganism, a mere contrivance of State, which kings or senates may mould to suit their purposes. It refers to an inspired source for knowledge. It speaks to the heart on the relations between it and its Maker. It refers mainly to a future state of existence, and seeks to prepare our nature for its glory and excellence. It places our actions in this world, our whole conduct and character on purer motives and higher sanctions than government or law. We must not render to an earthly ruler, the homage due to a heavenly one. The things of God cannot become the things of Cæsar. The civil power does not undertake to regulate the gratitude or the filial affection due to an earthly benefactor or parent; how, then, shall it presume to interfere with the sentiments of reverence or love, which belong to the Creator? No Christian Church or sect admits the right of the civil government to decide on religious opinions. Catholics and Dissenters equally reject the assumption, and the writers of the Tracts themselves declare, in union as they are with the civil government, that it is sinful to allow the interference of persons, not members of the Church, in things spiritual.

No individual, however wise or devout, can presume to become the keeper of another man's conscience. If the Church or the State has no power to decide what shall be believed, for Luther or Calvin, or Cranmer or Knox, how shall either of these assume the right to settle the creed of other men? Where should we draw the line between the man who has, and the man who has not, the right to judge as to his own religious opinions? Who shall dare to come between the soul and its Maker? To his master only, must every man stand or fall.

Nor can any association or combination of individuals be entitled to lay down articles of faith, or determine forms of government or worship, except for their members, and for them only so long as they choose to continue such. A body so authorized, would be nothing less than a Church divinely commissioned, under a new name.

There is no limit, then, to the right of private judgment, in things spiritual. Between the Supreme Being and every individual, there is nothing but the Bible and his conscience. He is his own interpreter of the message of glad tidings to

mankind, and his only sure and infallible guide, is the source from which it has come. It is the necessary consequence of these conclusions, that every man is entitled to a perfect exemption from all interference or annoyance on account of his religious opinions; not only the annoyance of open and gross persecution—the prison or the stake, but from all scorn, censure, or ridicule; from the thousand vexations, sneers, and contumelies of spiritual pride or bigotry. These are the excitors of the fierce controversies whose aim is to conquer, not to persuade, and whose end is to drive the parties to positions more hostile and extreme.

It is also the consequence of the unlimited right of private judgment, that all religious associations, of men, societies, sects, churches, by whatever name called, must possess the right to decide, each for itself, on the form of worship or Church government which they choose to adopt.

If we suppose that a form is prescribed by the Scriptures, it is evident, that with the right to interpret the Bible for itself, every Church must have the privilege of judging what the form is which is so prescribed. It must, therefore, have the power to determine its own form of government. Much more will the possession of that power be undoubted, if there be no form prescribed, no rule laid down, no standard established; if there is no reason for believing that the apostles ever intended to insist on any mode of worship or government as obligatory on all Christian Churches; if such questions are left by them to be determined according to times and circumstances, in the exercise of a sound discretion, with a view to good order and decorum in public worship and discipline.

It is admitted by all temperate and candid writers, that the Scriptures do not formally or distinctly establish any particular form of Church government. Whatever is drawn from any supposed apostolic practice, is matter of argument, inference, or induction only. Here and there incidental expressions are picked up, whose meaning is disputed, or words whose right application is doubted; and from these slender premises, conclusions favorable to the party's views are readily deduced; but none pretend that the New Testament sets forth clearly, distinctly, and designedly, any rule or mode, with an intimation that it shall be obligatory on all Christian Churches. For any such purpose, the Scriptures are silent.

It is forcibly remarked by a learned prelate of the Church

of England, that the silence of Christ and the Apostles respecting the form of Church government, unanswerably proves that such matters are left by them to be regulated by future Churches according to time and circumstances. The silence of the inspired evangelists is not like that of ordinary writers. The omission of the former of any topic, cannot be ascribed to negligence, forgetfulness or ignorance. They wrote and taught all that was dictated to them, and whatever was not dictated, has been omitted by design, as unimportant or injurious to the progress of religious truth.

Christianity being intended for all time, and for the whole world, for every diversity of national character, custom, habit and government, it being evident at the very first, from the dissensions of the Jewish and Gentile converts, that differences were unavoidable, questions of forms and discipline were left by the apostles to the judgment and discretion of Christian communities in various times and countries. It is a privilege, indeed, not to be lightly exercised. Alterations of existing forms, without weighty cause, and grave and mature deliberation, do not admit of justification. But within the limit of pure motive and a sound discretion, all Christian Churches have a perfect right to make any change they think proper, in their rules, ceremonies or form of government.

Every society of Christians then, governed with order, decency and propriety, is, to all intents and purposes, as much a Church of Christ as any other, and nothing can be more idle, as nothing is more hurtful to religion, than that any particular Church should arrogate to itself the character of being peculiarly or emphatically a Christian Church, as compared with other Churches, because of any supposed conformity to apostolic instruction or authority. There being no rule laid down, or form prescribed, or standard established, no question can be mooted of conformity to that which has no existence, and all Churches rest precisely on the same footing, that of fitness and propriety in their forms.

There being this perfect equality among Christian Churches, it follows necessarily that all claims to superiority, whether expressed or implied, are without the shadow of reason or apology. Mere toleration, one of another, is out of place, because it implies superiority in the party which professes to practice it. A State may tolerate other Churches when it chooses to establish one. A Church divinely commissioned, may tolerate heresy or dissent, but among equals, every thing

which expresses or implies what is implied by mere toleration, is altogether unintelligible. *Among them there must be a full, cordial, unreserved, brotherly recognition of each other's claims as Christian Churches.* There must be no censures or imputations of being wrong in this or the other form or ceremony. The Catholic who believes that his Church is divinely authorised to govern, and, consequently, to determine what is right, may consistently believe that other sects are wrong. The writers of the Tracts may do so too, provided they adapt their practice to their principles, and return to the Church. But with other Churches, or sects, such language is utterly without meaning; as perfectly unintelligible as it would be to affirm, that a measure is too long or too short, or a weight too light or too heavy, if there be no standard by which weights and measures may be tested.

All disputes and controversies then, among Churches dissenting from the Church of Rome, are without cause or reason, because they all appeal to the right of private judgment. All arguments or forms, which assume claims of being nearer the truth, are unreasonable. The Episcopalian will not assert a right to teach, or express a preference for prelacy, for the reason that Bishops are successors of the apostles; because he takes for granted, by so doing, the correctness of his own theory of Scripture interpretation, when it is denied by many, even of his own communion, that the apostles had any successors. The Baptist will forego his exclusive communion, for that is only another mode of affirming that his interpretation of Scripture is right, and that of his brother dissenter wrong, at the same time that they deny, in common, the existence of any rule or authority by which it may be decided that any interpretation is, or is not, the proper one. The preference of each Church for its peculiar institutions, can be placed on the ground only, of their fitness, suitability, propriety, and not upon an assumed or imaginary conformity to apostolic practice or authority;—and, as it is very clear, that what is fit and suitable for one, may not be so for another, all questions or controversy as to the superior fitness of one form over another, would be abundantly idle. There can be no abstract expediency or fitness, as every such controversy would imply. The preference of every one for his own form of worship, will not rest on any supposed or disputed apostolic practice or precept, on any “thus saith the Lord,” which means only, “thus saith the sect;” but on the

humbler and only rational, because only tenable, ground, the propriety, order and decency of the form preferred.

Is there no limit, then, it may be asked, to this claim of individuals to be considered Christians, or of Churches to be regarded Churches of Christ? Can there be any such limit other than that which consists in acknowledging the divine origin and authority of the Scriptures? All who admit that these are written by inspiration, contain the words of eternal life, and are to be believed and obeyed, may claim the right of belonging to the fold of Christ. Short of this, we do not see where any limit can be placed by those who believe that the Bible is the only rule of faith, and that the right of private judgment appertains to every individual. Certain it is, that Christian charity must induce us to make the circle of comprehension as wide as possible.

The conclusion, then, to which we are lead by the principles that reject the claim of Church or State to establish any rule in ecclesiastical affairs, are:—that every man has the right to judge for himself, in forming his religious opinions, the Scriptures being his guide and rule—that every Church has a right to decide, for its own direction, upon what are Scriptural doctrines—that no standard for Church government having been established by the Apostles, all questions relating to it, are left to the judgment and discretion of the several Christian Churches, each one determining for itself what is necessary for the securing of order in discipline, and decorum in public worship—that all controversies on this subject, can be no more than disputes as to the comparative fitness or suitableness of forms, and in no wise affects the character of a Church as a Church of Christ—that there being no umpire to decide between them in such controversies, all Churches stand on a perfect equality one with the other—that to the right of claiming to be a Christian Church, there is no limit but the acknowledgment of the Scriptures as the inspired rule of faith, to be believed and obeyed by all men—and as the necessary consequence of these conclusions, that there should be among all Christian Churches, a cordial, full, unreserved recognition of each other's character and condition as Churches of Christ, without limitation, condition or reserve.

It is obvious, that if this concession be granted, and faithfully adhered to, there could be no excuse or pretence for those bitter and hateful feuds and disputes which are the

disgrace of the Christian religion, and which spring from an assumption, not always expressed, but constantly implied, by each party, that it alone is *the Church*. Discussions respecting forms of Church government would be divested of their acrimony, if it be once distinctly understood, that however determined, the decision would in no wise affect the character of either party in any essential quality of a Christian Church. There could be no reason or excuse for the rage of proselytism, if all Churches be substantially the same. The Episcopalian may prefer his liturgy, the Presbyterian his extemporaneous prayers, the Baptist his mode of immersion, the Methodist the order established by Wesley, provided that neither assumes, upon the strength of the forms preferred, that his Church is the Church of Christ; but freely and cordially concedes to all, that their's also are as fully Christian Churches as his own, and that, therefore, it can be of no importance to which any individual Christian may belong.

All Christian Churches will thus be equally branches and portions of that universal Church, to which alone it belongs, to be called *the Church* of Christ, and which comprises every human being who, is, not nominally or professedly, but in spirit and in truth, a disciple of Christ, no matter by what sectarian name he may be called, whether Catholic, Episcopalian or Dissenter, or how humble or unimposing the particular Church to which he may belong. In the days of the Apostles, the house of one of the brethren constituted a true Church of Christ.

Unfortunately for the harmony which ought to prevail among those who profess the religion of love, no Church is content with being a Christian Church only. Each one assumes, openly or tacitly, to be *the Church*, and a restless spirit of rebuke, reproach and contempt, is frequently exhibited to other Churches. It is by no means, to the Church of Rome only, that this spirit belongs. It may be found, in a greater or less degree, in almost every Christian Church. Until this odious temper is curbed and subdued, we cannot hope to see the Christian religion flourishing in the beautiful simplicity and persuasive tenderness of apostolic times; and the only mode effectually to overcome it, is to cultivate that universal charity and love, which embraces all Christians alike, and all Christian Churches, as fellow disciples and brethren in Christ, as fully and perfectly as we are ourselves.

If we are alarmed at the confusion and disorder to which

this conclusion would seem to lead, and resolve to reject the principles on which it rests, we have no alternative left us, but that of taking refuge in a Church authorised by Divine authority to govern, to interpret the Scripture for all Christians, to lay down a rule of faith and discipline, and to decide who do, or do not, conform to it. We must fairly adopt the principles of Dr. Pusey and his fellow labourers, with the resolution of honestly carrying out his principles to their legitimate end—re-union with the Church of Rome.

Which of these alternatives is the better choice, the Church divinely commissioned, accompanied with the perils of religious despotism and oppression, or religious Liberty, with its attendant dangers of confusion and disorder, we do not presume to decide, but leave it to our readers to determine for themselves. We would only recommend the preservation of clearness and consistency in our religious principles. Let us not have protestant Churches, arrogating the Pope's infallibility, or Catholics in principle, claiming the privileges of dissent.

Whatever the views of parties, however, there is one opinion expressed in the Oxford movement, of the deepest interest to them all. Mr. Keble regards the union between Church and State as "actually sinful." Others of the Tract writers think it objectionable. Many look forward to the period when the dissolution of it would be desirable. To all, the important difficulty seems to be, that such an event would endanger the interests—the endowments of the Church. But for this consideration, the separation would relieve it from apprehended dangers growing out of State policy and political intrigue.

The principle thus plainly put forth by the Oxford writer, and practically asserted by the seceders from the Scotch establishment, has been lately maintained by a distinguished Catholic Bishop also as the true faith. Bishop Hughes, of New York, declares that the union of Church and State is not a doctrine of the Catholic Church.

The whole history of the Church of Rome, indeed, is one continued struggle for the independence of the Church. The misfortune is, that it has not always been satisfied with independence only. Its claims have reached to supremacy in temporal as well as spiritual things, to the right of bestowing kingdoms and continents, and deposing princes and emperors.

However this may be, it is understood to be no Catholic doctrine, that the Church should be united to the State.

There are thus approaching to agreement, on a subject of infinite importance, the three great divisions of the religious world—the democracy, aristocracy and monarchy—the Presbyterian with all dissenting sects, the Protestant Episcopalian, and the Catholic.

We may hope then, that the Church, under whatever banner arrayed, is about to vindicate its freedom from this unhallowed connexion with the State—that the living spiritual principle will be unchained from the body to which it has been bound—that the kingdom of Christ will become, what he declared it to be, a kingdom not of this world.

It is certainly not surprising, that the Tract writers particularly, should be in favour of the independence of the Church. There is no warrant in apostolic precept, or practice, for any such institution as an established Church, supported by the State, and governed by it. It is natural enough, therefore, that they who claim to be the successors of the apostles, should feel, that for a Church to be so circumstanced, must be “actually sinful.” Shall the successors of the apostles, entitled to speak and rule with like authority in the Church, be subject to the control of kings or princes, arrogating the title of supreme head of the Church, presuming to govern and regulate it? Think of St. Paul taking direction or counsel from Festus, or Agrippa, in questions of discipline or doctrine, or shaping his epistle to the Romans, in compliance with the imperial will of Nero! The very supposition is monstrous. And shall they who represent the apostles, be any the less tenacious of their dignity, and of the rights of their high office?

It may be replied, that these were not Christian rulers. Suppose they had been, would this have altered the relation between them and the inspired teacher of Christianity—between the disciple and his instructor? Would the apostles John, or Paul, or Peter, acknowledge the supremacy of such Christian princes and heads of the Church, as Henry the 8th, or Charles the 2nd, or Louis the 15th, or the Godless regent who preceded him?

If it be said, that the pecuniary aid of the State is necessary to Religion, in the payment of the clergy, in the building of Churches, in the religious education of the people, we would ask where was this necessary help in the early age of the

Christian Church? Who that will trace its progress then, and consider for a moment its rapid and extensive advancement in the first two or three centuries of its existence, can resist the conviction, that Christianity can be in no wise dependent on the civil government for its progress, strength or efficiency? Opposed on every side by every possible combination of interests, opinions, and prejudices; contemptible in the eyes of the exalted and powerful, foolishness to the philosopher and man of letters, and hated by the priests and followers of the hundred forms of pagan superstition, what enabled the faith of the Christian, like some mighty river overflowing its banks, to spread itself on every side, overwhelming all obstacles opposed to its diffusion? Not the power or rich endowments of the apostles and early teachers; they were poor, humble, obscure men. Not their learning or eloquence; they were uninstructed in the schools of philosophy or literature. Not the help or fostering care of the State; the followers of Christ were persecuted by Princes and Emperors, and the blood of the martyrs profusely shed, became the seed of the Church in every province of the Roman empire. Under every form of hostile attack, the religion of Christ won its way to the hearts of every nation. Who then can pretend that the assistance of the State is essential or important to its existence or diffusion?

Should any further illustration be needed of the power of the Church to perform the duties and attain the objects for which it was established, without the aid or interference of the State, it is afforded by the flourishing condition of the several Christian Churches of the United States. In this country there are no tythes, no aid or support from the public treasury to the Church of any denomination, yet it may be doubted whether in any country true vital Godliness more abounds, or whether the sanctity of the Sabbath and the orderly and decent public worship of God are more a subject of general respect and observance. We have no reason for believing, that the Protestant Episcopal Church, when the established Church of the Colonies, possessed a purer or higher character than it holds at present, and if we may believe the accounts of travellers, the religious condition of the nations of Europe, with all their supposed advantages of Churches possessing the revenues and palaces of princes, and the power and influence of the State, is assuredly not superior to that of our own. An illustration equally forcible, is

found in the manner in which the powerful dissenting sects of England are able to sustain their several Churches, under all the disadvantages with which they are beset. The progress of the Methodist Church alone, is striking and conclusive. Hardly less so is the condition of the Catholic Church of Ireland. Certainly, for the last two hundred years, the Irish Catholic has had little of the wealth or influence of the State to aid him in supporting a Church, whose numerous rites and ceremonies are peculiarly expensive; on the contrary, he has been the object of continued persecution, more or less severe; he has been compelled to sustain the double burthen of paying not only his own, but another Church, and yet the Irish Catholic Church has not lost its vigorous hold on the minds and hearts of the Irish people. Will it be said, in the face of these examples, that a Church needs the help of the civil government for its existence or success?

The opinion that the connexion of the Church with the State is necessary or beneficial to religion, is natural enough to a mind which, wanting faith in Christianity as a divine institution, sustained by divine power, and possessing all necessary means inherent in its nature and origin for its certain dissemination among all nations, considers it merely an instrument of State, a machine dextrously contrived for the purpose of governing mankind, and therefore strengthened for its purposes by being arrayed in purple and fine gold, and surrounded with the pomp and circumstance, by which the rulers of mankind seek to dazzle, overawe and subdue. But this opinion can have no weight with the mind which confesses Christianity as springing from God, protected by his power, swaying the human heart by superhuman means, and carried onward in its irresistible course by influences which temporal power can neither assist or retard, whenever the period shall arrive marked out by Providence for its triumphant progress through the world.

So far, indeed, is the influence or aid of the State from being desirable to the Christian Church, that we may trace its corruption and the cessation of its true spiritual triumphs, to the period when, by its union with the head of the Roman empire, it became entangled with the interests of the State.

The enormous wealth lavished upon the Church by Constantine and his successors, carried with it the unhappy influence always accompanying inordinate riches. Avarice

soon became the characteristic vice of the ecclesiastical order. Innumerable contrivances were resorted to for the purpose of extorting money from the superstitious fears of the people. Hardly rescued from the rites of idolatry, and still imbued with its spirit, the minds of the early converts were easily filled with an extravagant veneration for the priesthood. The efficacy of expiatory gifts became as much an article of faith in the new, as in the old religion. They, who during their lives indulged their appetites without reserve, were anxious at their death to secure pardon and safety, by bestowing their riches on the Church. This disposition was eagerly encouraged by the clergy, and proceeded to so great abuses, as to require very soon the restraining hand of the Roman government. Exactions for baptism, for burial, for masses to secure the repose of the buried, for relics, for indulgences, became common every where. In addition to voluntary donations, tythes were demanded and universally paid. If the violence and barbarism of the age had not in some degree counteracted the effects of superstition, the whole soil of Christendom must have become the property of the Church. In addition to this excessive wealth, the Church rapidly acquired extensive jurisdiction and influence in civil and political affairs. Almost all suits were brought before the ecclesiastical courts. As ministers, counsellors, confessors, they governed the consciences of kings and emperors. In a few centuries after the union of Church and State, the successors of the fishermen of Galilee decided upon the rival claims of princes, and bestowed sceptres at their pleasure.

The natural and inevitable consequence of the wealth and power of the Church, was to invite into its high offices the avaricious and ambitious spirits of all countries. They rushed into the ranks of the clergy, not to save souls, but to secure the spoils of the people by the readiest means. This again reacted upon the character of the Church, to desecrate still farther its holy ministry. Bishops became armed warriors, and headed their followers in rapine or war;—monsters of sensuality and vice made their lairs in the possessions of the Church; and nothing but the provident care of its head has preserved it from the farther effects of the fostering patronage of the State. The lessons of avarice and ambition were not the only fruits of the protection and aid bestowed by the civil government on the Church. It was

initiated and trained in persecution and cruelty also. In the ages immediately succeeding the Apostles, we hear of no war of Christian upon Christian, no persecution of one society or community of Christians by another, for opinions' sake. Differences, and even dissensions, it is true, there must have been. Even among the Apostles there arose variations of opinion, and warmth of discussion, but unexasperated by those stimulants to malice and uncharitableness which the State supplies, they were subdued or moderated by the kindly influences of Christian love. But when Constantine professed himself a convert to the faith, and threw a fold of the imperial purple round the Church, then began the bitter and ferocious feuds which have continued to disgrace the Christian religion to the present day.

The Roman emperor became supreme head of the Christian Church. Accustomed to dispose of the lives and fortunes of the millions subject to his rule, he could feel no hesitation in regulating their opinions. To differ from the doctrine which he regarded as true, was no longer an offence against heaven or the Church only, it was a contempt of the imperial majesty. The indignation of the ruler, and the punishment of the delinquent, awaited all departures from the rule of faith established by imperial sagacity and piety. The logic of the owner of forty legions was enforced by the usual cogent considerations, and they who were insensible to its power, were deemed worthy of exile or death.

The Church, patronized by the emperor, was taught to consider all departures from her doctrine as punishable, not only by the expulsion of the offending party, but by temporal punishment, to be administered by the secular arm. The ambitious or avaricious adventurers who sought in its ministry indulgence for their lust of power or wealth, regarded every religious scruple or doubt as an attack on their influence or revenue, and readily co-operated with the intolerance of the civil government. Secular considerations added fierceness to religious disputes, and cruel and blood-thirsty persecution became the argument for settling Christian diversities of opinion.

The deplorable consequences of the spirit thus caught by the Church from the State, may be seen in almost every page of ecclesiastical history. The heart mourns over the horrible tale of wrong and outrage which meets us every where. The most atrocious crimes, assassinations, burnings, massa-

cles of men, women and children, killing, not by speedy means of extermination only, but by tortures the most various, the most exquisite, that the malignity of infernal spirits could dictate to human ingenuity,—all these have been perpetrated by men professing to be followers of Jesus Christ, and teachers of his religion. The horrible excesses of ferocity, and the hatred springing from secular influences and motives, have been ascribed to the religion of universal benevolence and good will,—the religion which teaches, as its sum and substance, love to God and love to man,—not to our friends only, but to our enemies,—not to those alone who do good to us, but to those from whom we receive scorn and injury,—the religion which inculcates gentleness, meekness, humility, long suffering, charity, and active and unwearied benevolence to all mankind.

The persecutor professes, indeed, to be actuated by the love of heaven. Apologies are made for his crimes, upon the plea that he is influenced by a sincere, although a mistaken, zeal for the glory of God. He is represented as being governed by love even, for the victim of his cruelty. He strives to rescue the soul of the sufferer, at the expense of his tortured and perishing body; he kills to save; he murders the physical, to preserve the spiritual part of the sufferer. Admirable reasoning, indeed, and worthy of that potentate, whom Milton designates among the infernal spirits as the homicide,—

“Moloch, horrid king, besmeared with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parents’ tears,
Though for the noise of drums and timbrels loud
Their children’s cries unheard, that pass’d thro’ fire
To his grim idol.”

The modern, like the ancient worshippers of the homicidal spirit, presume also to place their temple “right against the temple of God,” and raise

“Within his sanctuary itself their shrines
Abominations.”

They erect altars to the fiend of cruelty within the very Church of Christ. The subtlety that led astray “the wisest heart of Solomon,” has been even more successful with the professor of Christianity; and the blood of human sacrifice offered up to the Genius of religious murder in modern times, has exceeded that which was shed by the older Syrian wor-

shippers of the grim idol. The victims of persecution in a single nation of Christian Europe, are said to be more in number than all the martyrs made by Heathen cruelty since the days of the Apostles,—with greatly less excuse, too, for the Christian persecutors; the Pagan violator of the rights of conscience may plead ignorance in his defence,—the professed Christian sins against the light of revealed truth. Which has the best right to be considered the worshipper of the true God, may well be doubted.

The increasing intelligence and civilization of Christendom, have mitigated the fury of persecuting zeal, and there is no nation in Europe, where burning or torturing would *now* be regarded as legitimate means for regulating religious belief. The spirit, however, is not altogether laid. A few years only have elapsed, since the Irish Catholic was restored to his civil and political rights. He is still taxed for the support of a Church to which he does not belong. In many parts of Europe, the Protestant is either openly oppressed or secretly harrassed in the exercise of his religious rights; and at this moment, the valleys of the ancient and simple Vaudois are suffering under the combined tyranny of priest and king. Neither Catholic or Protestant can resist the seductions of the demon of persecution, when corrupted by an union with secular power.

The cruelties of religious persecution, then, so alien to the character of Christ and his religion, are the genuine offspring of this union between Church and State; and it may be confidently asserted, that every Church in connexion with the civil government will, in a greater or less degree, betray an arrogant spirit, sometimes exhibiting itself in open attacks on the rights of conscience, and always indicating towards dissenters and sectarians a contempt or aversion inconsistent with the charities of Christian love. The disputes or differences between Christian societies, which time or reflection and a sense of duty would gradually allay, are exasperated into outrage by the facilities afforded by the State to the dominant Church, for the indulgence of bigotry and intolerance. The secular arm becomes the instrument of theological hate, and the violence of the disputant is tempted to indulgence, by being furnished with the means of inflicting punishment on his opponent.

For the union of Church and State, then, there is no warrant of scripture, no pretence of necessity, no ground of utili-

ty or expediency ; on the contrary, from this corrupting and polluting connexion, the Church derives the spirit of avarice, ambition and cruelty,—nor can we hope to see Christianity restored to the simplicity, beauty and power which it possessed in the time of the Apostles, until, as then, it stands alone, independent and unencumbered with the favors of secular power. If the religious movements in Scotland, England, and elsewhere, produce this result, so essential to the triumphant progress of Christian Truth, we may well rejoice in them as preparing the way for the Exodus, not of the Church of Scotland only, but of Christianity itself.

ART. VIII.—*The Mysteries of Paris. A Novel.* By EUGENE SUE. Translated from the French by CHARLES H. TOUNE, Esq. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1843.

WE have read this book of “Mysteries,” and found in it a meaning that already has aroused and given direction to our thoughts. We have heard numerous judgments passed upon it. At first, concluding from the general impression that the book was a bad one, we were doubtful about the expediency of giving it a reading. Our doubts gave way upon witnessing the deep interest which the readers of the work seemed to feel in its perusal. Whatever could awaken so much thought, appeared to us worth attention, and we began to distrust the popular judgment ; and since the reading, we acknowledge some different conclusions from those which we have generally heard from others.

Society must be its own guardian, and we rejoice to see how sensitive it is, and how jealously it guards over the moral life of its members. It requires healthy *means* of support, in order to cherish a vigorous growth of virtue. Let no poison of evil mingle with the genius that tempts the social appetite. In *fiction*, the danger is peculiarly great that a brilliant imagination will gloss over the hideousness of vice and clothe moral deformity in the garments of moral beauty. There is danger of hiding sin behind attractive pleasure. And in no other department of literature has sin been made to wear so winning a smile, as in the works of imagination.

No species of writing has been looked upon as so doubtful or dangerous in its tendencies ; none, too, has been so successful in securing immediate reward. These two facts go together, the doubtful character and immediate success of fictitious works. The morality of the world, during any period of its history, has been generally low and always unsettled. There has always existed a thirst for wild and daring exploits ; a morbid feeling has universally prevailed, craving excitement without much regard to the means or ministry employed for its gratification. Hence the affectations, conceits, crimes, which have made the burden of fiction. Duty, the simple and ordinary goings on of life, have been considered tame and common-place, and, of consequence, overlooked and slighted. Men have not been satisfied with these. The *peculiarities*, more than the *realities*, of life have been craved and sought. They have been represented in fiction, and accordingly, since this class of writings has been a more direct ministry to this taste than other classes, it has been more readily welcomed and rewarded. Such is the two-fold peril from fictitious works. They delineate an artificial state of society, and address and cherish in turn an artificial taste.

From our position, that fiction for the most part represents the forms and fashions of life rather than the spirit, we account for another fact in its history,—its want of a permanent value, like the writings of Homer or Milton. All forms, all fashions are changing. The peculiarities of one age give place to new ones in a succeeding age, and so the progress of the old and new holds on forever. Hence, when any novel or romance has answered its own age's wants, it has accomplished its mission ; when its own fashion is changed, and another has taken its place, it has become worthless,—its work is done. The reason that so excellent a poet as Spencer is now read so rarely, seems to be accounted for upon the same principle. He is graceful, of easy elocution, but still a tiresome author. Why is it so ? Plainly, because he wrote the conceits and affectations of his age—the heroism of chivalry more than the heroism of the heart. Homer wrote truth to Nature, and his readers are the same interested enthusiasts to-day in this new world, as they were in the old, thousands of years ago. Fashions and conceits are attractive in their time, but as we become removed to other and distant times, and look on them through the medium of

history and the refinements of a further progress and a higher civilization, they lose their former power; and while we pass a cooler judgment, we pass one more free from partialities or prejudices, and nearer the truth. Just as the historian, to write and judge impartially, must be the historian of the past instead of the present,—or of a foreign nation instead of his own. Unlike history, fiction reflects and ministers to its own immediate age and community.

To many, it may seem strange that fiction should be of a more doubtful character, and possess less permanent value, than other forms of writing. Perhaps we are able to divine the reason. We take fiction in the popular sense. We do not include the great works of either poetry or art. Fiction is used, and so we employ the word now, to represent the more common efforts of the imagination, so abundant in every age, and so varying in their forms. We mean the generality of romances and novels; not works like the *Wilhelm Minter* or the *Paradise Lost*. The former are seized and read with the greatest avidity, and secure for their authors the immediate rewards of fame and wealth; the latter are frequently unsold and overlooked, till after generations, passing through a longer discipline, are schooled up to an appreciation of their merits.

We have said that in fiction vice, oftener than any where else, is rendered attractive; conceits and fashions are delineated, but rarely the deep realities of life. The simplicity of truth—the lowliness of virtue—these do not possess, and of consequence cannot minister to, the excitement which society craves. Whence come these peculiarities? Why, too, should fiction be the medium of so many moral mistakes, while other departments of literature are so comparatively accurate and healthy? These questions involve a wide philosophical survey, and a strict analysis of our mental powers. We can give only a general answer. Imagination is wilder than the other faculties of the mind,—it wanders farther, depends less upon the actual, is more ideal in its nature, and from the fact of its superior activity, often confuses or outruns the reason, and leads to partial and false judgments. The mind acts with energy only when all its powers are harmonious. Disturb the regular gradations of its faculties, or the regular order of their development, and you introduce conflict and consequent weakness. Of themselves, these powers and faculties of the mind are all good;

within their sphere they are all good—but of it they are all bad. The conscience and intellect are good in their place ; so are the senses in theirs. Let the senses gain a mastery over the reason, and not only is the reason wronged and impaired, but the whole man—all his actions and his judgments. The injury becomes general, for the universal order is disturbed ; “heaven’s first law” is broken. Full, perfect action, demands that our whole nature harmonize. Without harmony, there is and must be discord and conflict and feebleness. Such is the general law. And no faculty of the mind is more liable to lose its position in the human system, and break over the restraints of the higher reason, than imagination. Now, the writer of fiction is peculiarly under the influence of this faculty. He relies upon it to invent the materials he desires. He becomes delighted with his fairy creations, and wanders on without a thought of moral consequences, or even of the course he pursues. He thus becomes more liable than others to lose true balance of mind,—to work without judgment and foster the conceits of his age. Here is the danger that comes from fiction. It is made up of “airy nothings,” or of the transient fashions without the reality and spirit of life. It too often yields to customs which it ought to reform. It seeks to entertain, without moving the deep springs of the heart. Fiction, in a word, is too much a dream or a fashion, and too little a reality. It has a random character, and wants the great energy of moral order. Imagination, to be really powerful and bring forth good fruits, needs the support and direction which the higher faculties of the reason and conscience are alone capable of giving. When it cuts loose from these, it will drift over distant seas, it may be gathering here and there a treasure, for treasures lie scattered all over the world, but on no certain course, sure of no certain gain, with no home in view, a wanderer forever. It may be, and was made to be, a grand means of doing good. It is to fiction, in its higher and holier walks, that we look for reconciliation of the ideal with the actual. Both, we believe, are real, and we long to see these two opposite phases of humanity mingle into one. We long to see suffering and loving men, as they struggle and toil on earth, showing forth the higher world of ideas, and making daily revelations of the true, the beautiful, the perfect, in their triumphs over outward and visible life. We desire to see the *actual* exalted and ennobled

by the spirit and présence of the *ideal*. We long to see the artist and poet ascend the holy mount, not to become enveloped in the clouds that rest upon its summit, but from a higher point of vision gain some new and inspired faith to bring down with them, to guide and lead on our halting race more safely through the wilderness of this world's temptations and evils, to the holy and promised land.

We have pointed out the wayward character of imagination, as an element of the mind. To this feature we have traced many of the evil tendencies of fiction. It also furnishes a reason why society is so sensitive about fictitious writings. We rejoice that such a disposition exists,—a disposition to guard carefully its moral health and growth; still we cannot bestow any unqualified commendation. We have sometimes thought that a morbid feeling was spreading in the community, which ought to be exposed and reformed. It has seemed to utter a false judgment in its partial views of life. We wish to call the public attention to this matter. In our apologies for the sensitiveness which exists in society, we cannot overlook the want of discrimination which society manifests, in its wholesale condemnation of fictitious writings. The imagination is an essential element of our minds, and was made to answer wise and holy ends. It is only when perverted that its fruits are bad. Its legitimate workings are healthy, and who will pretend to say that it never works under proper restraints and direction? We see the evils that may and do flow from an undue exercise of the imagination; but we see them elsewhere as well as here. Here, too, as well as elsewhere, do we look for a reform of these evils. We never wish to be blind to any evil influences, or to apologise for a single sin. Society seems only sensitive on one side; it cries out against sin; it needs to lift up a more earnest cry in aid of virtue. We do not care to spend our energies in hideous moans and profitless complaint. We would sometimes repress our sighs and utter our faith. *Press on* is a better watchword than *Beware*. We confess that we are as sensitive about virtue as well as about sin. We prefer to see wrongs go unpunished, than virtue suffer. An unjust doom is a terrible thing. It must be remembered that society is accountable for its injustice, as well as the criminal for his sin. Convicts escape from our prisons; and we remain unmoved, compared with the emotion we feel when a guiltless man is punished. Not for

the martyr is this said ; it is not the expression so much of pity or regret for the sufferer ; it is because innocent suffering involves wrong-doing somewhere,—a want of discrimination, without which justice is a name and law a mockery. Our tears flow whenever a man suffers, be it from poverty or misfortune or sin ; though not the suffering so much excites our sympathy,—we feel that a wrong is done, and somewhere in the universe a wrong-doer is living. Him we pity, and not the object of his injustice ; for it may be innocent to suffer wrong, but never to do it. Now, it may be that society, in the anathema it pronounces against fiction, anathematizes something good as well as something evil ; nor do we hesitate to express an opinion on this matter. To us, society appears more sensitive about evil than good. It wants discrimination,—it wants a generous hope. We are unable to find an excuse for the indiscriminate judgment that we daily hear passed upon our lighter reading, our amusements, and even upon our gossip. Because these are sometimes evil, it does not follow of necessity that they are always so. They are good in their place. Without them, life would grow monotonous and lose its charm of variety, taught-so beautifully in the trees and flowers, the hills and valleys of the outward world. But, perhaps, the worst feature in the whole matter is the inconsistency of those who utter the judgment. Light and graceful amusements are condemned by men who indulge in grave and hallowed sins—pride, extortion, envy, cruel hate and narrow partialities. This idea of rooting out all sports, all means of relaxation and amusement to the mind or body, seems to us wrong and dangerous. We cannot root them out. They grow from the great stock of humanity,—they strike too deeply into the centre of being, ever to be plucked up or destroyed. We would recognise them in their proper place and sphere. We would have society more discriminate in its judgments, and of consequence more just. Our inquiry touches a great wrong, of which society is guilty. Let us view it in still another light.

Labor is well—it is life's greatest and most pressing necessity. Difficulty is in every human path ; it makes toil a duty ; nay, more, renders it a chief joy. No man is weak or foolish enough to hope to rise, without toil. No one can expect to invigorate either mind or body, without strenuous effort. The child grows and becomes strong by the measure

of hardship which attends his sports. Without something to overcome, without conflict, we all know that life would grow insipid and joyless. We know, too, how a strong and deep interest in our toil will turn it into happiness. Labor needs to become a new thing. We would not do it away; we would not remove its necessity; but we would relieve it by unfolding its dignity, and throwing into it a new interest. We desire to see men work cheerfully, and, of consequence, more effectually. The laborer ought, in a peculiar manner, to be the student and the thinker. Let the mind keep pace with the hands. There is, in the present organization of society, an excess of manual labor. We mean not an excess upon the whole, but that, in its unequal distribution, it becomes excessive upon a certain class: it divides society—crushing one part with the stupor of indolence, and another part with the burden of poverty. Society wants harmony. Its energies are divided and feeble. The fault is not, as many suppose, with labor; it lies in its unequal distribution. We would bring the scattered and conflicting forces of society together, reduce them to union and harmony. We would unite thought and cheerfulness with toil. How shall this be done? Labor is a grave thing, and can men always be grave? We grant its necessity,—we have already acknowledged it, but we demand something to render it easy,—a happiness and not a curse. We answer now, that man was not made for unceasing labor. He always sinks beneath it, and we desire to raise him up. The active powers tire by constant and continued activity. They become worn and fatigued, unless time and opportunity be given for relaxation and recruit. Life needs a greater *variety*. It is too monotonous and dull. Labor is so unceasing with the masses, that it becomes a burden and a drudgery. Few work cheerfully, with any heart, as if they were engaged in a dear and holy cause. How shall all this be remedied, except by introducing variety into life? Be willing to admit the old Scripture true, that “there is a time to laugh,” and not only that, but permit the “time” to do its mission,—yield to its ministry,—it is one of Providence and of love, and brings a new vitality for its reward. Before we condemn, let us “prove all things,” and in every case “hold fast” whatever we find to be “good.” Labor is well and necessary; but so is amusement. Both are well and necessary in their sphere and proportion. Labor is commended and approved;

amusement is condemned ;—therefore, we plead for the latter. We have no sympathy with that man who can look upon playful childhood, with its beauty and smiles and sports, and feel no desire to prolong its innocent joys and mingle them with life's later and sterner strifes. We have no sympathy with that morality which indiscriminately condemns the joyousness and buoyancy of life as inconsistent with a true and growing virtue. Life needs *relief*. It is burdened, tempted and sorrowing. There are tears and care in every pathway where humanity travels. Everywhere we meet the disconsolate,—the conscience-stricken, and we cannot find it in our hearts to rob a suffering man of a single pleasant memory or hour. Life needs *relief*. It needs it for growth and gain, that it may acquire new strength and bear what is laid upon it. The imagination holds this necessary office. It is the *relief* element of the mind. From it we draw the importance and use of amusement in society. Imagination is worth something. It holds, if not the first, still an essential place in the human system. It has a mission to work, and no force can oppose it without violence and injury to the mind. It is a graceful faculty. It lends a charm to life,—blends beauty with toil, and relieves suffering with cheerful glimpses of another world where all tears are wiped away. We plead for it as a *relief* to the mind, and the spring of nearly all our social happiness. It brings *relief* and *variety* to the mind. It lends grace and ease to its otherwise heavy and laboring movements. Let society acknowledge its mission and yield to its cheerful and happy influences.

We have been led to these observations concerning fiction in general, from the popular expressions and judgment upon Eugene Sue, and particularly upon the work which introduces this article. We further desire to give, what seems to us, the *meaning* of our author in these "Mysteries of Paris." They seem to be the very mysteries which this day's life contains, not more in Paris than here in our midst. They may differ in degree and form from our's, but they are essentially the same. The great evils which produce such misery and wretchedness in Europe, produce also misery and wretchedness in America. To us, this book makes known one of the great problems of the age—the *depth* and *extent* of *social evil*. It has startled the community, and it startles us, because of the seriousness and magnitude of the sin it reveals. It tells us what an amount of *wrong-doing* there must be

somewhere, since it is here that all these sufferings and calamity and misfortune take their rise. They spring from *wrong-doing*,—not that the individual who suffers is the wrong-doer. Far from it. Often the truth is very far the contrary. Still the fact is unchanged. Nothing produces misery and wretchedness but sin. At the door of the wrong-doer lies all this measure of suffering which crushes so many warm human hearts, and wails in sighs and tears through all human habitations.

These evils meet us at every step. The elements of society are discordant and conflicting. There are deformities and contrasts—overgrown monopolies and starving indigence. No wonder that confusion and strifes divide the world. But these will gradually work out reform. Already many old opinions have been abandoned,—many old forms have been cast aside. We do not and cannot lament their death, for we believe that nothing *real*—no *life* is lost,—we do not desire to recall and again take shelter under them. No! They have done their work—they made a good home for our fathers who reared them—they answered for and lived out their time. A new age demands a new form. Confusion and strifes are only increased, while old and stationary forms cumber the advancing spirit of a new age. Endeavors to chain the past to the present, forever bring discord and delay. Life, to accomplish its destiny—to work with freedom and with power, demands a harmony of its outward and inward aspects. Here much of the discord and confusion which exists in every age, finds its solution in the battle which the new wages with the old—the progressive spirit with the fixed formalities of the world. Social far more than individual life, is the scene where this contest is waged. Hence it is so full of misery and wrong.

The wrongs and miseries that are found—done and borne in social life—these we find portrayed with a faithful and bold hand in this book of mysteries. Because they are real wrongs and miseries, we confess our hearty sympathy with the author. We can do all this without bestowing upon him full or indiscriminate praise. He has been our benefactor, and we are willing and free enough to acknowledge the gratitude we feel. He has written a strange, but not, therefore, a false account of sin. We have fears that it is all too true. Indeed, we are inclined to think, that whoever reads carefully his own experiences in the little world which lies around himself, and in

which he toils and suffers, will find "mysteries" as great and strange as those of Paris. A single feature in this book, if no other existed, is sufficient to give it a redeeming character. Vice is never rendered attractive—still it is looked on with *pity*. This is a new feature, indeed; for few among even the virtuous and good, have looked on it with anything but *scorn*. Most writers have labored to portray the *crimes* of humble life. Where they have met miseries and sufferings, they have connected with them sins and wrong-doings. Eugene Sue has written also of sufferings and miseries in scenes of disgusting crime, wretchedness and want. He has labored to expose the *iron necessity* under which crime, in low places, is frequently committed. He has seen how poverty may drive men to despair, and, through despair, to sin. But where is the guilt? Who has sinned? He answers, with no uncertain meaning,—The *guilty one* is he who lays this *load*—binds this necessity—drives the *sinner*, as the world misnames him, into direct and open crime. He tells us to remove this load by working a reform in society, and we shall then look in vain for the sinner, and those low haunts of vice. Men, we know, shudder and start back, whenever a gentle voice is breathed into the ear of an outcast brother. They call it an apology for crime. They ask,—“Will you raise up criminals from their appropriate and appointed dens, to poison the currents of more elevated and respectable society—in a word, will you permit criminals to prey upon society?” Granting all that is asked, Eugene Sue seems to think, that possible there has been a mistake in this matter, and puts a new question, “Will you permit society to prey upon the criminal?” It may be, that the *actual* wrong-doer is one from some hard necessity. He has been worn down by unjust dealings—he has been forced into sins that his soul abhorred. Take the poor laborer. He toils early and late and hard. He truly eats his bread in the sweat of his brow. Ease he has not known. Relaxation does not come to him. Work is a sentence—a doom—it eats up the day and fills all his dreams by night. Starving children press him on. Work is the only omnipresence he knows. It is no mild spirit,—there is no God of Love for him. This man is a *producer*,—his toil supplies food to others—little or none to himself. And yet he must *work*. He feels what a doom is his—what a necessity is on him. When this man shall become a *thief*, or even worse, a *murderer*, who will

dare lay the guilt at his door? Here is the whole history. A man produces food and clothing sufficient for at least four others besides himself. And yet the *producer* is *unclothed* and *starved*. Another, who produces nothing, is both well clothed and fed. Why now should the last be a criminal? how is he tempted? Why shall *not* the first be a criminal, seeing *how* he is tempted? But where is the *guilt*? Let men see to it. The producer starves. One man, by means of his position or wealth, drives another into crime, and the first named arraigns, accuses and punishes the last. Eugene Sue recognises the cruel necessity under which crime is often committed, and thereby reveals the bad arrangements of social life. He thus exposes a great evil, and defines its character. He tells us where it is, and where the reformer must go to meet and mend it.

A writer of our own country has siezed the same idea that Eugene Sue illustrates so boldly. The application is made to our own condition. Justice has too much the character of *chance*. Society's arrangements to detect and punish crime, are frequently indiscriminate and doubtful—so much so, that it becomes a serious question, whether our penal codes and their prisons and penitentiaries, which are their auxiliaries, tend to increase or diminish the evils they are intended to remedy? We quote a single passage:

"With regard to dishonesty,—the maxims of trade, the customs of society and the general unreflecting tone of public conversation, all tend to promote it. The man who has made "good bargains" is wealthy and honored; yet the details of those bargains few would dare to pronounce good. Of two young men nurtured under such influences, one becomes a successful merchant,—five thousand dollars are borrowed of him; he takes a mortgage on a house worth twenty thousand dollars; in the absence of the owner, when sales are very dull, he offers the house for sale to pay his mortgage; he bids it in himself for four thousand dollars; and afterwards prosecutes and imprisons his debtor for the remaining thousand. Society calls him a shrewd business man, and pronounces his dinners excellent; the chance is, he will be a magistrate before he dies. The other young man is unsuccessful; his necessities are great; he borrows some money from his employer's drawer, perhaps resolving to restore the same,—the loss is discovered before he has a chance to refund it; and society sends him to Blackwell's island to hammer stone with highway robbers. Society made both these men thieves; but punished the one while she rewarded the other. Now if society does make its own criminals, how shall she cease to do it? It can be done only by a change in the structure of society that will diminish the temptations to vice, and increase the encouragements to virtue. If we can abolish

poverty, she shall have taken the greatest step towards the abolition of *crime*, and this will be the final triumph of the gospel of Christ. Diversities of gifts will doubtless always exist, for the law written on spirit, as well as matter, is infinite variety. But when the kingdom of God comes "on earth as it is in heaven," there will not be found in any corner of it that poverty which hardens the heart under the severe pressure of physical suffering, and stultifies the intellect with toil for mere animal wants. When public opinion regards wealth as a *means* and not as an end, men will no longer deem penitentiaries a necessary evil; for society will then cease to be a great school for crime. In the meantime do penitentiaries and prisons increase or diminish the evils they are intended to remedy?"

A further extract from the same author, furnishes a striking answer to this very serious enquiry :

"The superintendent at Blackwell told me, unasked, that ten year's experience had convinced him that the whole system tended to *increase* crime. He said of the lads who came there, a large proportion had already been in the house of refuge; and a large proportion of those who left afterwards went to Sing-Sing. 'It is as regular a succession as the classes in a college,' said he, 'from the house of refuge to the penitentiary, and from the penitentiary to the State prison.'"

The idea, not only of the author, we have quoted, and Eugene Sue, but of many others engaged this moment in the great work of *social reform*, is that society spends its force, and legislators their time, in *punishing* crime, when both time and energy ought to be used to *prevent* it. They all seem to say, and our author very distinctly says, "give the poor and unfortunate—give even the criminal and the outcast, houses of *encouragement* instead of houses of *correction*." Institutions of benevolence—societies of reform, good as they undoubtedly are, still do not touch the evil;—these do not reach deep enough, and cannot keep pace with it. They do not touch the source whence all this wretchedness and crime proceeds. The evil, if we read aright this age—the language it speaks—the books it writes, and the complaint it utters, lies bound up in the arrangements of our whole social condition. The natural and spontaneous influences of society are horribly perverted—they fail to furnish *healthy motives* to industry, or, in any true sense, give free, full play to the faculties and affections of human beings. Take for instance, the *speculating spirit* of the age,—how fearful is its influence on young men,—how fiercely it drives and goads them along,—how it tortures them almost into madness and tempts them into crime, and yet, after all, it is an influence—a contagion from which it is nearly impossible to flee.

"The young soul is as at once entangled in the great merciless machine of a falsely constructed society ; the steam he had no hand in raising, whirls him hither and thither, and it is altogether a lottery-chance whether it crushes or propels him."

Such is the *necessity* under which men born to freedom are obliged to work, and against which the earnest and free soul finds it almost impossible successfully to contend. Virtue is thus reduced to a happy *chance*. The criminal is only a *loser* at a game in which all the members of society are alike engaged. It is a question of minor importance to our author, what to do with those already hardened in crime. He proposes something deeper and far more important,—How do men *become* criminals? Is it not possible that social influences are bad?—does not society, in the motives it employs, hold out an indirect premium to crime? And if so, is not the reform needed in society at large? Shall we not direct our main energies here where the greatest evil exists, and not spend all our powers upon the criminal? Now here is wholesome truth, and a book that contains it we are quite unwilling wholly to condemn. We hear it said, that these "Mysteries" are unnatural, and we answer, so is sin. We hear it said that they are strange—without harmony of parts, breathing discord, and we answer still, so is sin. So unharmonious and discordant, we do not deny their extravagance—their confusion. The author is no artist. His merit is of another sort. His materials lie far out of the world of art. They are wretched and tangled. How can we wonder at the loose, incoherent nature of the whole picture? Harmony is found in quite another sphere. It dwells in the realm of virtue. Here is the artist's only home. Sufferings, wrongs—scenes of misery,—these our author strives to lay open to the eyes of the world. Nor does he stand alone. He is not a solitary observer in this great field where suffering men are, though perhaps less artistical than most of his fellows and co-workers. He is not the only witness to the evils and wretchedness that exist in *social life*. Carlyle, in his later books, Chartism, and Past and Present, exhibits, though under different aspects, as he represents a different community—the same glaring deformities of the social condition. Dickens bears a similar testimony. They all are swift witnesses against the present artificial arrangements which constitute society. They all tell us what the problem is which our age proposes and calls on us to solve. They all speak of a

coming evil day, and bid us make ready for it. They all reveal, each in his own way, the deep struggle which is now going on—hidden from most men—down in the secret processes of life—down where *realities* lie beneath shows and shams—beneath the surface where are seen only the affectations and conceits which, in far too great a degree, constitute and pass among the masses for the social economy of the age. We have watched as carefully as we have been able, and as our short experience in life has permitted, the signs and prospects of this our time. Birmingham riots, combinations of working men, mechanics' oppressions, changes of cabinets and French revolutions, have had a language and a meaning which we have hoped to see all great men—yea, all men strive to read and understand. We have hoped to see some preparation made to hush these cries of oppressed human beings—our brothers,—to lift off the load that has grown too heavy any longer to be borne without crushing the humble bearer. What have we seen? Deaf ears turned to these cries,—eyes closed upon these evils,—and worse than all—forgetfulness of Him whose ear is open to all unuttered wants, and whose eye notes all secret griefs. Still sorrowing men there are and broken hearts. The low wail of suffering still rises and sounds on—it gathers tone and power with every day's progress, and with every new voice uttered in the spirit of Jesus Christ and of love, men have tried to be indifferent—to hush the voice of complaint and prophecy alike. They have tried to silence conscience by a little alms-giving, and by feeble efforts to raise up *societies of benevolence* with dignified presidents, and sympathising resolutions, all nicely written out in the society's books and kept in the society's rooms. Such efforts have been made. They have been puffed in newspapers and applauded in fashionable tones in saloons and at luxurious dinner parties. Meanwhile what happens? Riots are repeated,—mechanics strike anew,—laborers refuse to work, saying, "it is as well to die in idleness as in toil, for either way we shall die of poverty." Yes! Men die of poverty right in the neighborhood of clothing societies and fuel societies. Here is the mystery, and a greater one is not seen in Paris. Here is the problem—not yet fully comprehended, if it be even dreamed of. But here it is—the mystery and the problem here at our very doors. It comes to us, and is proposed afresh, in every social conflict,—in riots and insurrections,—in all prayers for a *change* of some sort,—in

all murmurs of the poor against the rich, and is lifted up in the eloquent though silent wail of broken hearted and feeble women. Nor here alone, but in life's higher walks, the same thing arrests our attention. Our literature breathes complaint. Perhaps its best exponent and most forcible utterance is found in fiction, whether it represent high or humble life. How rarely do we find in it,—and this is a faithful index of society,—how rarely do we find in it humble and domestic virtues exalted, and how often are the graces of the gentleman and Christian given to the practiced pirate of virtue! *Social life* is artificial, distorted, unnatural. The complaint we hear, and the burden of gossip, declare it. The artificial nature of society. This is the problem of our age. It involves the other problems of poverty—labor, suffering and crime. It has been overlooked too much. Men have feared it. They have foreseen the commotion it might excite, and the old opinions it might disturb. They have feared to look it in the face, but the time presses—the problem is not solved, and grapple with it we must. Delay is unsafe, it increases the confusion and peril. Evils exist and grow. Let them be recognised,—let them be met. Let the philanthropist, the moralist and Christian know how bad the world is, what sins there are, and where the energies of benevolence are needed. Eugene Sue will answer to these things. Probably no great reformer himself, he shows the *necessity* of reform. He stands in advance of full half the world in the simple *recognition* of evils.

Because we have been willing and anxious to find out what sort of a world this is,—what sins and miseries as well as what hopes and joys it contains, we have acknowledged our sympathy with the author of these "Mysteries." He has opened to us something which ought to excite our benevolence and deepen our wisdom. From this point—to which we have come—the *recognition* of evils,—we pass to some thoughts about their *reform*.

This being who suffers and sins is worth great efforts to save. Deep in his nature are germs and elements of a divine origin,—deep within every man is a spark of heavenly fire waiting to be kindled and to burn,—deep—very deep within him a divine ray is sleeping, which one day may break forth and shine as the sun in the kingdom of heaven. Beneath all wordly distinctions, beneath the rags of the beggar and the deformities of sin a *soul* exists—a soul, formed in the image

and made to reflect the glory of God,—a soul traced with divine lineaments and capable of a divine perfection. Such a being as man is too noble and great for scorn or indifference,—his sorrows and misery demand a tear,—his nature, however fallen and marred, a work of love to redeem and save it, though that love must be sealed and tried as it once was in blood. Jesus is the only true apostle of reform. To save men—human souls, he toiled and lived. To save men he went boldly on to Calvary and died there. His was a deep faith—a boundless love. He never despaired of a man, and passed none of his sorrows by. How then can reform be wrought?

The greatest work a reformer can do is to impart and unfold great principles. The mind is crippled when it departs from these, and endeavors to arrange, and fasten upon other minds, mere rules and formal regulations. Nothing permanent is accomplished without a resort to principles, for principles alone are eternal. To overturn and destroy the institutions of society will not of consequence reform its evils, even if we admit that these very institutions are wrong and productive of evil. The true philosophy of all *forms* seems to be, that there is something in them, or at least something represented by them, which is real and living. The reformer, if wise, will utter no indiscriminate judgment. He will mingle a reverence of the past with his hope in the future. He will strive for an impartial spirit. Truth may be spoken in the spirit of error and lose its divinity and nobleness. Love must guide reform. The spirit—the principle must be right. The reformer contends against the present artificial nature of society. Here is doubtless a great source of misery. The distinctions that are formed in all communities—the separations and exclusiveness and pride, result in envyings and jealousies which crush out all generosity and warmth from the hearts of the fortunate,—from the unfortunate, all life and hope. Now distinctions—associations are well enough in themselves. The *spirit* on which they rest, determines their character. We do not desire to do away with all differences in social life. We cannot if we would. But we desire *reform*—to see a more generous spirit breathed and reflected by all men and all classes. The law and spirit of love we desire to see more deeply cherished and more widely spread. It is a universal spirit, and we desire to see it universally felt and acknowledged. There seems, in the present

arrangement of society, to be a feeling that the *law of love* is to be applied only to the higher classes—the privileged orders, and the *law of scorn* to all others. Against this we contend. In a narrowness like this we find a necessity for reform. The principles of association, as society now is, are wrong,—the spirit is exclusive and mean. Associations are now formed from fortune or accident, and of consequence whatever is built on these, exalts circumstances above the individual,—renders the accidents which befall a man superior to the man himself. We want associations, but we want them formed on new principles,—animated with a new and holier spirit. We want new bonds of union,—ties closer and more enduring than all earthly friendships—which do not depend upon this world's changing fortunes, and will last when this world is no more. You and I, my brother, need friends who will be our's not in the sunshine alone and in the day of prosperity, but in the night of adversity and in the hour of scorn. These hearts crave friends that will be our's forever. Kindred accidents may answer while the accidents continue equal, but kindred sympathies and affections furnish the only indissoluble ties. Accidents and fortune are peculiar to this world and this life. We are going to another world,—to live another life, and we do not wish to enter there shorn of our friendships, strangers and alone. To lose what we have loved here seems like a loss of so much of our preparatory life, and brings the necessity of starting anew. We prefer to *begin* here, for this world we believe is peculiarly a world of probation,—it is the place to begin,—Heaven is the place to grow and become perfected. Let us form holy associations and friendships here, and we can carry them on hereafter. We shall never be strangers—for virtuous affection survives through failure and misfortune and death. Thus the ties that unite us in social life must be sacred and holy, or give us no true joy,—no enduring aid. The thought we have now so briefly and imperfectly expressed, aims at one of the chief evils of society. Men associate together,—they are attracted to each other through an equality of possessions,—a similarity of outward condition, not through similarity of tastes and characters of mind. Hence a man comes to be valued according to what he *has*, not according to what he *is*. Introduce a new spirit—that which values a man for what he is in himself, regardless of possessions,—let those meet who are kindred in heart, and artificial distinctions

would disappear with all their train of evils. Real distinctions would undoubtedly exist, but there is no peril in these, for realities can only grow up from them as a good tree can bring forth only good fruit.

How shall reform be wrought? By introducing a new *spirit* into society more than by any efforts merely to change or pull down old and established institutions, for a *true spirit* will bring all the change that can be either desirable or necessary. We answer again, that reform must be wrought in the *individual idea*, by which we mean, that each individual portion of society must work out its own regeneration. We put no great confidence in outward aids to redeem the inward spirit. The individual consciousness must be alive to its own sins, before any renewing process can begin. The poor, for instance, need to *feel* their position, or all assistance from the rich will prove worse than useless; it will only blind them to their real condition. Each class too, can alone understand the evils under which they suffer, and directly and judiciously apply the means of relief. In the efforts of one class to reform another, there is always a *patronising character*, which takes away all virtue, and of consequence, all true power from the reformer, and robs benevolence of its divinity. The last, and far the most important, form of the temperance movement, is a striking illustration of our position. Its superior power seems to have been gained in the single fact, that it originated and grew from an *inward necessity*,—from a deep impulse in the hearts of the sufferers themselves. No foreign aid could have answered so great a purpose. Civilization proceeds in the same way, and follows the same law. Civilized man has never yet been able to start the savage in the race of progress. The moving force exists if anywhere, *within* every such tribe or people just as the individual grows by the exercise of his own inward energies. The savage has lived in close proximity to civilization, and continued, *as a race*, savage still. Imitation—the force of example, without the consciousness of a deep interior necessity, has proved too feeble to produce any steady or continued movement. When civilized men have gone among rude and barbarian tribes, carrying science and arts and the means of progress, they have only had the effect to drive the latter, not only from their possessions of graves and hunting grounds, but from very existence. From the moment that civilization colonizes on the shores of a new world, the doom of the native is writ-

ten. It is gradual decay,—certain, inevitable annihilation. Assimilation of races is an almost, if not entirely, an unknown thing in the whole world's history. Such seems to be the law of all progress and reform. We may go even further. We trace all social evils back to the individual. He is, in the first instance, the sinner, and it is the sinner whom we desire to reform. This is the idea of Christianity. To purge away the evils of society and redeem the world, Christianity must cleanse and redeem the individual heart. No other idea is so radical or thorough or so full of power. In this alone is completely set forth the purpose of the coming—the meaning of the message of Jesus of Nazareth—regeneration of the individual heart! This is the great idea; it implies all other reforms—the deliverance of humanity from its burdens—outward and inward burdens,—release from oppression,—redemption from sin; and this is the deep significance of salvation and a Saviour's sacrifice.

With Eugene Sue's ideas of reform, we have very little sympathy. They seem to breathe the air of the last age's materialism. They reflect the prevalent French philosophy—that of Voltaire and Buffon and LaPlace. Our author seems hardly to have felt, if he has ever perceived, the great moral re-action now going on in his midst. Courin is the apostle of a new philosophy,—Romanism, once so crushed and neglected, is rising up afresh; the cathedrals of her worship are once more frequented and crowded, and her pulpits teem with allusions to the brightening and happy change. The reformed religion is more active than ever, and Bibles are circulated all over France. In the midst of a movement like this—the aroused action of long dormant spiritual forces—the great re-action in favor of religion and faith, now advancing and gathering new power, Eugene Sue has found nothing better than a few *material* modes of reformation. Instead of enforcing and depending upon the idea that *virtue brings its own reward*, he would substitute material rewards. He would meet virtue as our present laws meet crime. Crime, he tells us, is not left to bring its own retribution, but human legislation anticipates the future by the material restraints of prisons and the gibbet. Let virtue find the same encouragements of outward and material reward. As we punish *wrong* doing, let us reward *well* doing. Let us give premiums of wealth and reputation to virtue. In all this we see a tendency to the worst materialism. It is a very doubtful ques-

tion, whether our criminal justice is not based on wrong and partial principles. And as long as this subject is undetermined, it seems not quite safe to make it the ground work of our virtuous action. Eugene Sue, we know, implies and urges the necessity of great reforms in the criminal code of his country; but he never is fully able to rid himself of the low philosophy in which he has been educated. He gives too much importance to both outward restraints upon crime and outward encouragements to virtue. What we desire is, to see a new and more spiritual idea pervade all forms of justice, whether of reward or punishment. Above all things should we lament to see virtue bend to and shape itself after the criminal justice of the world. Let virtue remain, by all means, as pure and spiritual as it is, but let us give a new and higher character to punishment. Let it be shown to possess a regenerating influence and tendency upon the criminal. Divest it of all retaliation and revenge. Let its end and aim be *reform*. Convert it from a ministry of society's vengeance into a ministry of love. We have sometimes thought that justice was a wrong foundation for human governments; for none but Omniscience can be just. All men can love the Law of Love; no man can, by any possibility, meet out exact, impartial *justice* to his brother, but he can act towards him, under all conditions, through the law of Love. This is what men, most of all things, need. It is the burden of all revelation. God speaks to make known not *justice*, but *love*. The Law of Love;—it is revealed through inspired sages and prophets, in all great poetry and music,—in all forms of splendid art, and in all the life of this beautiful Nature. It is revealed in all the affections and yearning desires and mounting aspirations and prayers and hopes of the human heart, and still more directly—with deeper earnestness and power, through Jesus Christ and the Spirit of the Highest. We are members one of another; and nothing but the Law of Love can bind us together. Therefore, we conclude, that the first condition, through which social evils can be removed, and happiness and perfection reached and secured, is the organization of society according to the Law of Love.

ART. IX.—CRITICAL NOTICES.

- 1.—*A Chemico-Physiological Diagram; or, a subjective idea of the Organico-Animal Functions rendered objective.* By JAMES MOULTRIE, M. D., Professor of Physiology in the Medical College of the State of South-Carolina, [with a plate.] Charleston: Burges & James. 1844.

IT would seem strange that centuries expended upon the study of the human frame, by men of patience, genius and learning, should have left any branch of the subject unexplored,—or any new theory to be announced, in modern times, touching the organism of the body and its peculiar functions. The various doctrines of the age, in respect to the animal economy, promulgated with confidence, and sustained by ingenious arguments, would, however, indicate, that the channel of inquiry still remains open,—that certainty has not yet been reached in many important questions,—in a word, that the body still remains as great an enigma as the mind, each forming a basis for endless speculations. The infinite ramifications of the soul, and the mysterious connection of the body with it, may serve still further to convince us, that the subject of organized matter embraces the widest range for further investigation, and that, however much may have been discovered, proved and established in times past, there is still ample room for the exercise of the highest faculties in this deeply interesting department of inquiry. In the meantime, every new truth, which adds valuable matter to the domain of science, should be seized upon with eagerness, and rendered subservient to the great aims of humanity. In this point of view, we are indebted to Professor Moultrie for the interesting and valuable contribution to Medical Science, furnished by the essay which now lies before us. It is an elaborate production, containing some new and profound views, couched, however, in a style, which, however acceptable to the erudite physician, is somewhat too technical to be popular, or even intelligible to the mass of readers. We do not mean to imply that this is a defect, but only to intimate, that it is characteristic of the essay. If it be a defect, it is one which rests on the authority of usage and prescription from the time of Hippocrates down to our own day. The language peculiar to the Medical Faculty,—as far as the community is concerned,—is as much a Dead Language, as either Latin, Greek or Hebrew. We have often been anxious, for our own personal edification, as well as for the sake of those patients in whose health we are interested, that this Dead Language should be translated into plain English, but we have forborne to express our desire, or to insist upon what we wish, believing that there are mysteries in Medicine, which should be concealed from the profane curiosity of the uninitiated.

The Chemico-Physiological doctrines contained in this essay, were broached by its learned author so far back as the year 1827, in an essay entitled "Uses of the Lymph," published in the American Journal of the Medical Sciences.

"These doctrines, enforced by other considerations, and further amplified and elucidated, have been regularly introduced, in the course of Lectures on Physiology delivered by the author, since the establishment of the College in 1833. It is with no little satisfaction, therefore, that he has seen them lately advanced in Europe, under circumstances better calculated to establish their verity. It is with the same satisfaction, too, he perceives that his notions respecting the uses of the lymph, are those which have been also adopted by Dr. Carpenter, in his work on the "Principles of General and Comparative Physiology," and that the other points of the inquiry have also received corroboration, as well as greater extension and verification, from the able pen of Professor Leibig, in his more recent publication on 'Animal Chemistry.'"

The disquisition of Professor Moultrie appears in the form of thesis, and fifty propositions are laid down corroborative or explanatory of the theory he advances. We quote a few of them for the benefit of the learned reader :

"1. There are two modes of contemplating and investigating the phenomena of living matter: one by considering life in the abstract; the other in the concrete. The abstract is ontological, and regards that principle as an essence; the concrete is observational, and views it in connection with, or as an attribute of, organization. The concrete is regarded as the only practical, and, therefore, philosophical mode of procedure, or that by which any available results can be obtained.

"2. Thus studied, organized bodies are manifested in two comparative states—the *ante-excitatory* state, and the *post-excitatory*. The former is exemplified by seeds, bulbs, tubers, eggs, hybernation of animals, and rest in general of the organs; the latter after germination, incubation, and their consecutive increment or growth, transformations and decay.

"3. The passive is the natural precedent to the active state, often alternating with it, in after existence; and the conversion of the organized bodies from the passive condition into the active, is the result of the established relation, which has been instituted between stimuli and susceptibility; the latter of which is inherent to organization. The stimuli, are caloric, air, light, water, electricity and nourishment; air and nourishment being those in particular which more especially relate to the objects of our research.

"4. Philosophically speaking, both states are living; though the significance of the term, as it relates to each, is not identical."

It must be gratifying to the author to perceive, that the theory contained in this pamphlet, and advanced by him seventeen years ago, has been latterly adopted by some of the most distinguished medical writers in Europe; and is regarded now, as forming the basis of settled and acknowledged principles in physiological science.

- 2.—An Oration delivered before the Members of the Magnolia Encampment No. 1, Oglethorpe Lodge No. 1, and Live Oak Lodge No. 3, of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, on the occasion of their celebration in Savannah, January 22d, 1844. By Brother HENRY R. JACKSON, of Oglethorpe Lodge No. 1. Savannah: Press of Locke & Davis, Bay-street. 1844.

THERE is nothing particularly "odd" in this performance, but it is a very good one. The writer's mind is full of imagery, and it does not lack training. We should be disposed, it is true, to lop off a little, here and there, and think we might do it without spoiling a fine picture. The discourse reminds of Spring, profuse with all the riches which our teeming mother produces during that gay season. It is the offspring of a fine imagination and a warm heart, and, if the "Independent Order" contains many such spirits, it may boast of its choice, as well as its odd, fellows.

We like the Oration. It is fresh, racy and rich. We would not advise succeeding orators to take it as a model, but we would recommend to them to imitate the freedom with which the author has followed the inspiration of his own genius. It may not always be safe to imitate, where Nature has denied the ability to equal, but if the head be sound and clear, we need not hesitate to obey the promptings of the heart, however warm and full, for the heart is a True Prophet,—a Great Revealer! Poetry, eloquence, and even fine writing, spring from the heart. The following passage is a rill from this great fountain. It is beautiful, touching and true :

"I have stood by the bedside of death, not an uninterested spectator of the ravages of the dark destroyer. It was the mid-hour of the night. The neglected candle, quivering in its socket, shed but a fitful glare through the darkened chamber, and the dim shadows moved uneasily about, like restless spectres upon the wall. A solemn stillness pervaded the occupants of that room, unbroken save by the heavy breathing of the sufferer, for it was

"In that dread hour, ere death appear,
When silent sorrow fears to sigh
Till all is past!"

"Upon a brow, not unfurrowed by the cares and sorrows of life, a damp, chill moisture rested. The cheek upon which the smiles of joy had played for years, and over which, not unfrequently, the tears of grief or of sympathy had flowed, were cold and pallid;—and the eye, from which the glance of hope, of pride, of love, of intellect, had shot for years, was fast darkening in its socket. The moment of death had arrived—had past. I saw the coffin lowered into the grave; I heard the dull sound of the first clod as it fell heavily upon it;—I turned to see written upon the countenances of those who were about me, the same emotions which were busily at work in my own bosom—but I sought them in vain! The world was the same around me as it had been before. The hum of business, the laugh of merriment, the voice of contention, came up as before upon my ears. The stream of human existence was still pouring on, as it had been pouring, through the same broken, meandering channel, with the same mingled roar of joy and of sorrow, to the boundless ocean of eternity. And had he, then,

left no gap behind him, save in the silent recesses of my own heart? And the world grew cold and dark around me. I rushed forth into the solitary stillness of nature;—I sought his footsteps upon the sand;—I visited the haunts which he had loved, and gazed, as I was wont to gaze with him, upon the same over-arching sky, and the same waving woods. Yet the features of nature were not changed! The sun hung as he had hung before in the heavens;—the forest waved as it had waved before with the sighing breeze, and the same mingled murmur of winds and of water came up from its shadowy depths. The rains had fallen, and his footsteps were gone from the surface of the earth. Then passed in sombre review before me, the incidents of a checkered life. His youth!—its hopes, its joys, its fervid anticipations—perhaps its glowing ambition;—his manhood! its sober realities, its stern trials, its arduous struggles—perhaps, its bitter disappointment;—his age! its solemn teachings, its sad recollections, its weakness, its crushed aspirations, its melancholy close. And all had come and gone, and left scarce a footprint upon the sands of time!”

He passes from the individual to the race,—from the man to the multitude, and every where beholds a common event happening alike to all:

“How humiliating to individual man the thoughts which crowd upon his spirit, as he contemplates his entire race!—what a solitary grain of sand upon the banks of the ocean, his own individual being; what a solitary drop in its boundless bosom—his own enjoyments and sufferings! Let him think of the thousands endowed like himself with life, and feeling, and hope, and ambition, and mental and physical power, who, during the few brief moments he gives to thought, are gathered, like withered leaves, to the dust! Nay, further: let him think of the millions upon millions, who yearly reach the goal of existence and sink forever into the arms of death; of the families, the tribes, the nations, yea, the countless generations of beings, living, enjoying, suffering, like himself—who, since the commencement of time, have sunk into dust; upon whose ashes, at every step, he treads; men, gifted, perhaps, with giant intellects, upon whose eager fancies have broken burning visions of greatness and of glory;—who have endeavored, in vain, to quench their thirst for immortality;—who have drank in draughts of poetic emotion from the same glorious world upon which he treads; who have listened to the same deep roar of winds and of water; gazed up to the same mystic, silent stars, and felt the same lofty consciousness of mind,—whose very existence is now a forgotten circumstance! Let them pass in sombre review before him; some, treading with the bold step of acknowledged power—rulers of nations gone with themselves into oblivion;—others, sad children of adversity, oppressed with the fetters of want and misfortune, tortured almost to madness by the scorpion lash of *ambition*. Let them pass on—the young, the middle-aged, the white-haired—each bent on some absorbing object of hope, until they reach the end of their short existence, and drop off, one by one, into eternity.”

Yes! let *them* pass, and, while they do so, let *us* ponder, reflect and act.

The “Independent Order” boast of a peculiar philosophy, but which is nothing more than Christian benevolence under another name, as is plain from the following eloquent and glowing description of it:

“Hers is a calm, sweet realm. Hers are the green pastures and the still waters,—hers the ways of pleasantness, and the paths of peace! The gar-

den which she tills is the human heart, and the seeds which she scatters will bear their fruit in heaven. Hers are not the pomp of science, the splendor of genius, the glitter of wealth, the might of armies! With her pale finger she points to the annals of the past, and they all become but as chaff upon the bosom of the wind. Yet, she stops not here. Speaks she now in tones as solemn as a midnight bell, of the nothingness of human greatness?—listen again! and ye shall hear her clarion voice, proclaiming aloud,—that human virtue never dies! Appears she now with the shadows of death upon one hand, and the history of the world upon the other, to teach how pitiful is individual ambition, and how senseless the love of self?—look again! and ye shall behold her descending upon her angel pinions of “love and charity,” to gather the entire human family beneath their ample folds. Comes she now in the shape of a hoary philosopher, worn and bent with the weight of years?—lo! she comes again in the shape of a ministering angel, with smiles of sympathy, and tears of pity, to the abode of want, and the house of death.”

The moral tone of this Oration is excellent, and we thank Mr. Jackson for it—for the Oration. Let him continue to write as he has begun, and he will do something for the age when he has done. He has fullness and brilliancy, but when he goes again into the groves of the Magnolias and Live Oaks, let him carry his pruning-knife with him and use it skilfully. He will thank us for this hint by the time he reaches forty, if he is as good tempered as he is ardent and vigorous,—of which we doubt not in the least.

3.—*Numerous Cases of Surgical Operations without Pain, in the Mesmeric state; with remarks upon the opposition of many Members of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society, and others, to the reception of the inestimable blessings of Mesmerism.* By JOHN ELLIOTSON, M. D., Cantab. F. R. S. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1843.

If Mesmerism is a humbug, it is a very useful one, if we believe the statements contained in this pamphlet. We have in it various cases recorded and testified to by gentlemen of learning and eminence in the medical profession, in which surgical operations have been performed in the mesmeric state, without pain to the patients. The most interesting and striking one is that of the amputation of a man's leg, without his knowledge and without pain. The account of this astonishing operation went the rounds of the newspapers several months ago, and gave rise to a variety of speculations. We are happy to see a full statement of it from the pen of the learned Dr. Elliotson, who has exposed himself to much reproach from his brethren of the faculty, on account of his advocacy of Mesmerism. The following is the case in question :

“On the 22d of November last, the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society of London assembled to hear read an ‘Account of a case of successful

amputation of the thigh, during the mesmeric state, without the knowledge of the patient,' in the District Hospital of Wellow, Nottinghamshire: and voted thanks for it *without a dissentient voice*.

"The mesmeriser was W. Topham, Esq., Barrister, of the Middle Temple: the operator, W. Squire Ward, Esq., Surgeon, of Wellow Hall. The patient was a labourer, six feet high and forty-two years of age, named Jas. Wombell. He had suffered for nearly five years from neglected disease of the left knee, the interior of the joint of which was found, after the amputation, deeply and extensively ulcerated. *'The slightest motion of the joint was attended by the most excruciating agony; his nights were almost wholly sleepless, in consequence of the painful startings of the limb; his pulse was weak and rapid; his face constantly marked with a hectic flush; his tongue foul; appetite gone;'* in truth, when Mr. Topham first saw him, on the 9th of September, 'he was sitting upright upon a bed in the hospital; *the only position which he could bear*; he complained of great pain from his knee and of much excitability and loss of strength, from his constant restlessness and deprivation of sleep, for he had not, during the *three previous weeks, slept more than two hours in seventy.*'

"On this day he was first mesmerised by Mr. Topham, and for five and thirty minutes. 'The only effect produced was a closing of the eyelids, with that quivering appearance which so commonly results from the process; and, though awake and speaking, he could not raise them until after a lapse of a minute and a half.'

"On the 10th he was sent to sleep in twenty minutes. On the 11th 'he was suffering *great agony, and distressed even to tears.*' Mr. Topham 'commenced by making passes longitudinally, over the diseased knee: in *five minutes* he was *comparatively easy*; and, on proceeding further to mesmerise him, at the expiration of *ten minutes* more he was *sleeping like an infant*. Not only his arms were then *violently pinched*, but also *the diseased leg itself*, without his exhibiting any sensation: yet his limb was so sensitive to pain, in his natural state, he could not bear even the *lightest* covering to rest upon it. That night he slept seven hours without interruption.'

"After constantly mesmerising him for ten or twelve days, a great change was observed in his appearance. The hue of health returned; he became cheerful; felt much stronger; was easier, both in mind and body: slept well, and recovered his appetite.' So great was the change, that Mr. Ward, after having been absent from indisposition, 'was as much astonished, on his return on the 27th of September, about three weeks after the commencement of the mesmerism,' as he 'was delighted to observe the improved condition of the man;' and, had he 'not known the previous history of the case, much doubt must have arisen in his mind, as to the propriety of immediately amputating the limb.'

"On the 22d of September, the patient was first apprised of the necessity of an early amputation. The communication seemed almost unexpected, and affected him considerably, and destroyed his natural sleep that night.' The next day he was still 'fretting, restless, and in consequent pain.' Yet he was put to sleep mesmerically in four minutes and a half."

"Mr. Topham continued to mesmerise him for fifteen minutes, and then informed Mr. Ward that the operation might be begun, and 'brought two fingers of each hand gently in contact with the patient's closed eyelids; and there kept them, still further to deepen the sleep.'"

"The operation was now commenced. 'Mr. Ward, after one earnest look at the man,' in the words of Mr. Topham, 'slowly plunged his knife into the centre of the outside of the thigh, directly to the bone, and then made a clear incision round the bone, to the opposite point on the inside of the thigh. The stillness at this moment was something awful; the *calm* respiration of the sleeping man alone was heard, for all other seemed suspended. In making the second incision, the position of the leg was found

more inconvenient than it appeared to be ;' and Mr. Ward, to use his own words, 'having made the anterior flap,' 'was under the necessity of completing the posterior one in three stages. First, by dividing a portion of the flap on the inside; then a similar portion on the outside. This proceeding, which was of course far more tedious and painful than the ordinary one, was necessary, to enable me to pass the knife through under the bone, and thus complete the whole, as I could not sufficiently depress the handle to do so, without the two lateral cuts.' Yet, notwithstanding all this, the patient's 'sleep continued as profound as ever. The placid look of his countenance never changed for an instant; his whole frame rested, uncontrolled, in perfect stillness and repose; *not a muscle was seen to twitch.* To the end of the operation, including the sawing of the bone, securing the arteries, and applying the bandages, occupying a period of upwards of twenty minutes, he lay like a statue."

"The mesmeric state of the patient usually lasted half an hour; and after this lapse of time, the operation having been commenced in rather more than a quarter of an hour subsequently to its production, and having occupied, inclusively of applying the bandages, above twenty minutes, he 'gradually and calmly,' as usual, awoke. Some *sal volatile* and water had just been given to him, and might have contributed to his waking, because his coma, according to its usual course, was probably near its end, and at this period stimuli which proved inert previously, might take more or less effect. This, however, is exceedingly doubtful, as the usual duration of his coma was completed, and as he was not suddenly aroused by the *sal volatile*, and gave no sign of irritation from it, but, on the contrary, awoke 'gradually and calmly.' In fact Mr. Wood, who mixed the *sal volatile* and water, assures me that it was very weak, and is persuaded equally with myself that the man awoke independently of it.

"At first, he uttered no exclamation; and for some moments seemed lost and bewildered,"—a characteristic and striking phenomenon so familiar to mesmerists, when any visible change in external circumstances has occurred while the patient was asleep. But, after looking around, he exclaimed, 'I bless the Lord to find it's all over.'

"He was then removed to another room; and, following immediately, Mr. Topham 'asked him, in the presence of all assembled, to describe all he felt or knew after he was mesmerised. His reply was, 'I never knew any thing more; and never felt any pain at all: I, once, felt as if I heard a kind of crunching.' Mr. Topham asked 'if that were painful? He replied, 'No pain at all; I never had any; and knew nothing till I was awakened by that strong stuff,' (the *sal volatile*.) Of course, the moment he became sensible he must have tasted the *sal volatile*, and would fancy that it awoke him, and he must have continued to taste it for some time after he was awake. When mesmeric patients awake spontaneously, they continually ascribe their waking to their first sensation, or even to something imagined."

"He was left easy and comfortable; and still found so at nine o'clock that night: about which time Mr. Topham 'again mesmerised him, (in a minute and three quarters,) and he slept an hour and a half."

"Two days afterwards, when he was put into the mesmeric coma, Mr. Topham proposed to Mr. Ward, who intended to dress the wound that day for the first time, to take this opportunity; and the wound was accordingly dressed without the man's knowledge, and therefore without the least pain.

"The man has done perfectly well. Within twenty-four hours after the operation he was singing. In three weeks he sat up to dinner, 'and had not a single bad symptom: none even of the nervous excitement, so frequently observed in patients who have undergone painful operations, and who have suffered much previous anxiety in making up their minds."

We commend this pamphlet to the attention of those who are still

sceptical on the subject of animal magnetism. We think they will find their objections shaken or removed by it.

4.—*The Interpreter ; a semi-monthly Journal, devoted to the English, French, Spanish, Italian and German Languages.* B. JENKINS, Editor. Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4. Charleston, S. C.: Published by John W. Stoy, S. Hart, Sen., and S. Babcock & Co. 1844.

IN proportion to the advance of civilization, elegance and refinement, the study of languages becomes more important and necessary. As commerce extends, the interests and mutual relations of different nations become more closely and indissolubly connected. To those, then, aspiring to eminence, an acquaintance with general literature,—this being the only means by which an intimate knowledge of the manners, customs and institutions of foreign nations can be acquired, or by which the progress of the human mind can be traced,—is absolutely necessary. And, in our opinion, this is to be obtained only by an acquaintance with the modern languages. We regard, therefore, the execution of any work, by which their acquisition may be simplified and facilitated, as conferring on man an incalculable benefit. And as the work before us is eminently calculated to do this, it is with no common degree of pleasure that we hail its appearance. It is devoted to the most useful of the modern languages,—the French, Spanish, Italian and German.

The Editor, in carrying out his plan, has, in some parts of the work, availed himself of the labors of others, while, on the other hand, it is in many respects original. However, we may remark, that the framers of former systems, if they have made many improvements, have also committed great errors. And, great as those improvements may have been, we are compelled to say, that a student, by any one of these systems alone, could never (no matter what facilities it might have afforded for translation) be enabled to write and speak a foreign language. The present work, while it affords the greatest aids for translation, gives ample assistance in writing, and no small aid in pronouncing. The latter, however, the work does not pretend to do adequately, unaided by the living teacher.

Those of our readers who have not seen the work, will, no doubt, be gratified with an account of the system on which a work, so novel in this country, is based. We will endeavor, within the very limited space of a critical notice, to give them some idea of it. To effect this, it may be necessary to cast a cursory glance at what has been accomplished by those who have toiled in this department of the field of education, before the appearance of the present work,—to see what improvements they may have made on old systems ; what they effected ; and where they erred. And then consider how far the work before us avoids those errors, and improves those systems.

The first efforts made in the cause of linguistic education, that we shall notice, were those of Locke and Milton. They did little more, however, than inform the world, that interlineary translations would greatly facilitate the acquirement of languages. Hardly any practical illustration of their system can be said to have appeared until the middle of the last century, when a few French writers prepared works on that system,—the most celebrated of whom was Dumarsais. Their works, however, produced little effect beyond the limits of France, until the late Mr. Hamilton, by his philanthropic labors, awoke the British nation to a sense of its own welfare in this particular. Although we are fully aware that Mr. Hamilton was a blessing to his species,—we must admit, that his system has many defects. Among these, the most prominent is, the changing the construction of the original, and the giving but one translation. For, we must bear in mind that there are sentences in Latin, and every language, which, if translated literally into another, will make intolerable nonsense. Hamilton's grand defect, therefore, consists in his not giving with his literal translation, a free one.

The consideration of Hamilton's labors, naturally leads us to those of his successors. Of late years some translations have appeared, and,—for the reason that they do not change the construction of the original, and give both a free and literal translation,—are decided improvements on his system, and will afford much aid in their respective departments. We are glad to see, that the Directors of the London University approve the plan of literal interlineary translation, well knowing that it lengthens life by abridging, to less than half, the period formerly devoted to linguistic studies, and placing the acquisition of the Hebrew Old Testament, and the Greek New Testament, within the reach of the child who has not attained his twelfth year.

In the work before us, such exercises are prepared as will, if pursued to a sufficient extent, enable any one, possessed of common natural endowments, to write the French, Spanish, Italian and German languages with ease, and to speak them,—if afterwards brought into contact with those who speak. We have the languages in their natural order, and each word translated literally. By this means one of Hamilton's greatest defects is remedied. Immediately after this translation, is placed, in parallel columns, the original language, and a free English version. By the first translation the meaning of each word is obtained, and, by the free translation, the *meaning* of the author,—which no literal translation can give. Some advance being made in translation, exercises in composition follow. They are put in the form of question,—the student being required to answer from the piece which he has just translated, and thus he attains a proficiency in translating, writing, and, when aided by the living teacher, speaking, in a comparatively short space of time.

We have now given a short, and, we must say, somewhat imperfect sketch of the work before us. And we regret that our limits do not

permit us to enter more fully into its merits. We shall merely observe, in closing our remarks, that the Editor, in availing himself of the various systems brought before the public eye for the last century, appears to be selecting from them only what is excellent, improving what is defective, by supplying deficiencies with the results of his own experience; and is thus producing a work which, in design and execution, will do very much to remove the obstacles which have hitherto barred the progress of the aspiring student of modern languages: and we trust that, at no very distant period, some other laborer in the cause of education will follow his example, by the production of a similar work on the ancient languages. Such a work, devoted to the Hebrew, Greek and Latin, would be a blessing to the present generation. We wish the work before us every possible success, and assure such of our readers as may be engaged in the pursuit of modern languages, that they will find it an invaluable treasure.

5.—*A Greek Reader, selected principally from the work of Frederick Jacobs, Professor in the Gymnasium at Gotha, Editor of the Greek Anthology, etc., with English Notes, critical and explanatory, a metrical Index to Homer and Anacreon, and a copious Lexicon.* By CHARLES ANTHON, L.L. D., Jay-Professor of the Greek and Latin Languages in Columbia College, New-York, and Rector of the Grammar school, New-York. Published by Harper & Brothers, No. 82 Cliff-street. 1843.

WE give the whole of Professor's Anthon's long title-page, that the pretensions of his edition of Jacob's Greek Reader may be seen, and the scantiness of his performance contrasted with the magnitude of his professions. The present number of Anthon's series of classical works evinces most palpably the editor's increasing skill in the modern art of profitable book-making, as contradistinguished from the good old system of honest and laborious authorship. Anthon never was more than a voluminous and indefatigable compiler. Even in his best works, his Horace and his Classical Dictionary, there is a lamentable deficiency of critical judgment and of original power. No one can examine with care the philological and exegetical notes to his larger Horace, without perceiving that he is frequently rash, whimsical and unsafe; and, although there is much, very much to be praised in the execution of that edition, there is no little also to be condemned. In his Classical Dictionary,—which we think, on the whole, a valuable addition to modern classical school books,—he has been accused of having restored the word compilation to its primitive meaning, and thus rendered it synonymous with *confuration*, to which it corresponds in origin. For a compiler, according to its derivation, is a thief, and Charles Knight's accusa-

tion would indicate that Professor Anthon's scholarship has not permitted him to forget its original force. For our own part, we are unwilling to give full credence to Knight's charges, for we have a kindly feeling for Professor Anthon, and a respect for his creditable scholarship, although his subsequent conduct has been such as to give very strong confirmation to Knight's imputations. In the present work, the Professor has turned from pillaging his brother authors to a bold foray upon the purses of the credulous public, for he has forced into most public schools, on the strength of a name deservedly respectable in the ranks of the learned, a text-book, which, so far from being worthy of such preliminary mouthing as it has been ushered in with, is, in reality, one of the most insufficient and unsatisfactory school books which can be put into the hands of beginners in Greek.

In the first place, the "copious Lexicon" is a meagre and paltry collection of a scanty number of Greek words, far from containing the whole of those found in the text. The unusual or difficult forms, and the peculiarities of the several dialects, in discovering which the young student requires some assistance from his dictionary, are, for the most part, if not entirely, omitted.

In the second place, the significations given are seldom, if ever, arranged in their appropriate and natural order. The radical or primitive meanings of words are frequently left out, or if noticed, inserted in the wrong connection, while interpretations of rare occurrence, and unnecessary for the comprehension of the text, are given, to the exclusion of those which are both more common and more necessary. So far as our experience has extended, this "copious Lexicon" has served only to dishearten scholars, to defeat their researches, to chill their ardor, and to produce that lassitude of mind and indisposition to exertion, which invariably spring from want of confidence in the sufficiency of the means provided them to furnish the promised and requisite assistance. The Greek Testament, studied on the old plan, with the aid of honest Schrevelius, is of infinitely greater service to incipient Greeklings, than the present collection of extracts, burthened as it is with the cumbrous apparatus of Professor Anthon, and ushered into the world with such manifold and exaggerated promises.

In the third place, Anthon's "Metrical Index to Homer and Hesiod" is an unnecessary and ridiculous addition, calculated only to swell the bulk and increase the expense of a volume, already plethoric. The doctrine of Greek versification, is not so sedulously cultivated in this country, as to require the insertion of its parings in a first book for children. Under any circumstances, its introduction in a collection like the present—of which, by the way, so small a portion is verse,—is about as nonsensical a fancy, as would be an appendix to an English Primer, containing the principles of English prosody, or an addendum to an ordinary school reading-book, which should comprise the scansion and metrical scale for the verses of Chaucer and Spenser, Shakspeare and

Milton, Dryden, Pope, Byron, Scott, etc., scattered through the volume. Moreover, it is too bad, after Professor Anthon has published a "Greek Prosody," to give us this *rechauffé*—this "crambe repetita," as if his sole object was to obtain a double price for the same wares.

In the fourth place, the explanatory notes give erroneous and deceptive translations, and tend to produce bad habits in the learner. The beginner, if furnished with any interpretation at all in the commentary of his text book, should have that interpretation as literal as possible, even though elegance should be sacrificed to attain it. Anthon's versions, on the contrary, are, for the most part, loose and extremely free, so as to preclude the student from acquiring any conception of the particular force and significance of each individual word in its place in the sentence. But, in addition to this, these explanatory notes are crowded with much verbose and multifarious disquisition, which will either be left wholly unnoticed by the learner, or which, if noticed by him, will only encumber and confuse his mind.

In the fifth place, these notes designed for the instruction of those merely on the threshold of Greek, are filled with references to works which cannot be expected to be generally in the hands of teachers, much less in those of their pupils; and which, even if within the reach of the latter, could not be read by them; or if read, then, could not be understood by them. What man, in his senses, would dream of referring the young beginner—a school-boy, not easily tempted to acquire more than the least possible modicum of information sufficient for his daily recitation,—who, in his senses, would dream of referring such an one, at the commencement of his Greek studies, to works like "*Salleugre's Novum Thesaurum Antiquitatum Romanarum*"—(we select our instances at random)—*Rosini, Antiquitates Romanæ, Hermann's Opuscula, Blomfield's Glossaries, Valckenaer, Higtius, and Voss. Heyne's Commentaries, Winckelmann, Geschichte der Kunst, etc., Brunck's Analecta, Böttiger, Ideen zur Archæologie, etc., Quatremère de Quincy, Œuvres, Böckh's Public Economy of Athens, St. Hilaire, Dictionnaire d'Histoire Naturelle, &c. &c. &c.*, together with the whole curriculum of the Greek classics, and the more scarce works of modern grammarians.

If these references are designed to confirm the editor's opinions, we say, a primer is not the place for the reception of matter requiring such confirmation; if for the benefit of teachers, that those who would have the opportunity to consult and the ability to comprehend the author's referred to, would never require such assistance in teaching the A B C of Greek; if for pupils, that their insertion is ridiculous, and an impolitic and iniquitous increase of the price of the volume. But if they were designed for the display of the editor's own reading, we say, Professor Anthon should have prefixed to this book another catalogue of his library, similar to that already published in his *Classical Dictionary*. This hint may be serviceable some other time, but we hope that, when it is acted upon, he will include in it the whole contents of his

library, that we may not be pestered, ad nauseam, with a constant repetition of the books which it is Professor Anthon's good fortune to possess, and his delight publicly to proclaim as his. Whatever, therefore, may have been Anthon's motives in introducing these references, they are wholly out of place, and only throw greater discredit on his present editorship.

In the sixth place,——but we refrain: we will not go on multiplying objections to the book: our readers are no doubt already tired, and so are we, with the unprofitable occupation of finding fault. In conclusion, we will say what we can in favor of the work, as we have a tenderness for Professor Anthon,—the type is good, the printing correct, the text satisfactory, and the paper unimpeachable. Voilà tout!

6.—*The Farmers' Cyclopaedia and Dictionary of Rural Affairs.* By CUTHBERT W. JOHNSON, Esq. Adapted to the United States by a practical Farmer. With engravings. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart, Chesnut-street.

THIS elegant and instructive work, which has appeared in serial numbers, is at length completed. It should be in every planter's library, and we commend it to the attention of our agricultural friends generally. "It is the production of an English gentleman of great intelligence, assisted by some of the best authorities upon rural subjects in his country." The authorities chiefly relied on are Liebig, Lowe, Sir J. E. Smith, Bronde, Youatt, Stephens, Thompson, Lindley, J. F. Johnson, and others. The work is practical, rather than speculative. Indeed, the wide range of subjects embraced in its pages, rendered it necessary that the author should confine himself chiefly to facts. We have read a number of the articles with much satisfaction. They are judicious and thorough. The author has evidently studied every subject well. Such a work was certainly a great desideratum. It is what its name indicates, both an encyclopedia and dictionary of agriculture, and the highly finished plates, which accompany each number, add much to its value. We have seldom seen engravings, American or English, better executed. Indeed, the style of the work is, in all respects, creditable to the taste of the publishers. It is printed on the finest paper, and with a clear and beautiful type.

We copy the following remarks of the American editor, as explanatory of the objects of the present edition:

"The comparatively limited range of English agriculture, is strongly contrasted with the diversity of culture met with in the United States. A work limited to an account of productions of the soil and climate of England, would leave out many of the most important crops which exact the attention of the American farmer and planter. Hence the necessity of

adapting a book of the kind to the new localities into which it is introduced. This, as may be well supposed, presents a task of no small labor." p. 1.

"In preparing the work for the American farmer and planter, the editor has had several objects to fulfil. Of these, one of the principal was the reduction of the price, the cost of the imported copy being so great, as to prevent any extensive circulation of it in the United States. Much of the irrelevant and less important materials in the original have been omitted, their place being supplied by the addition of information connected with the interests of American husbandry. In the selection of such information, the editor has to acknowledge his great indebtedness to distinguished writers at home and abroad, who have contributed, by elaborate works, separate treatises and communications in periodicals, to promote the cause of agriculture."

"The American edition contains a far greater number of plates and figures illustrating the various subjects, than the English; notwithstanding which, its cost is only about one-fourth that of the imported work." p. 5.

In conclusion, we would remark, that this American edition is not sectional in its character, but is equally adapted to the Southern and Northern portions of the Union. It is a most rare and desirable work.

We have received from the same publishers the first volume of "Tom Burke of Ours," and when the second appears, shall devote a more extended consideration to the merits of the author.

6.—*Arabella Stuart. A Romance from English History.* By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq. Author of "Darnley," "Morley Ernstein," "The False Heir," etc., etc. New-York: Harper & Brothers, 82 Cliff street. 1844. Price one shilling.

HERE we have another fine novel from James, which we have purchased for a South-Carolina sevenpence. Truly, this is the era of cheap publications. The question often arises in our minds, "Can the Harpers make any thing by these unprecedently cheap editions of foreign works?" We doubt it. Were there no competitors, the system might answer; but the age we live in is not one of disinterested benevolence. Self interest is the rule, and general interest is the exception to it; and we seldom find the exception making its way even by courtesy. We believe competition in the book trade, has brought these publications below the minimum standard at which the slightest profit can be made. Immense editions are thrown off from one press to-day at the lowest price possible, and these are met by immense editions thrown off from another rival press to-morrow at a few cents less, and the cheaper work runs through the community like wild-fire, while the other remains, nearly a dead loss, upon the shelves of the publishers. It is true, the Harpers' edition may be the neatest book, but the race of omnivorous readers care little for what pleases the eye, so long as the mind is excited; and they will buy where they can do so cheapest. Where is this ruinous competition to end? We believe, where it ought to end,

in a reformation of the entire system. The publishers, in order to save themselves, will be compelled to join with the authors and insist on the passage of an international copyright law. When this is done, literary property will rest on a proper basis—the basis of other property—recognizing the principle, that a just man, be he a foreigner or a citizen, is justly entitled to his own, and to the fruits of his own labor. Authors will be restored to their just rights. American literature will revive and flourish, and the publishers will do a fair and honorable and thriving business, making the most of a good bargain, without the fear of rival interference from any quarter. Books may be a trifle higher than they are now, but they will never be so dear as they were formerly, experience having fully shown, that the cheap system, if it be not too cheap, is, upon the whole, the best and most lucrative one. We hope Congress intends to move in this matter during the present session, and to move effectually. The public mind is prepared for sober and thorough action on the subject, and justice and honesty—to say nothing of the demands of American literature, now in a famishing condition, owing to partial legislation—will and must be heard, in tones that already rise above the clamours of the indiscriminating and unreflecting crowd, who look only to themselves and forget what is due to their country and to truth.

The work before us is a charming production. We see no falling off in the energy and spirit of the author. The tone is healthy and pure, the characters are living pictures, not overdrawn, but men and women in whom the breath and soul still remain. The scenes are laid in the time of James the First, and the customs and manners of that era are faithfully portrayed. The monarch does not appear in the amiable light in which we have been accustomed to regard him, and as Scott represents him to us in the "*Fortunes of Nigel*,"—as a kind of harmless sophomore. On the contrary, he here appears in the character of a veritable tyrant, without discretion, without goodness of heart,—heedless, cunning, selfish, inhuman. The interest of the work is well sustained to its sad close, and we have nothing of which to complain save the bad passions of ruthless men, employing their power to perpetrate evil and increase suffering, instead of doing good and diffusing happiness. It is a melancholy but highly and truly wrought story of virtue contending with corruption, not receiving its reward here, but looking to God alone in another life, for what was basely denied to it by man in this.

James has justly become a favorite with our novel-reading community. His works are always a treat, and a rare and rich one. He has a nice taste and a good judgment. With less genius than Bulwer, his appreciation of life and manners is equally vivid and correct, and the moral tone of his works is higher and less exceptionable. In passion and eloquence the English novelist surpasses him, but he is truer to life and nature, and is destined, consequently, to a more enduring fame. We regard him as the prince of living novelists, and second only to one now no more, the great "*wizard of the North*," his countryman.

8.—ALISON'S EUROPE.—*History of Europe, from the commencement of the French Revolution in 1789, to the Restoration of the Bourbons in 1815.* By ARCHIBALD ALISON, F. R. S. E. Advocate. In four volumes. Harper & Brothers. 1842.

THE publication of this voluminous and very interesting work, in America, has at length reached that stage in which the writer, by a transition more easily made than legitimately justified, addresses himself to a consideration of the affairs of America. Such a consideration seems hardly called for, in a work devoted so entirely to the history of Europe; and the reflection is forced upon us, accordingly, that the author had some particular motive, some latent suggestion, by which the one history was coupled with the other. This motive is to be found in his general hostility to republicanism, and to the republicanism of America in particular. Accordingly, the American reader will not be confounded, when he reads the unfavorable and unfriendly portions of this work which relate to his country. The seventy-sixth chapter, contained in the last issued number (15) of the American edition, will interest him for this and other reasons; and will compel, as well for its numerous issues, as for the eloquent strain in which it is written, his close and thoughtful examination. It is a highly elaborated,—indeed, an overwrought chapter, — the general tone being a little too ambitious for history, the gravity of which it seems to disturb,—however it may commend itself by its flowing elegance, to the ears of the reader. It is within our purpose hereafter, to give to this work of Mr. Alison a patient and circumspect examination. It deserves it, as well because of its unhappy monarchical bias, as because of its real and superior merits in numerous respects. We owe it to our country to endeavor to vindicate its plan—the great conception of our fathers;—and we are not unwilling to admit that we owe something to the general and very great abilities of their assailant. Meanwhile, we have no fears in encouraging our people, at large, to procure and read this book. It is, perhaps, a subject of regret that, as a nation, we are too little willing to hear with patience, and meet with wholesome question and reflection, the unfavorable judgment which foreigners pronounce upon us. If we still retain the privilege to strike, let us at least have the courtesy to hear.

ERRATA.

In the first part of the article on Milton's Genius, the name printed "Lander" should read "Lauder."







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